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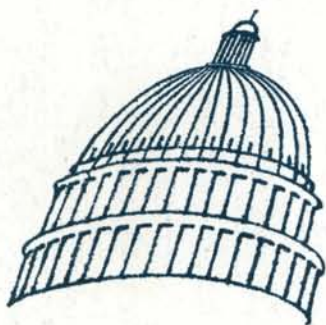
MONTHLY

IN THE CITY OF POWER

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by Flora Lewis

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by Philip Roth

Three Washington Stories
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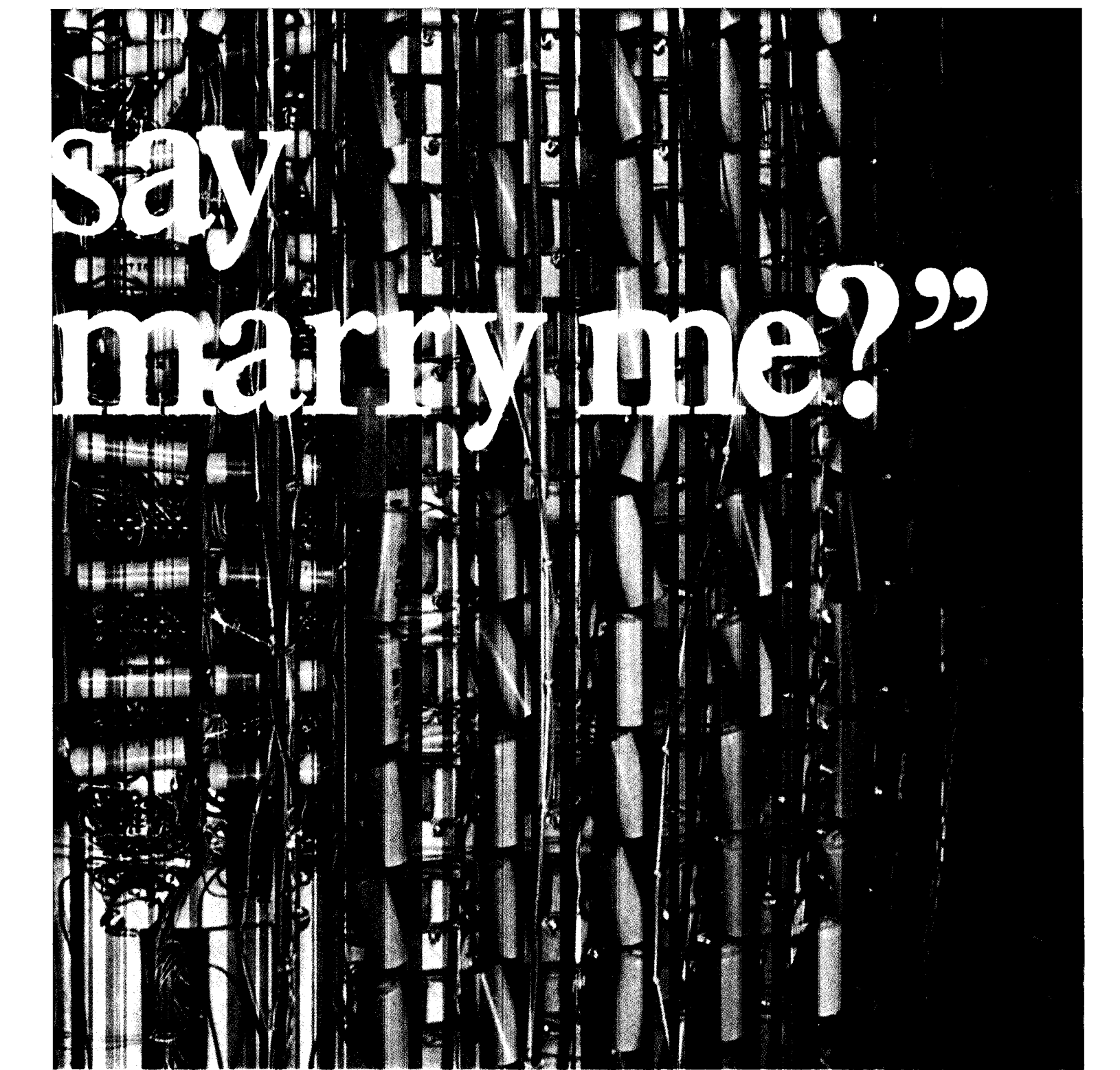
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Satire is a rare commodity in our public discourse these days. Not because there aren't enough things to be satirical about, Lord knows. The problem is that there aren't many politicians around to whom the fine art of ridicule comes easily. Eugene McCarthy slips in a nice jab now and then, to wit his characterization of Vice President Agnew as "Nixon's Nixon"; and the Vice President occasionally achieves Menckonian thrust (if not Menckonian eloquence), as with his characterization of former Senator Charles Goodell as the Christine Jorgensen of politics. That meets one requirement of old-fashioned political satire—it's rough.

Still, they don't seem to build pols the way they used to—or perhaps we are missing something by not catching the lads when they appear on the late-night talk shows. Makes a fellow long for the likes of Harold Ickes, baptizing Wendell Willkie as "the barefoot boy of Wall Street" or castigating Thomas E. Dewey for "his beagle-like sniffing about for votes." Or FDR, sending the electorate into gales of laughter (and into the polling booths to vote for Roosevelt) with his mock-serious defense of his little dog, Fala, from the massed onslaught of the Republicans. Or whoever it was many years ago who, tiring of hearing his Nebraska antagonist William Jennings Bryan hailed as the Boy Orator of the Platte, remarked: "He reminds us of the Platte River, all right. Two inches deep in the summer and three miles wide at the mouth." All of this by way of calling attention to Philip Roth's celebration of political satire, "bad taste" and all, as a therapeutic aid to the conduct of public affairs. Page 81 of this issue.

* * *

"Letter in a Bottle," the message from the imprisoned Greek lawyer George Mangakis, has attracted many letters since it appeared in the September issue, most of them expressing concern for the prisoner and wondering if there are ways to help him. One

letter, from Harlan G. Kaufman of Fresno, California, says: "Totalitarian societies are noted for trying to reduce a man like this to a suffering, forgotten animal. What can we do to help this man in jail from being deprived of his life? . . . I have never heard of this man before reading his letter. I know nothing of Greek politics. I am not a Greek. I am not even a Christian, but I am morally bound to try to help this man. . . . Somebody do something! . . . Enclosed find five dollars to start."

We have forwarded Mr. Kaufman's offer to a gentleman in Europe who is in a better position than we to ascertain whether such contributions can be effectively used to help Mr. Mangakis or his family.

* * *

Another reader, Bob Hoblit of Odessa, Texas, offers an eloquent afterword to the special section on "Work in America" in the October issue. It is a comment by Judge Walter P. Gewin of the U. S. Court of Appeals, 5th Circuit, in support of a suit brought by some workers against the International Paper Company:

"Those who love their work may sometimes forget that a successful human community requires the performance of many vapid and colorless tasks. Even the most tedious physical labor is endurable and in a sense enjoyable, however, when the laborer knows that his work will be appreciated and his progress rewarded. 'Work without hope,' said Coleridge, 'draws nectar in a sieve, And hope without an object cannot live.' The ethic which permeates the American dream is that a person may advance as far as his talents and his merit will carry him. And it is unthinkable that a citizen of this great country should be relegated to unremitting toil with never a glimmer of light in the midnight of it all."

Robert Manning

WHAT TO DO WITH WINE BESIDES DRINK IT.

Unfortunately, wine doesn't come with instructions. And lots of people have never known much about its proper care.

We at Inglenook Vineyards would like to take this time to give you a few pointers on the subject.

We spend a lot of time and money in the making of our wine. And once it passes out of our hands, we'd like to feel that it's being given the best possible treatment.

DON'T MAKE THIS COMMON MISTAKE.

Wine should always be stored lying down on its side, never standing up. That's so the cork will always be moist.



Bad.



Good.

If the cork dries out, air will get to the wine and spoil it.

Keep wine in a cool, dark place. About 55-60 degrees is just right. But the

most important thing is that the temperature be constant. It should vary no more than a few degrees year 'round.

DECANTING WINE.

If you have wines five years old and older, they may have a little sediment in them. In order to serve the wine without the sediment getting mixed up in the wine, you should decant it.

To do this, just pour the wine very slowly into another bottle or carafe. Place a candle behind the neck of the bottle and the second you see a little sediment coming across, stop.

THE ROOM TEMPERATURE MYTH.

White wines and sparkling wines such as Champagne and rosé should be served cold. How cold is cold? 45 degrees is just right. If you don't have a thermometer, put the wine in the refrigerator for 2½ hours before serving. Or in a bucket with ice cubes and water for 15 minutes.

Red wines should be served at room temperature. But this doesn't mean 72 degrees.

The "room temperature" standard was established in Europe long before the invention of central heating. At that time, rooms in Europe were about 65 to 68 degrees, which is the perfect temperature for serving red wines. You can bring a wine's temperature down to that level by placing it in the

refrigerator five minutes before serving. But never heat a bottle of red wine in order to get it up to the proper temperature. There's no quicker way to destroy a bottle of wine than to heat it up.

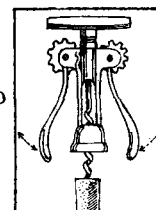
AVOIDING THAT METALLIC TASTE.



Remove the metal capsule from the top of the wine bottle below the lip. With a napkin, clean off the top between the cork and the glass. This is done because it's impossible to pour wine from a bottle without spilling a little on the lip. And since the metal cap is sometimes corroded, the wine

could pick up a metallic taste if it were to spill over the edge.

Now remove the cork, gently, so as not to disturb the wine. We recommend the wing-type corkscrew because you don't have to jerk it to get the cork out.



A FINAL WORD OF CAUTION.

Now that you know the basics of how to treat wine, you should also know there aren't many wines around that deserve this kind of treatment.

Because there's nothing you can do at home to save a wine if it's been mishandled at the winery.

Which brings us to Inglenook.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

MARRAKECH

To turn a cliché into a paradox, Marrakech is where the Arabian Nights survive at 8° longitude west of Greenwich. As one habitually associates Islam with the East, there seems to be something bizarre about minarets outflanking church spires. Stranger still, the founders of this African city were, and the majority of its inhabitants still are, a white race—the enigmatic Berbers.

Marrakech is a Berber city: its character and atmosphere still betray its origin as a nomad encampment, market center, permanent fun fair, and superbrothel for the men from the Atlas and the Sahara. The Berbers are highlanders and desert people, converted to Islam in the eighth century. As the Celtic inhabitants of Britain succeeded in preserving their ethnic identity in the mountainous parts and regions of difficult access, while in the fertile plains it became diluted by successive invaders, so the Berbers preserved their tribal structure and ways of life in their own backwoods of sand and snow. But Marrakech, unlike other Moroccan cities, never lost out to the latecomers—whether Arabs, Negroes, or French. Although situated in the balmy plains, it belongs to the Atlas, whose white ghost peaks are omnipresent above its red walls and palm groves; and it belongs to the Sahara, whose emissaries—camels, Blue People, Tuaregs, and other dusty nomads—are as much in view and at home in its *souks* (bazaars) as farmers in their Sunday best on market day in Tewkesbury. In short, it is not so much a city as an oasis; of the desert, though not in it.

Like the Basques and some other Celtic-Iberian people, the Berbers are a puzzle to anthropologists. They called themselves the Sons of Shadow and the Daughters of the Night. According to one theory, they migrated in prehistoric days from Spain to Africa. Their language is said to be related to Welsh, and their blood-group ratios are said to resemble those of the Basques. But they could also be descended from the Phoenicians, or the Canaanites driven from Palestine by Joshua's trumpets, or from one of the Lost Tribes. Could be, maybe, perhaps. All that seems certain is that they are not of African origin, that their appearance is often more Nordic than that of some Latin people, and that they are remarkably good-looking. A considerable proportion are descendants of mixed Negro-Berber ancestry, with darker skin and curly hair, but they do not have either flattened noses or fleshy lips; the gene for the hawklike profile appears to be dominant. The most famous and influential Berber was, ironically, St. Augustine, promoter of the papacy.

They are often mistakenly thought to be Arabs because their language is written in Arabic script. In antiquity, they had a script of their own, but they somehow lost it—except the Tuaregs, who still carve the same angular characters on Sahara rocks which are found at archaeological sites on the North African coast dating two thousand years back. To complicate matters for the traveler, there are large Jewish communities who speak Berber, and Negro communities—mostly former slaves—who do likewise, while the educated Berber prefers Arabic, which is the official language.

The red walls of Marrakech first appeared among the palm groves in

1062 around a fortified nomad camp, raised by Yusuf ben-Tashfin. His tribe of veiled camel-riders and horsemen from the South Sahara called itself Al Marabitoun, "the frontier warriors of the Faith" (hence *marabout*, "holy man"), but Spanish historians melodiously corrupted this into Almoravides. Yusuf ben-Tashfin was a warrior-saint who lived to the age of ninety-six and brought the whole of Morocco under his control. He undertook several expeditions into Spain, defeated the army of Alfonso VI near Badajoz, then deposed the various effete Arab princes, took possession of Granada, and gained mastery of all Muslim Spain. Under the dynasty of the Almoravides, which he founded, the Berber Empire reached its first peak; within the lifetime of a single generation, the mud walls of the former nomad encampment grew into the ramparts of its imperial capital. Yusuf himself assumed the title "Emir of the Moslems"—which was only a hair's width from the caliph's title "Emir of the Faithful." Thus Marrakech became the Baghdad of the West, rivaling Haroun al-Rashid's city in splendor and corruption. But whereas Baghdad's glory has been erased by Mongols, Turkomans, and progressive city planners, under the red walls of Marrakech one can still dream oneself back into the past over a cup of mint tea and a whiff of kef.

African Eden

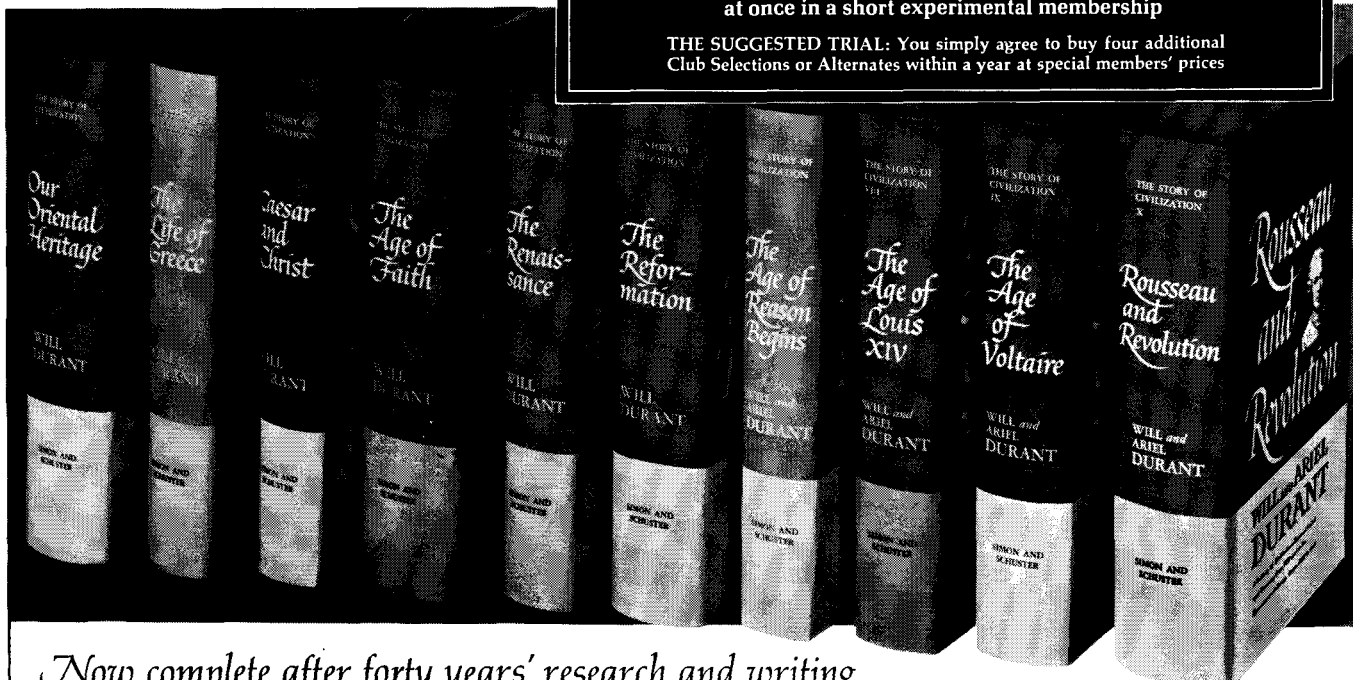
If the frequent mention of red seems repetitive, it cannot be helped. It is the first breathtaking impression one gains as the plane approaches the town, and it lingers on when one has left it, as a nostalgic de-

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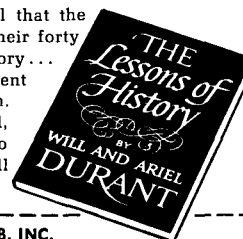
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MARRAKECH

sire to go back for more. The city lies in a fertile plain called Blad el-Hamra, "The Red," dotted with palm groves, olive groves, citrus groves, and fruit trees of all descriptions as far as the foothills of the Atlas, only fifteen miles away. The plain is covered by a net of irrigation channels lined with cactus hedges or eucalyptus—a kind of liquid lacework. In the midst of this African Eden the massive ramparts rise abruptly into the sky, enclosing the city in a zigzag line like an angular doodle some ten miles in circumference, pierced by ten splendidly arched and sculpted gates. The wall is built of *tabiye*, the red earth of the plain, which was once baked in the sun, then in kilns, and is now mixed with stone and rammed into concrete blocks. Parts of it are crumbling, others have been patched up or rebuilt heaven knows how often, but it makes no difference, because the material used is still the same, the contours of the majestic doodle are still the same which Ben-Tashfin's tribesmen drew around their camp, and its color is still the same—except that it is never one color. For it changes hourly, from rose-pink to orange to carmine to terra cotta, according to the state of the sky and the time of day. The overall impact is not of permanence in frozen time but of timelessness and gentle decay. The walls are crumbling like trees shedding their leaves.

The modern quarters, built outside the walls at the time of the French protectorate, are surprisingly in keeping with the character of the rest. When one has witnessed the rape of old cities all over the globe, this almost seems a miracle. The French planners appear to have fallen under the spell of the place: they used the same red building materials, rectangular designs, pure cubes, Mauresque arches, slim pillars, and capriccio turrets for their public buildings as you find in an ancient mosque in the medina, or in a casbah perched on the slopes of the Atlas; even the villas in the residential suburbs all strike the same harmonious chord. There are spacious straight alleys lined with palm trees—the Avenue Mohammed V, Marrakech's Champs-Élysées, is over two miles long; they intersect in rotaries graced

by fountains and not yet disgraced by traffic jams. How long this blissful state will last is another question; already one or two of the new building sites induce goose pimples even under the African sun. But for the time being the trinity of colors—blue (sky), green (palms), red (walls)—still dominates the scene. The air makes one feel like sitting under a hair dryer, but it carries an intimation of the Atlas snows and a sprinkling of dust which smells of *khamoun*, the Berber's favorite spice.

Aesthetes and vandals

There are few architectural monuments. The successive dynasties who ruled the city were as lavish in building as they were thorough in demolishing what their predecessors had built. The Eiffel Tower of Marrakech is the minaret of the Koutoubia, which, as every street urchin will tell you, is 221 feet high and has three huge brass balls on its top which are said to have once been of solid gold. But in spite of its fame, it leaves one rather cold. It was built—by Christian slaves—under the reign of the Almohades, who replaced the Almoravides, on the ruins of the huge castle which the Almoravides erected and the Almohades destroyed.

The rulers were both aesthetes and vandals, savage and refined. The most heartbreaking testimony of grandeur and decline is the Palais el-Bedi. It was built by Ahmed el-Mansour, "The Golden," and pulled down a century later by Moulay Ibrahim, Morocco's Sun King. Ahmed, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth I, conquered the Sudan and brought back huge quantities of gold and slaves; both were put to use in erecting El Bedi, "the Marvel." Only the walls are left to testify to the vast dimensions of the palace; they form a kind of rose-colored labyrinth around an inner patio, the size of a parade ground, where once hundreds of horsemen performed their fantasias. The Marvel has vanished, but one fraction of it is preserved: the pavilions, or mausoleums, containing the royal tombs of the Saadi dynasty. The Saadis were the only Arab dynasty which ruled Morocco (in the sixteenth century), claiming descent from the Prophet's son-in-law; even Moulay, the "Sun King," in his jealous rage did not dare to destroy

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MARRAKECH

their tombs. He merely walled them in, blocking all access, and so they stayed for more than two centuries, until 1917, when the French cut a narrow passage into the wall, a kind of hidden back door to the holy of holies.

They are a jewel of Islamic architecture. In each of the pavilions the high vaulted ceiling is supported by marble pillars, while the walls and the ceiling itself are dazzling, glittering expanses of faience, mosaic, carved cedar, carved stone, gold inlay, filigree, all traceries and arabesques. It reminds one of microscope photographs of the structure of complex crystals, where geometry turns into poetry, symmetry into music. It is a perverse thought that these and other wonders of Islamic decorative architecture, from India to Spain, were inspired by a censorship of unique rigor: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything." Christianity took the Second Commandment metaphorically, orthodox Islam literally. Not permitted to represent life, the creative urge exploded in an orgy of abstract arabesques and cascades of color.

The actual tombs, in the center of this kaleidoscopic exuberance, are austere slabs of Carrara marble cut to size—short for the royal children, longer for the parents. The marble was, according to the guide, paid for, kilo for kilo, in sugar or spices. The carved inscriptions on the tombs are quotations from the Koran, and contain no reference to the manner of death of the occupants, which almost without exception was violent and nasty: Abdullah the Golden poisoned by one of his sons, Abd-el-Malek stabbed to death by his bodyguards, El Abbas killed by his uncles, Abdul Abbas and his children murdered by the governor.

But worse was to come—in the shape of Moulay Ibrahim, whom historians like to call the African Sun King, but whom his contemporaries called the Bloodthirsty. This remarkable character had two thousand wives in his harem, who bore him eight hundred sons and, presumably, as many daughters. (The figures were reported by a British Embassy led by Commodore Stewart in 1721.) He

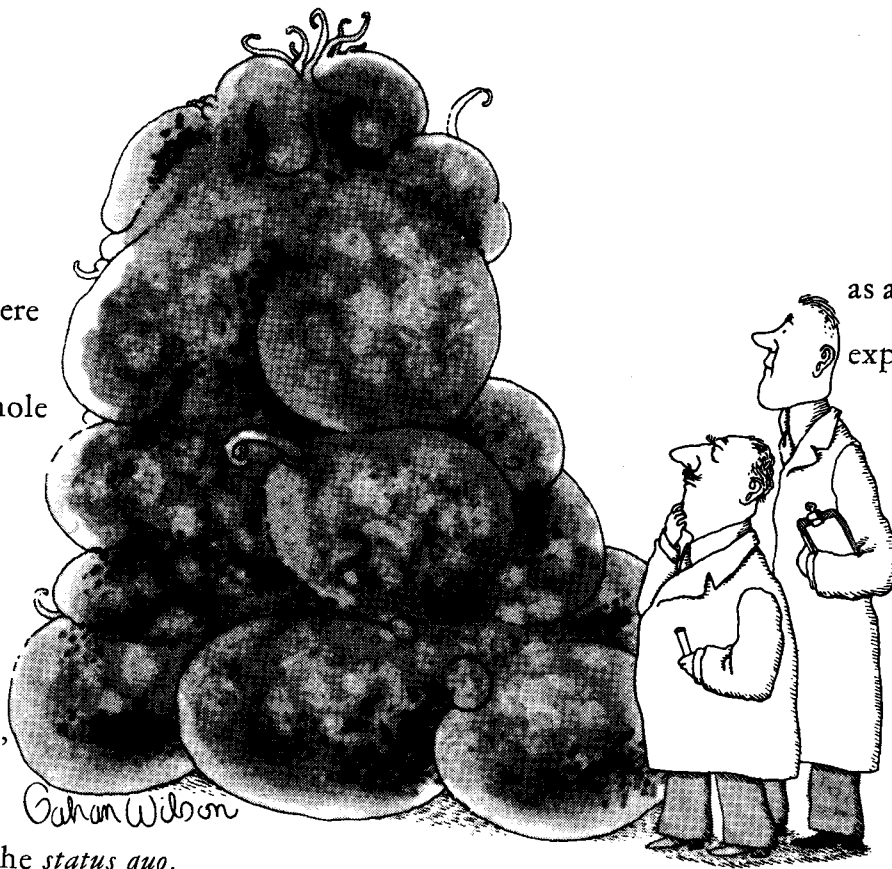
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There are companies where nothing much ever happens because the whole atmosphere says, "Don't Make Mistakes." Everyone is very cautious and well covered in any contingency with defensive, noncommittal memos. They are the custodians of the *status quo*.

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At 3M we are not foolhardy. We watch our pennies; we try to see to it that venture risks are reasonable. But if they are, and it looks as though learning something useful may involve trial and error and perhaps some money, we tend to be willing to make an investment and learn.

3M people are adults, and we treat one another



as adults. If a chemist is expecting his experiment to produce an effervescent liquid and it yields an ugly solid mass instead, no careers are shattered; we try to find out why it behaved that way. Maybe there's a good use for that ugly stuff and a new market waiting. If so, it can very quickly begin to look beautiful.

After all, there were a few false starts and an occasional minor disaster on the road to "Scotchlite" reflective and safety products, "Scotchbrite" cleaning and scouring materials, and "Scotchgard" brand rain-and-stain protector for all fabrics.

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MARRAKECH

also kept a menagerie of lions, tigers, and leopards, fed mostly on slaves. He was kind to animals: his camels were shampooed three times a week, and his pet dogs lived on strips of delicate flesh sliced from the buttocks of women. He did worse things than that; but we had better remember that he was just a little lamb compared to the Führer. The barbarities of the Moors revolt us because they seem arbitrary and wanton, whereas our own obey an impeccable logic.

One of the Moulay's famed acrobatic stunts was to mount a horse and with a stroke of his sword sever the head of the servant who held the stirrup, all in a single, graceful move. On a similarly aesthetic impulse, he demolished the royal palace in Marrakech and built his own Versailles in Meknes, which became the new capital. From that event dates Marrakech's decline. Officially it remained one of Morocco's four Imperial Cities, but the seat of power alternated between Meknes, Fez, and Rabat, and the successors of Moulay Ibrahim (the Alaouite dynasty, still reigning) sojourned only occasionally in Marrakech. Their local palace, the Bahia, built at the end of the nineteenth century, is a nonsight, with furnishings inspired by Early Woolworth.

Miles of din

The power and the glory have departed, but local color and tradition have been preserved, and life for the humble people of the *souks* is relaxed and timeless. Marrakech is still the playground of the Atlas and the Sahara. The center of attractions is a huge, dusty, octopus-shaped square, the size of several soccer fields, the famous Djemaa-el-Fna. The name means Parade of the Dead, because in bygone days rebels and criminals used to be decapitated, and their pickled heads displayed on poles around the square.

The Djemaa-el-Fna is the greatest tourist attraction in West Africa, but the vast majority of tourists are still, as they were in the days of the original nomad encampment, tribesmen, shepherds, peasants, and craftsmen from the deserts and mountains of the interior. They come on donkeys,

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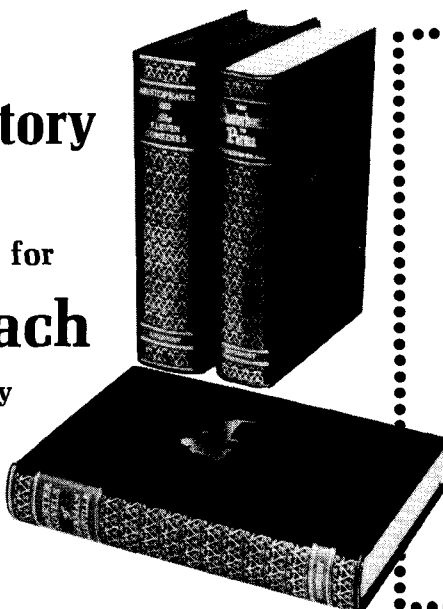
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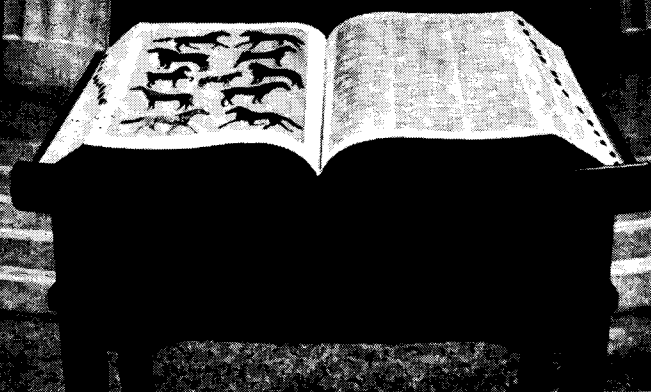
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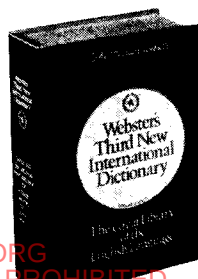
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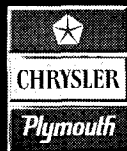
MARRAKECH

bicycles, and archaic buses, wrapped in *burnous* or *jellaba*, to sell their wares—anything from dates to camels and carpets—and to enjoy the sights of the permanent fun fair on the Djemaa. But they do it in a quiet and dreamy way; they form circles around a storyteller, snake charmer, letter writer, horoscope caster, mime, or musician, then drift on to the next attraction. Always around any performer there is an inner circle, mostly of children and oldsters, squatting on the earth, and a more volatile outer perimeter, equally silent, never pushing or craning. On the roof terrace of one of the cafés overlooking the Djemaa one can play the ant game: pick out one brown-hooded figure among all the other brown-hooded figures and try to follow its slow, apparently aimless zigzag course among the stalls and circular crowd formations. But it is not easy to keep track of one's ant. The most successful record was (each move taking about five minutes): negotiates with sweetmeat vendor, buys one; watches monkey performing; listens to Koran preacher; buys coconut, which vanishes inside *burnous*; listens to storyteller; negotiates with Berber herbalist, but does not buy; watches black dancers; gets lost from sight—end of documentary.

The Djemaa has the magic of a revolving stage. In the morning it is an open-air market. At midday, it is dotted with food stalls which sell delicious charcoal kebabs, beautifully arranged bowls of couscous, flat loaves of unleavened bread, fruit, sweets. In the afternoon, the fun fair. When darkness falls, the food stalls again, lit by candles or kerosene lamps, in a white cloud of kitchen fumes. At night, a desert oasis, with huddled figures everywhere, sleeping in the dust.

If the Djemaa has the shape of an octopus, its tentacles are the *souks*. Miles of them. Labyrinthine, claustrophobic miles of smells, colors, din, jostling by donkeys, bicycles, Vespas, tipcarts. I have lived for nearly four years in the Middle East, but I have never understood what the *souks* live on. A dozen nut stalls in a row, mountains of millions of nuts, all of the same varieties, all interchangeable. Tens of thousands of ba-

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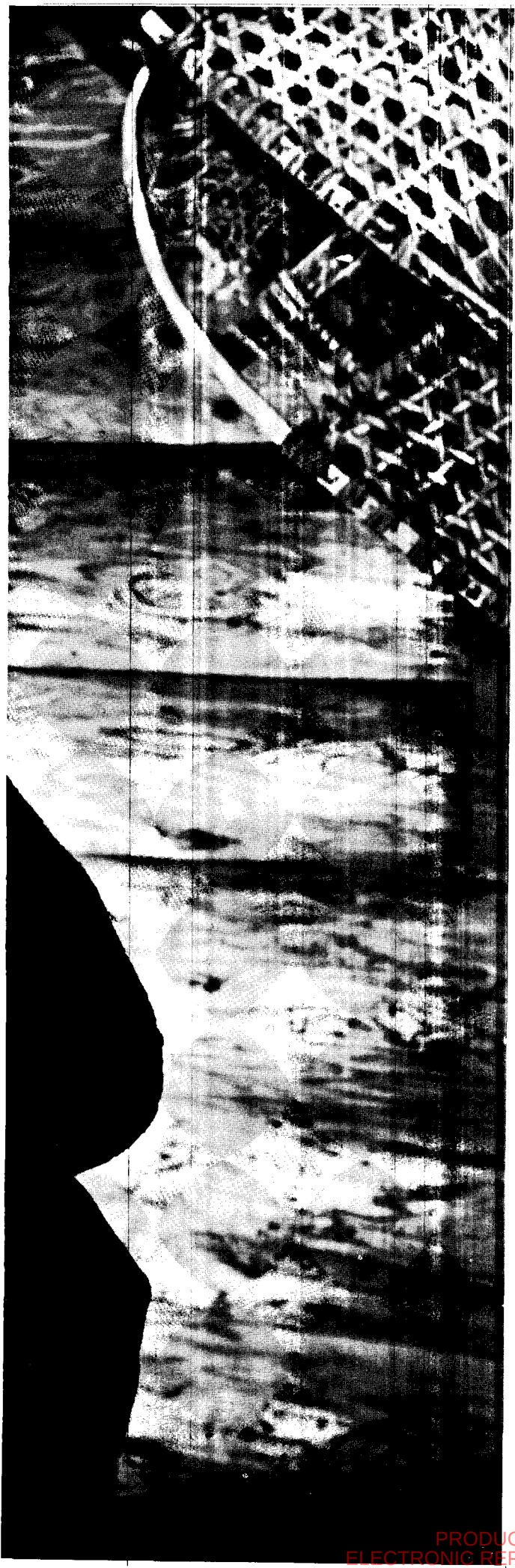
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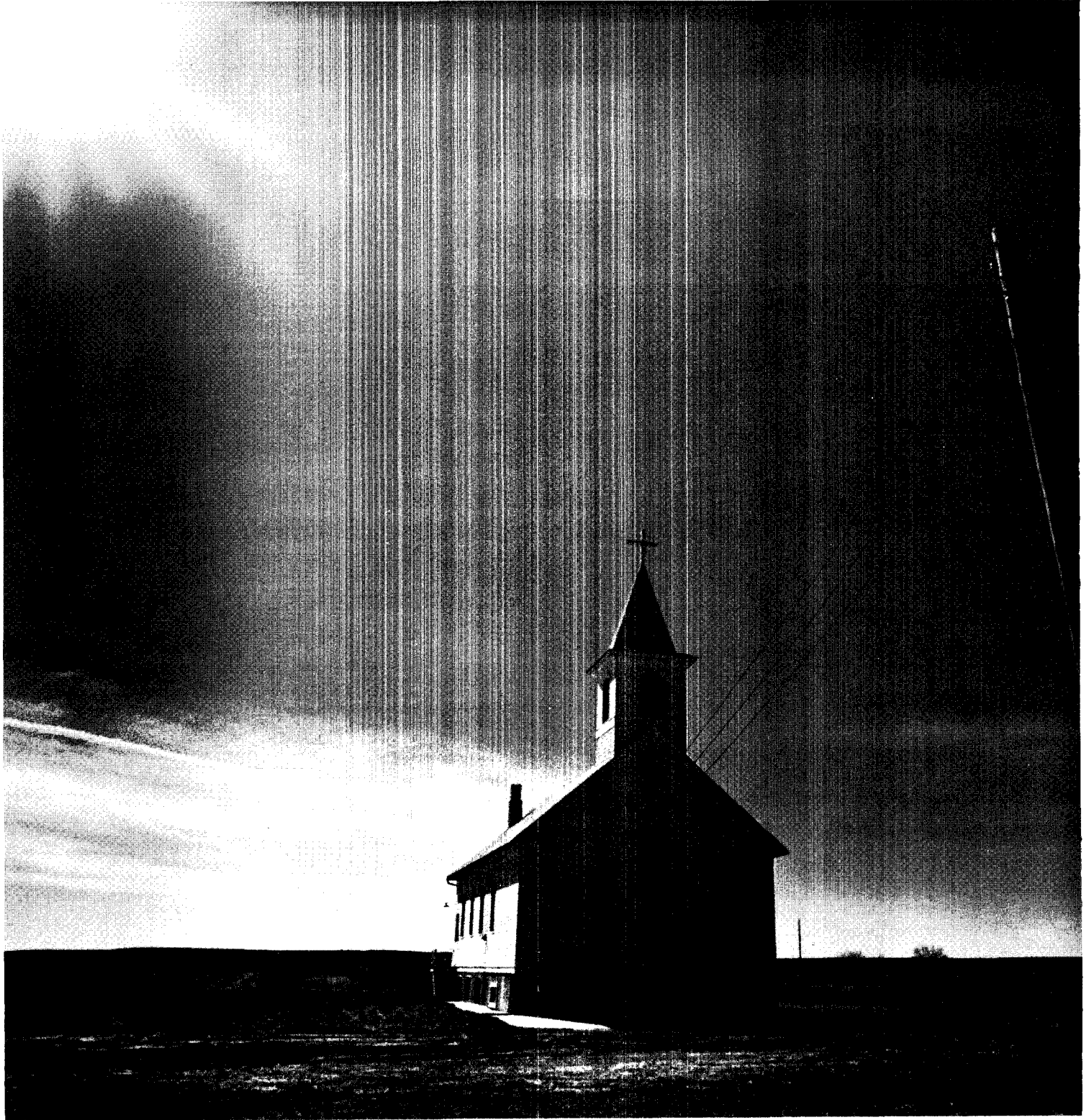
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MARRAKECH

bouches, leather belts, Atlas rugs, trinkets, miles of dyed fabrics, tons of joss sticks and spices. Who is to buy all this? There is perpetual motion and chatter, but one rarely sees actual business being transacted, money changing hands. The *souk* is not an occupation but a way of life. It is the women who do the real work, in the fields and in the towns. The men used to be busy waging tribal wars; now they smoke, gossip, and drink mint tea. Does one approve or disapprove? Let the behavioral scientist work it out.

But there can be no doubt about one's attitude to the Berber women. The first time we drove up into the Atlas we thought it was some national carnival day. How else could one explain the sight of a girl laboring in a field with a hoe *in a dress of gold lamé*? But they are all decked out on all days in the most flamboyant colors, gaudy but beautifully matched, and adorned with silver necklaces and baubles, whether walking to their village with pitchers on their heads or bundles of faggots on their backs, or hacking away with their hoes in a grove or on the narrow ledges of a terraced mountain. The hoes, unchanged since the Pharaohs' artists drew them, shine like old silver when not in actual use; polishing them must be a cult. They are peasant women of Berberic splendor, who return your admiring stare with bold smiles which seem like invitations; yet I have never seen one walking or talking with a man.

To feel the pulse of Marrakech one has to explore its surroundings, the villages and casbahs which provide its influx of people and goods and maintain the continuity of custom and tradition. Casbah signifies stronghold; it may mean anything from a castle to a fortified village or walled-in dwelling. Driving up into the High Atlas and down again toward the Sahara, you find casbahs in the most unlikely places, perched on the rocky mountainside or tucked into arid valleys, all but invisible at first because they are built from the mud and stone of their surroundings, hugging the slopes out of which they were carved and into which they dissolve by a kind of architectural mimicry—villages like chameleons. The

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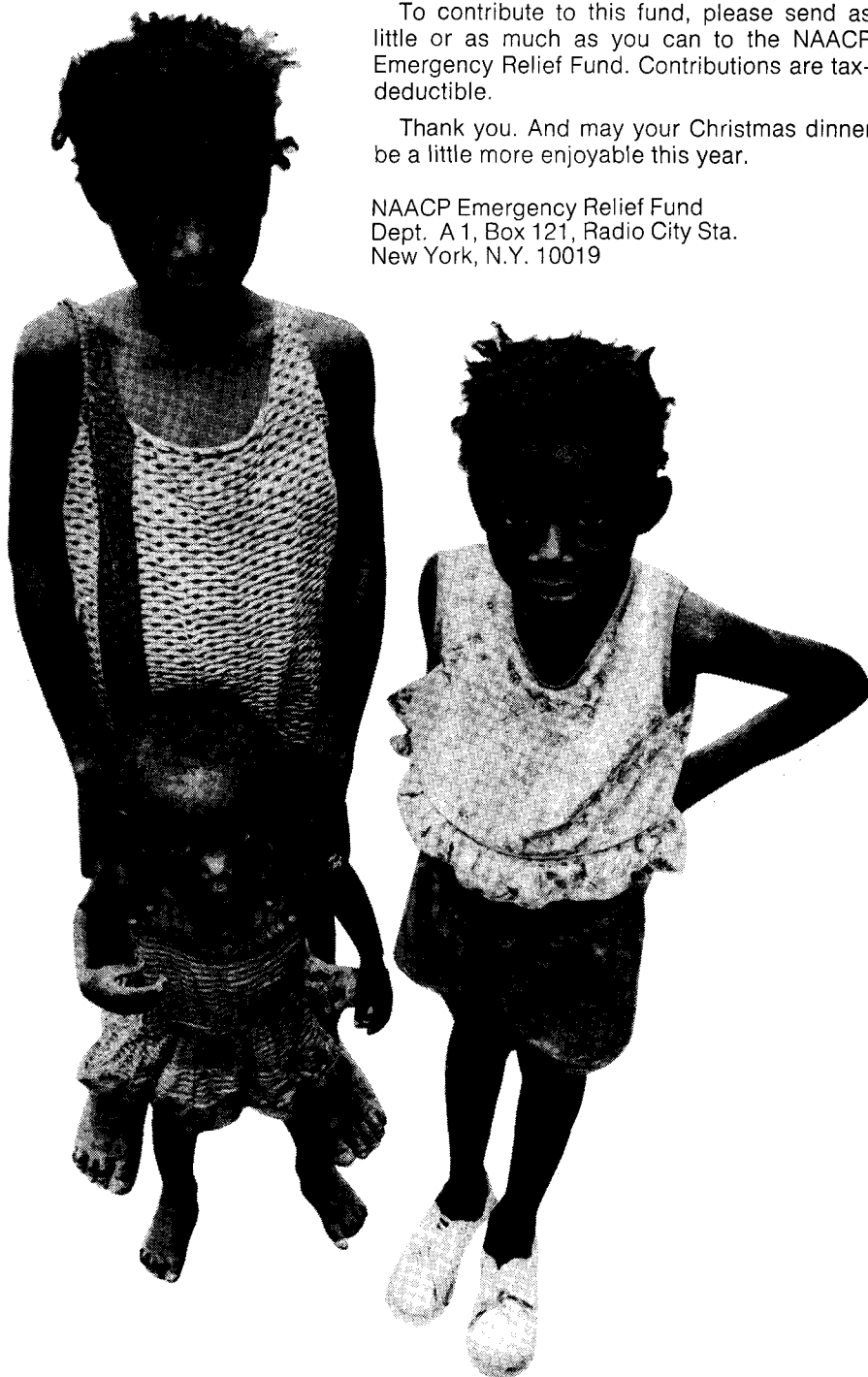
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To contribute to this fund, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you. And may your Christmas dinner be a little more enjoyable this year.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
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MARRAKECH

walls look blind and forbidding, with small, square holes for windows; the roofs are flat, overgrown with grass; many are deserted, walls crumbling, dust returning to the earth as it was. But even when inhabited, there are few signs of life: some elders by the roadside, sipping their eternal tea like the Danaïdes condemned to drawing water through a sieve forever; some asses braying, or one of the female peacocks languidly returning from work. And as a backdrop, the eternal white peaks swimming incongruously in the blue blaze.

“Sensational”

Principal feature of the local news from Marrakech in *Le Petit Marocain*:

Sensational Finale of the Wild Boar Shooting Season

Last Sunday was the last day of the boar-shooting season. A team composed of some of the most distinguished guns of our town produced a sensational “bag.” By sensational we mean that one of the trophies was a white boar. A boar devoid of bristles and with a white skin. This “albino” of a new kind was three years old, weighed eighty kilos, and was fat like a sow.

This is a rare event and our friends have tried to establish the animal’s pedigree. Some of them think that the explanation is quite simple.

A wild sow in an amorous mood apparently permitted herself one day to be seduced by a common domestic pig. She must have made a reconnaissance in a pigsty on a farm and accepted the advances of a partner, who thus begot a boar of a new variety, which, in spite of its white color, lived with the wild herd until last Sunday, when M. Nanoud Agouram felled it with his gun.

There follows the list of successful and unsuccessful hunters, both Arab and French.

Other local news items during our sojourn: annual meeting of the Atlas Trout Association to hear the secretary’s “*Rapport Moral et Financier*.” In the Centre Culturel Français: films by Jean Cocteau, readings from Malraux on the philosophy of action. Royal Automobile Club of Morocco: Bridge Tournament. Gala dinner of the Association of Corsicans in Mar-

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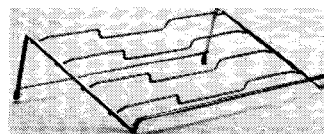
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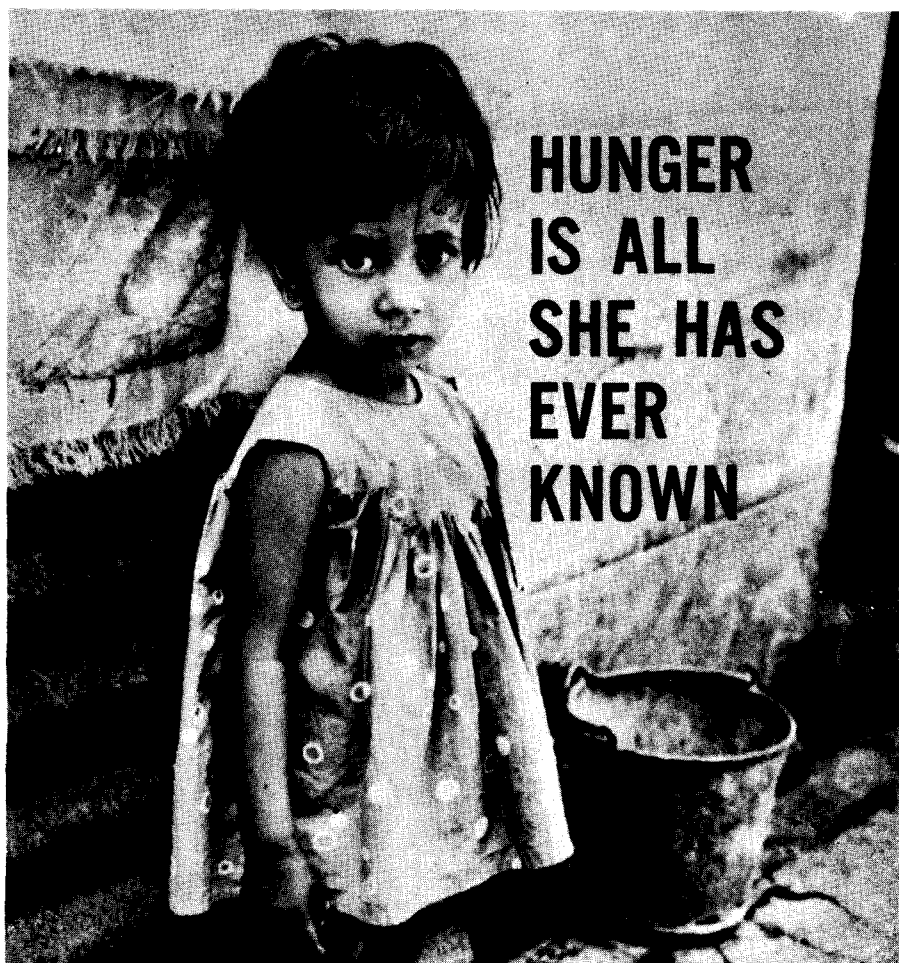
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Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish

the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

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MARRAKECH

rakech, attended by a hundred and fifty guests. Annual meeting of Association of Bretons in Marrakech reelects president. The Parents' Association of the Lycée Victor Hugo dissolved because of lack of interest on the part of parents.

Highlights on the TV: readings from the Koran, news in Arabic, news in French, seventh episode in the serial *The Sevilla Fan*.

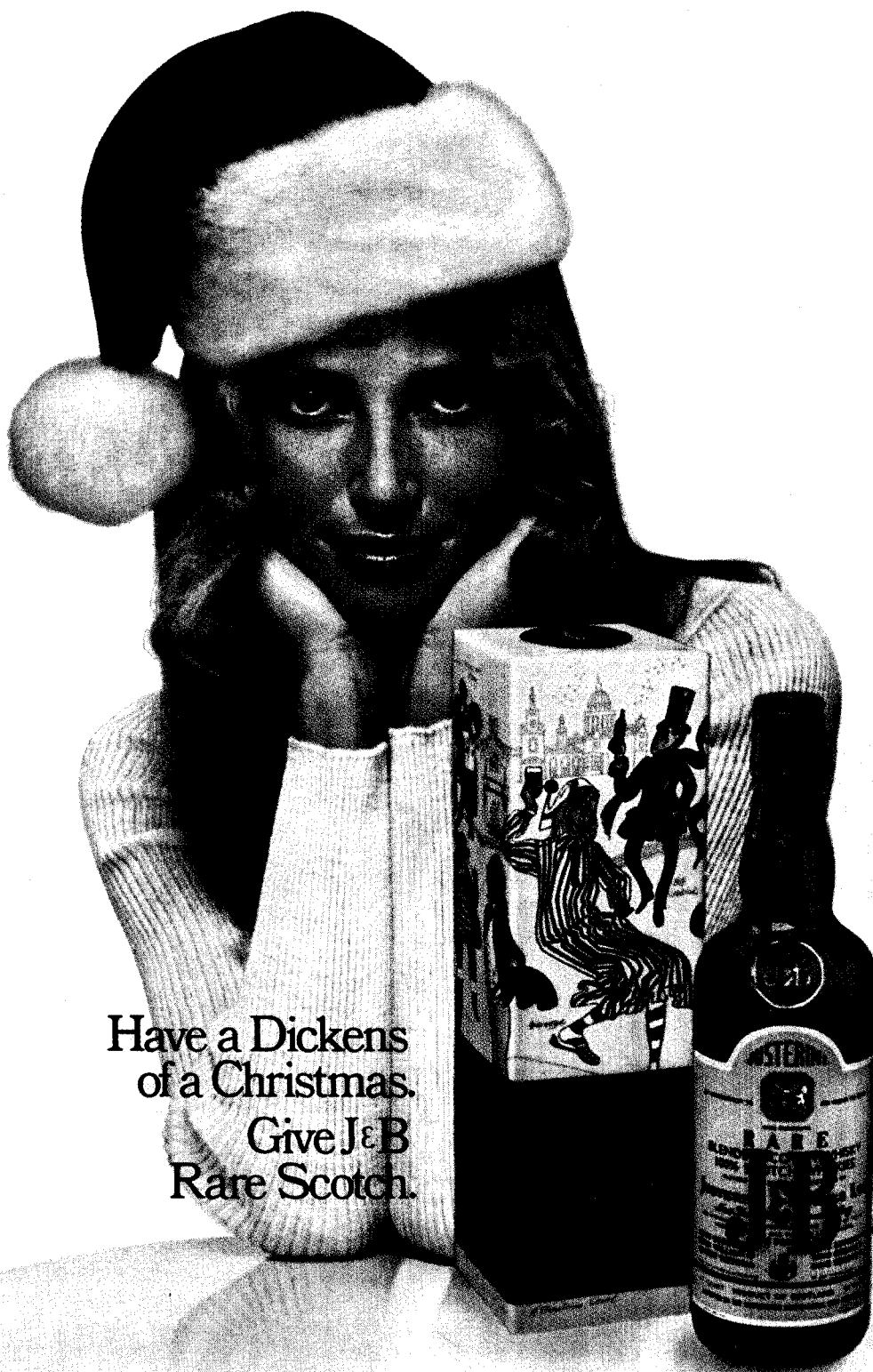
There are only a few thousand Frenchmen left in Marrakech. These and the rich Arab families form the upper crust. They keep to themselves—trout fishing, boar hunting, looking at Cocteau films. They may occasionally be seen in the international luxury hotels, but never in the old town, not even in the cafés and brasseries of the new town. The fight for independence ended fifteen years ago; the remaining, invisible Frenchmen are being eased out of their remaining jobs; there is no tension, but there is a feeling—like the tender spot left by a recently healed wound.

My bumper clicked against the bumper of a local citizen's car. There was no visible damage on either side, but the citizen tried to persuade me that his right front fender had come loose. He drummed a tattoo on his right fender—it made a sinister hollow sound. I drummed a tattoo on his left fender—it made the same sinister hollow sound. A young Berber policeman stood by and made soothing noises at him. In the end the citizen gave up, but he had the last word: "*Ça va—mais seulement pour te montrer que nous n'sommes pas des vaches—nous sommes pas des sauvages!*" (The endearing *tu* is the only address in Moroccan French; Arabic has no second person plural.)

Des sauvages they certainly are no longer. The danger they are running seems to be rather of the opposite kind, of increasing numbers becoming parasites of the tourist invasion. Particularly the children, who swarm round the visitor like gadflies, with an insistence I have not encountered even in India, offering themselves as guides, touts, Lolitas of both sexes.

This phenomenon is something quite different from the classic, institutionalized forms of prostitution in Morocco and some other Islamic

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countries, where sex was always regarded as a precious gift of Allah, which should be enjoyed as such, in gratitude to Him. The brothels were the poor man's harems, which enabled him to partake of that gift. To be a prostitute was neither shameful nor dishonorable. A man entering her room was supposed to exclaim, "I am God's guest"; and as if to confirm this, pious prostitutes had the first line of the Koran tattooed on the depilated pubis. Most women of the Berber tribes had a chain tattooed instead, as a protection against the evil eye—but perhaps also as a symbolic chastity belt.

Marrakech, the trading center and playground of the Sahara, had one of the most picturesque red-light districts in the world; it was one of its principal industries. Its Pashas used to pay their armies with their revenues from prostitution, which was taxed like any other trade. The French troops stationed in Marrakech added to the boom; when the brothels were finally abolished in 1955 by the present Sultan, there were 27,000 officially registered prostitutes in the town, which had a total population of 240,000. A little arithmetic yields the astonishing result that over 10 percent of the total population; that is, 20 percent of the female population; that is, 40 percent of all females of child-bearing age, exercised that profession.

And now? There are probably just as many of them—but without registration, protection, medical supervision, social status. Perhaps Gresham's Law applies also to mores. And one is left wondering what course European history would have followed had Christianity subscribed to the belief that liquor is an invention of Satan, sex a gift of God. In Marrakech, it sounds plausible.

—ARTHUR KOESTLER

EAST PAKISTAN

In the best of times East Pakistan is a desperately overcrowded land of undernourished people where too many dreams of the future are nightmares. Believers in a coming Malthusian tragedy took East Pakistan as their case study. For planners convinced that overpopulation can never irretrievably destroy a land, this had become the place to prove their point

It is a land without rock or stone, 50,000 square miles of mud, enriched each year by the silt-heavy floodwaters of the Ganges and Brahmaputra Rivers that destroy parts of the existing crop even as they leave new, fertile mud for the Bengalis to till in the hope that next year's flood will strike another man's fields. Bengali farmers can do nothing else but plant and hope—and reproduce.

A tidal wave last year killed as many as 400,000 people, but the survivors paid little attention because, for East Pakistan, it was a disaster of degree only. Tidal waves are expected, disasters are expected, and whether 10,000 or half a million die is in the hands of Allah.

But these are not the best of times. East Pakistan's civil war, crueler than its natural disasters, produced in its first months of convulsive violence the largest refugee movement of modern times, resulted in hundreds of thousands of deaths, and opened old wounds which threaten to prevent any man or any party from re-establishing peace and order in this cementless society.

The war's greatest legacy is fear—fear which extends to the simplest acts of life. Few Bengalis feel secure in their own homes; and when one leaves one's house, one runs the added risk of random encounter with troops or their collaborators. "It is too easy to be arrested on the street," a Bengali lawyer explains. "A seven-year-old can point a finger at me, and I can be taken away."

Most Bengalis avoid any contact with outsiders. In some towns, not even beggars will approach a foreigner. Bengalis are normally among the world's most voluble people, but now the most courageous speak in whispers, and the rest talk only with their eyes—looking away in fear or down in shame. For when they speak, they sin by contradicting the army's claim that East Pakistan is fast returning to normal.

A doctor sits behind his desk in a small, street-front clinic. He is there because the army ordered him to keep his doors open. His family is hiding in a nearby village, and he has grown a beard to look like a more orthodox Muslim—like the people who tend to collaborate with the army.

He whispers of events in his town: streets littered with decomposing bodies, burning, looting, and ransacking.

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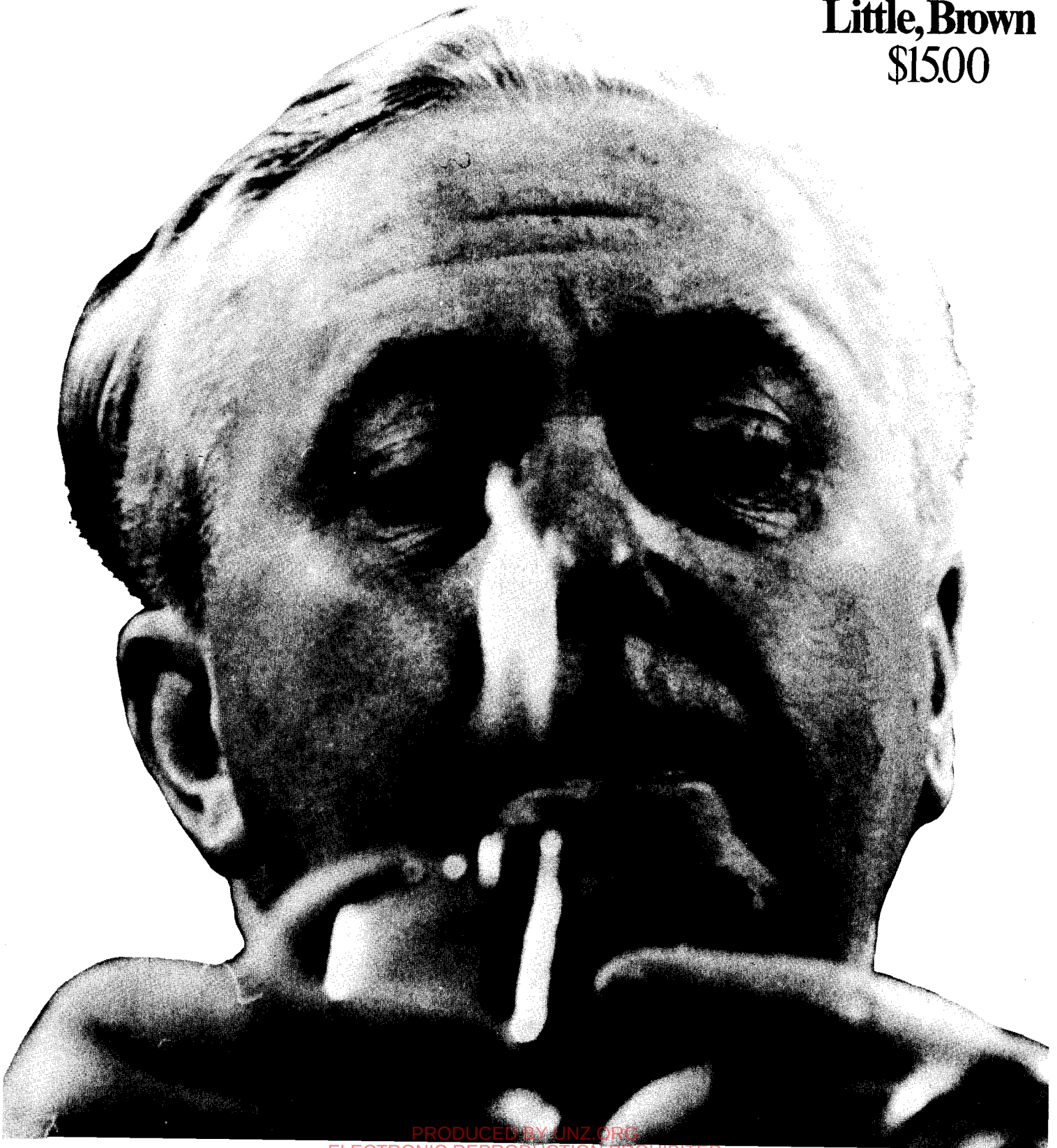


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*Googol: The largest number of things that has a name. Webster defines as the number one followed by a hundred zeroes.

There are googols of little creatures squiggling and burrowing, flitting and squishing under the mud, through the swamps and over the sandy marshes. Sea squirts, copepods, lugworm larvae and the babies of little fish. Each with a kind of a brain, each with the breath of life. But their life is ebbing. And as they start to go—you do, too.

You are standing on the threshold of time in as sacred a place as any in the world. It's where the life of the water and the life of the land converge in biological blur. These are the wetlands—the swamps and the mudflats that sometimes smell like rotten eggs. These are the marshes, clogged with weeds, swarming with bugs, teeming with beautiful life. This is where the moon moves the water in shallow ebbs and floods; where the sun pierces down to the ooze and the nutrients flow in a strange and marvelous way. Nowhere else except here in these sopping grounds is there so much life in so much concentration. But the life is dwindling. And as these lands start to go—you do, too.

These squishy, mushy lands are where most of our fish are born, the fish that feed the fish

that feed the fish that fill the sea. These narrow strips of estuarine land are where the birds come to rest and nest and feed; and they are tied inexorably to the life support for the raccoons and the bears and the deer a hundred miles away. And to you.

In California, most of the wetlands are already gone. In Florida, they're going fast. Once there were 127 million acres of interior and coastal wetlands. Now forty per cent are gone, the precious specks of life in these treasured lands exchanged for yacht clubs and marinas and industrial growth. As we dredge the bays and fill the marshes and cover the mud with asphalt; as we spray our poisons and scatter our waste and spew oil upon the waters—we destroy forever the great forces of life that began millennia ago.

But now we have gone too far. Because this planet belongs not only to us but to them as well. To the umpteen zillion other things that fly in the sky and roam on the land and swim in the sea and burrow beneath our feet.

Now, especially now, if we will only stop to think—perhaps we will think to stop.

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EAST PAKISTAN

and the terror that continues. "We are afraid to speak the truth. Those who speak the truth are punished, and the only punishment is death," he says.

No one is certain how many of East Pakistan's 75 million people have been killed. West Pakistan's army says about 150,000 loyal (to the army) citizens were butchered before soldiers were able to take control of major towns and cities, and that perhaps 50,000 dissidents and unfortunate bystanders died during military operations. The Bangla Desh (Bengal Nation) government operating from exile in Calcutta calls the army's action genocide and speaks of millions dead. Western diplomats say that the minimum is 200,000.

Nine million refugees, by Indian government count, have spilled out of East Pakistan into the neighboring Indian states of West Bengal, Tripura, and Assam. Crammed into makeshift camps, sheltered from the monsoon rains by tents or tarpaulins, fed on a subsistence diet of rice and gruel, they watch the floodwaters rise around them and wait for something to change. Many of them die waiting.

Millions more Bengalis are displaced persons within East Pakistan: uprooted, frightened people seeking refuge in the marshy landscape. Some are victims of army terror, others of neighbors' greed. Still larger numbers abandoned their homes without direct cause, caught up by the general panic, fleeing from rumors and from fear itself.

Conflict

For twenty-three years, since Pakistan's two wings separated by 1200 miles of India were joined into a single Islamic nation, the Bengalis have complained of economic and political exploitation by West Pakistan. Bengalis grew jute for export, but most foreign exchange earnings and foreign aid monies were spent in the West, which prospered while East Pakistan stagnated. Annual per capita income before the civil war was \$48 in the West and \$30 in the East. East Pakistan had 57 percent of the nation's people, but only 15 percent of government jobs and little voice in the distant capital of Islamabad. In

1969, mass demonstrations in Dacca were instrumental in toppling former president Mohammad Ayub Khan, but that brought the present military government to power, and the Bengalis could do nothing but grumble and wait.

Nearly three years ago, President Agha Mohammad Yahya Khan agreed to hold one-man, one-vote elections to return the government to civilian hands. The president calculated that despite their numerical superiority, Bengalis would split their votes among several parties and the balance of power between East and West would not be drastically altered. But in the months of political activity leading to the elections, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman's Awami League became an overwhelmingly dominant force in East Pakistan—and the Sheikh's promises fired Bengali hopes that two decades of exploitation were coming to an end.

The more they were promised, the more Bengalis asked for; and after the Awami League won a majority of assembly seats, its demands for greater East Pakistani autonomy were extended to include the goal of secession. On March 25, 1971, the Pakistani army (an almost entirely West Pakistani institution) cracked down in Dacca. Sheikh Mujib was arrested, students and politicians were massacred, and the Awami League was outlawed.

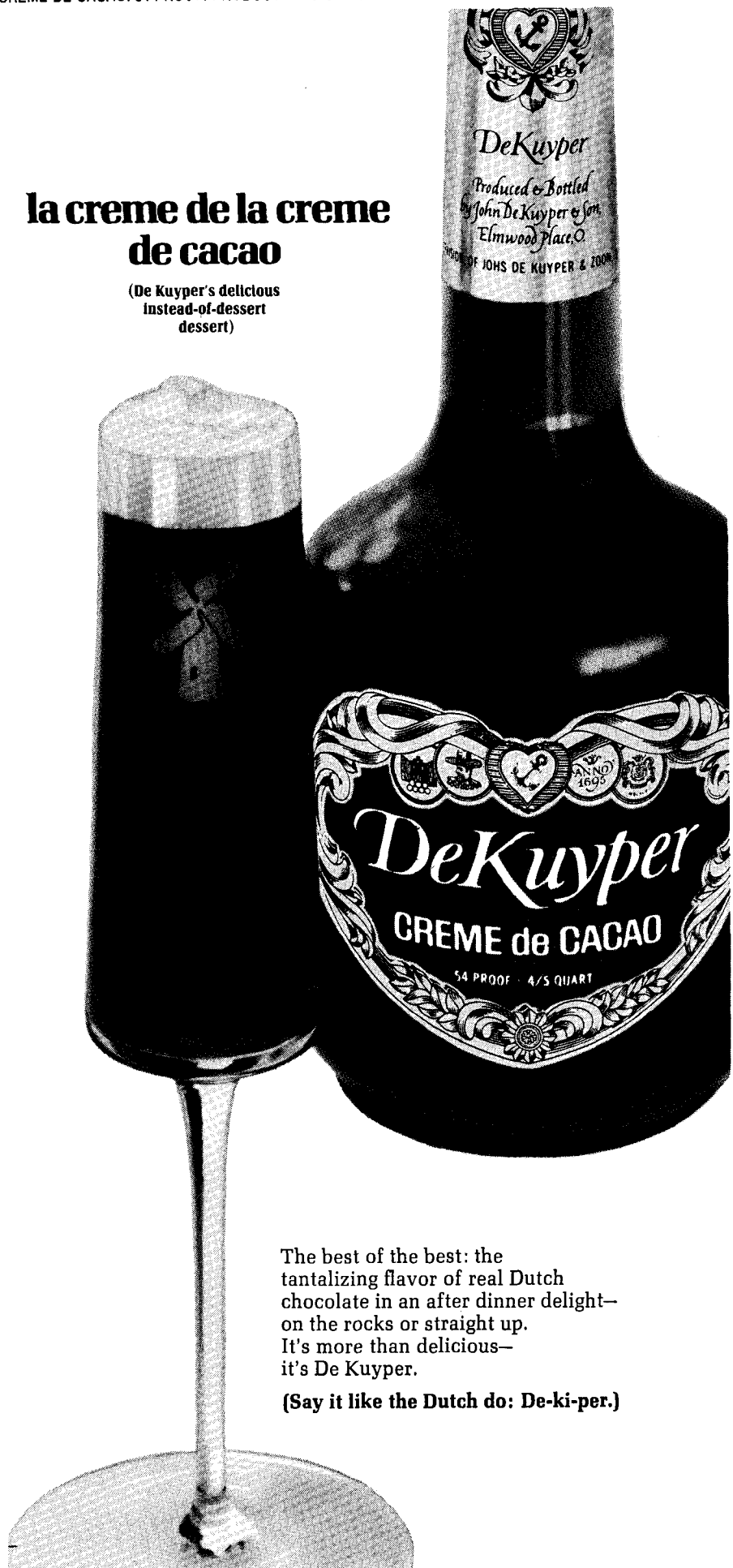
For a few weeks, Bengalis proclaimed and celebrated their independence. Bengali mobs slaughtered non-Bengalis and men suspected of opposing independence; the army, for the most part, stayed in the capital and in its military camps, waiting as reinforcements were hurriedly flown from West Pakistan. In mid-April, the army moved to crush the revolution. Town after town was retaken, burned, and looted. Thousands were killed, and the flow of refugees into India became a torrent.

There are fewer things to destroy in East Pakistan than there are almost anywhere else. Cities are only sprawling towns, towns are dirt streets lined with shabby one-story buildings, and villages are merely clusters of thatch huts. But still the physical destruction is strikingly evident.

One can drive down miles of rural road looking for signs of villages that sat there a year ago. Many have simply disappeared, reclaimed by trop-

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EAST PAKISTAN

ical vegetation except for dirt squares where huts once stood. Some were demolished almost at random by army convoys moving down the roads in the early stages of the war. Others were eliminated more systematically later on because they harbored "miscreants," "anti-elements," "anti-state forces," or a handful of persons who fit the other euphemisms the army uses for its foes. But there is nothing to camouflage the destruction in larger towns. Some appear to be more than half destroyed; few have three quarters of their buildings still intact. The towns look like targets of air strikes, and the wonder is that the army accomplished all this with light weapons: grenades, mortars, and machine guns.

The social dislocation has had an inevitable economic impact. Crops are not being properly planted, weeded, or harvested. East Pakistan is traditionally a land deficient in food, dependent on grain imports. This year the deficit has been greater and distribution of food severely limited by the shattered state of the transportation system. A new famine could send millions of hungry new refugees flooding into India.

Reconquered colony

A villager along the roadside, desperately anxious that two foreigners should see the full reality of army devastation, whispers through the car window: "Go to Jamalpur and you will understand everything."

Jamalpur is a town without children on the streets, without commerce in its remaining shops, almost without noise in a land where conversation is loud and cherished. Men retreat at a foreigner's approach, a shopkeeper's hands tremble as he rises to greet unwanted foreign guests, and a teen-age boy says quietly: "The people are ashamed because they dare not tell you what is in their hearts." The boy, after ten minutes of furtive conversation, is afraid and walks away. Before March, Jamalpur had 50,000 people (5000 of them Hindu), a large marketplace, and a small army headquarters. By now most people have fled, no Hindus are left, the market has been destroyed, and the army headquarters



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EAST PAKISTAN

are swollen with the garrison that subdued Jamalpur. The Hindu crematorium on the banks of the Brahmaputra is the army's killing ground. The bodies are thrown into the river, and now the remaining residents of Jamalpur refuse to eat river fish.

East Pakistan is, then, a reconquered colony. With 70,000 soldiers and a policy of calculated brutality, the Pakistani army has managed to reassert its authority over the major towns of East Pakistan and the roads that link them. Of course, more than 80 percent of the population lives in the countryside where no one has ever exerted much authority—and no one does today.

The Pakistani army is not an institution given to talk of winning hearts and minds. The troops are farm boys recruited from the dry plains of West Pakistan's northern Punjab and from the mud-walled Pathan villages along the Afghanistan frontier. To these rugged men whose families are engaged in a constant

struggle to coax a bit of wheat from perennially parched earth, the black-skinned little Bengalis, waist deep in their flooded rice fields, are strange creatures, not fellow citizens. "Little monkeys," some Pakistani soldiers call them.

To the officers, heirs to a martial tradition dating back through the British Empire to the time of the Mogul conquerors, Bengalis are weak and cowardly people who need only to be disciplined to make them behave. At their harshest, the army officers seem to echo Caligula's mad plea: "Would that the Roman people had but one neck."

For the most part, though, the army kills not for pleasure but for a cause—preservation of Pakistan's unity and, to some, the purity of the Muslim religion.

"No sacrifice is too great" to maintain a united Pakistan, President Yahya Khan says. Officially, the Pakistani government portrays itself as saving a loyal majority of East Pakistanis from a small number of rebellious politicians and Indian-encouraged miscreants. "They are thanking the armed forces for saving

them from these fascists," Yahya says of the East Pakistanis.

From their exile government headquarters in Calcutta, surviving Awami League leaders throw back equally outrageous claims. As early as April, Bangla Desh Prime Minister Tajuddin Ahmed declared: "Pakistan is now dead and buried under a mountain of corpses . . . and independent Bengal is a reality."

"Give us arms and in 15 days we will finish the Pakistani army off," Hussein Ali, another Bangla Desh leader, said in June. He predicted that even without military aid from Western nations, the Bengalis would win within six months.

The army has surely succeeded in cowing the Bengalis, but its control is tenuous. Even with the aid of local collaborators and armed gangs of hired thugs, 70,000 soldiers can stretch only so far in a land of 75 million overwhelmingly hostile people.

Activity is on the rise among the Bengali guerrillas, or Mukti Bahini: rail tracks cut, roads mined, electric power pylons sawed through at the base, bombs tossed, collaborators assassinated, and occasionally small groups of soldiers ambushed. Even with their superior firepower and training, the soldiers rarely venture off the main roads, and at night they pull back into cantonments.

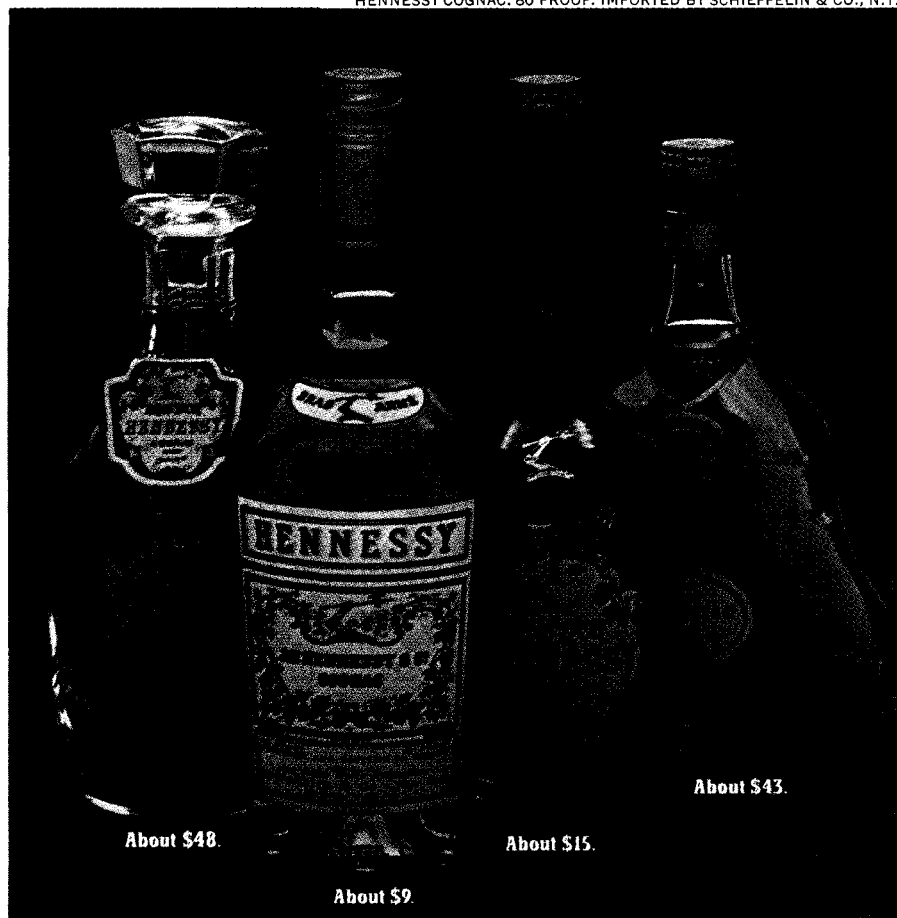
The terror

"We got where we are thanks to maximum stupidity on all sides," an informed Dacca observer remarks of the events leading to the civil war. It seems unlikely to him and to many others that even maximum intelligence can rescue East Pakistan from years of agony.

This began as a political struggle pitting Pakistan's army as guarantor of the nation's unity against the Bengalis of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman's Awami League and its platform of East Pakistani autonomy. The political struggle soon was interwoven with racial and religious hatreds, neighborhood quarrels, and simple gangsterism—men taking advantage of the breakdown of law for personal gain.

The best organized and most thoroughly prosecuted campaign has been directed against East Pakistan's ten million Hindus. Shortly after the army moved out of its cantonments in

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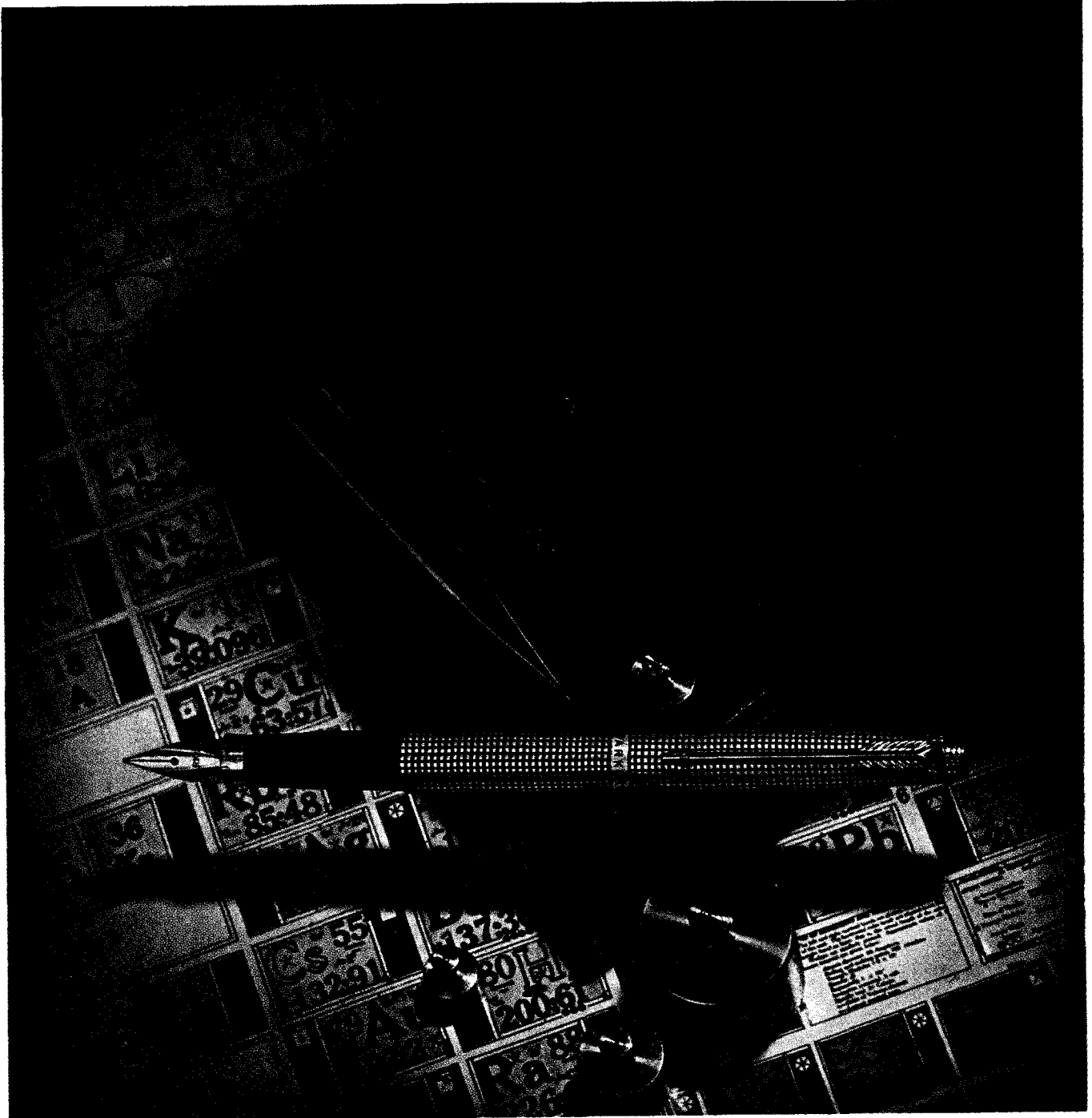
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EAST PAKISTAN

early April, seizing control of the major towns and shattering Bengali resistance, Pakistan's army-run government decided to eliminate the Hindu community. No official order has been made public, but the anti-Hindu terror began almost the same day in all regions of East Pakistan, a coordination that few observers attribute to random decisions by local commanders.

In town after town there are no Hindus left. Streets of Hindu-owned shops and homes are razed to the ground even in places where neighboring streets were left untouched.

Some Hindus are hiding in the countryside with friends or as boarders and regret not having joined the majority who fled to India in the first weeks of the terror. Soldiers and collaborators still search them out. Since all Muslims are circumcised, a quick military method of identifying Hindus has been to lift a man's sarong and then shoot him if he is uncircumcised.

Throughout East Pakistan, looters have followed on the heels of the army. A major enterprise in many towns is sign painting; over each abandoned shop whose owner fled or died, a freshly painted sign proclaims new ownership, by an army collaborator. Plots of abandoned land as well as the small amounts of movable property that escaped the hands of soldiers and collaborators have been declared "enemy property," and the redistribution is handled by peace committees.

It's not all profit and pleasure being a peace committee member. The army lacks the manpower to provide round-the-clock protection for its local collaborators. While the Mukti Bahini generally avoid encounters with the Pakistani army, assassinating a local peace committeeman is the sort of thing that even a neophyte guerrilla can manage. There are few towns where such assassinations have not taken place.

A committeeman north of Dacca paid the Mukti Bahini the rupee equivalent of \$625 to avoid assassination, though the guerrillas said later that it was only an installment payment against death. Another peace committee official, accompanied by six private bodyguards, paid a visit to

a provincial town. Local officials there provided a house for his use. "We will all use one room," the visiting dignitary explained. The local leaders said that they would have seven beds moved into one room. "We won't require beds," the visitor said. And that night the visitors slept on the floor, the leader a hard target for any assassin to pick out from the bunched mass of flesh.

A handful of Mukti Bahini carrying World War I rifles made a nighttime foray into a roadside village, firing a few stray bullets, destroying a telephone at the railroad station, and liberating the station safe of 23 rupees, 80 paise (about three dollars).

It is now the morning after, and the village peace committee is discussing the attack. "More than a dozen miscreants carrying strong weapons attacked us," says one peace committeeman. "Thirty guerrillas with automatic weapons," says another committeeman ten minutes later. By the third cup of tea, the committee chairman is talking about "100 Indian agents with a machine gun."

"What could we do against them?" he asks. "Our volunteers have only four old rifles, and the army is stationed ten miles away. Maybe there will be more attacks."

Heirs

If peace committees, drawn from a minority community and operating under sway of the army's guns, are clearly inadequate and impermanent leaders, who, then, are East Pakistan's political heirs?

The army can rule for months, probably years, but only by force and at a mounting cost in casualties and money. But if the army withdraws, its defeat would undermine the military government's authority and could loose ethnic centrifugal pressures resulting in political chaos in West Pakistan.

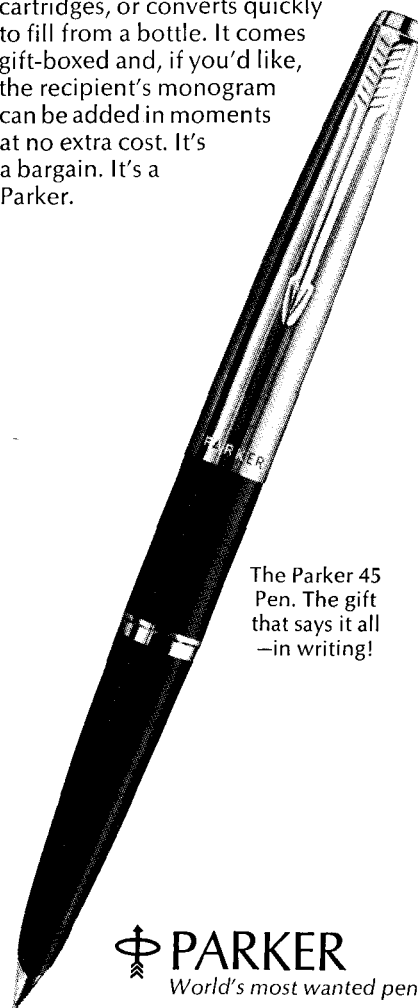
Many Western diplomats doubt that an army withdrawal would bring peace to East Pakistan, despite the assurances of Tajuddin Ahmen and other Bangla Desh leaders. Without Sheikh Mujib, the Awami League has no widely respected leader, and it would face opposition from other factions seeking power in a newly freed East Pakistan. Any government would have to pay the price of putting East Pakistan's shattered econ-

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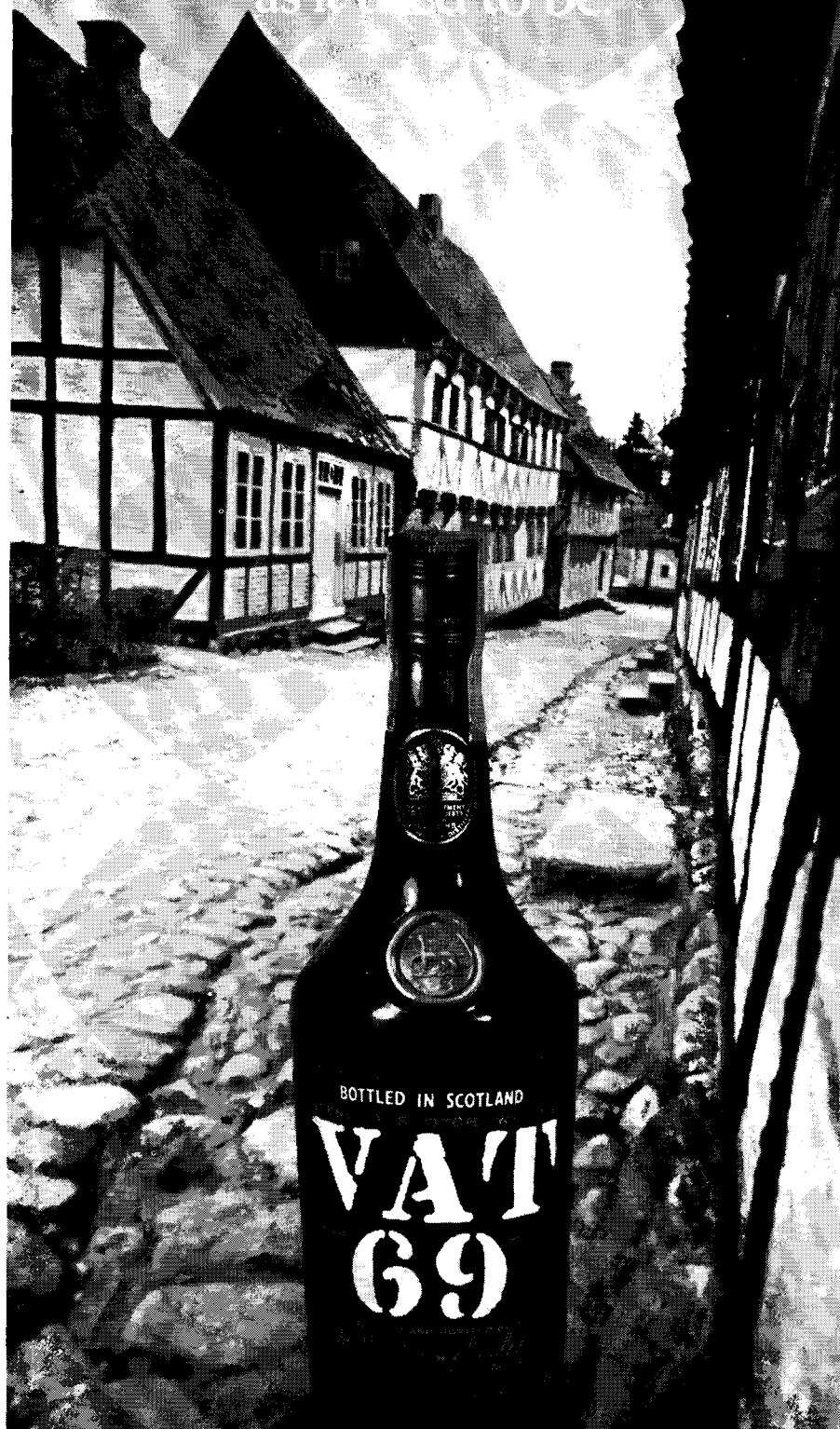


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EAST PAKISTAN

omy back together, of rebuilding its devastated towns, and resettling its millions of refugees—and neither the money nor the administrative skill is available in East Pakistan.

And to what would the refugees return? The land has been redistributed among those who did not leave, and in a country where there is virtually no law, possession counts for a lot. The return of the refugees would surely bring a new and bloody redistribution of property in this land-hungry region.

India demands that East Pakistan's refugees return to their homes but keeps the military situation along the borders tense enough to prevent free movement of already frightened masses of people. Even the growing number of Indians who talk of launching a war to crush Pakistan, return the refugees, and forestall the Bengali revolution from falling into Maoist hands strongly oppose a permanent Indian involvement in what they foresee will be continuing social and political chaos in East Pakistan. Other Indians fear that an independent Bangla Desh will encourage freedom movements among the almost equally wretched masses of Indian West Bengal.

But if the present low-grade guerilla war and related free-lance killing continue, East Pakistan's economy may be shattered beyond repair, and what binding there was in its patchwork social structure may break down rather as European society disintegrated during the Thirty Years' War. The Bengalis will still breed, however, and they will rapidly replace their dead and missing. Half a million live births are recorded every eighty-seven days in this region, which is the size of North Carolina. At the current growth rate, East Pakistan's population will double to 150 million East Bengalis by 1994.

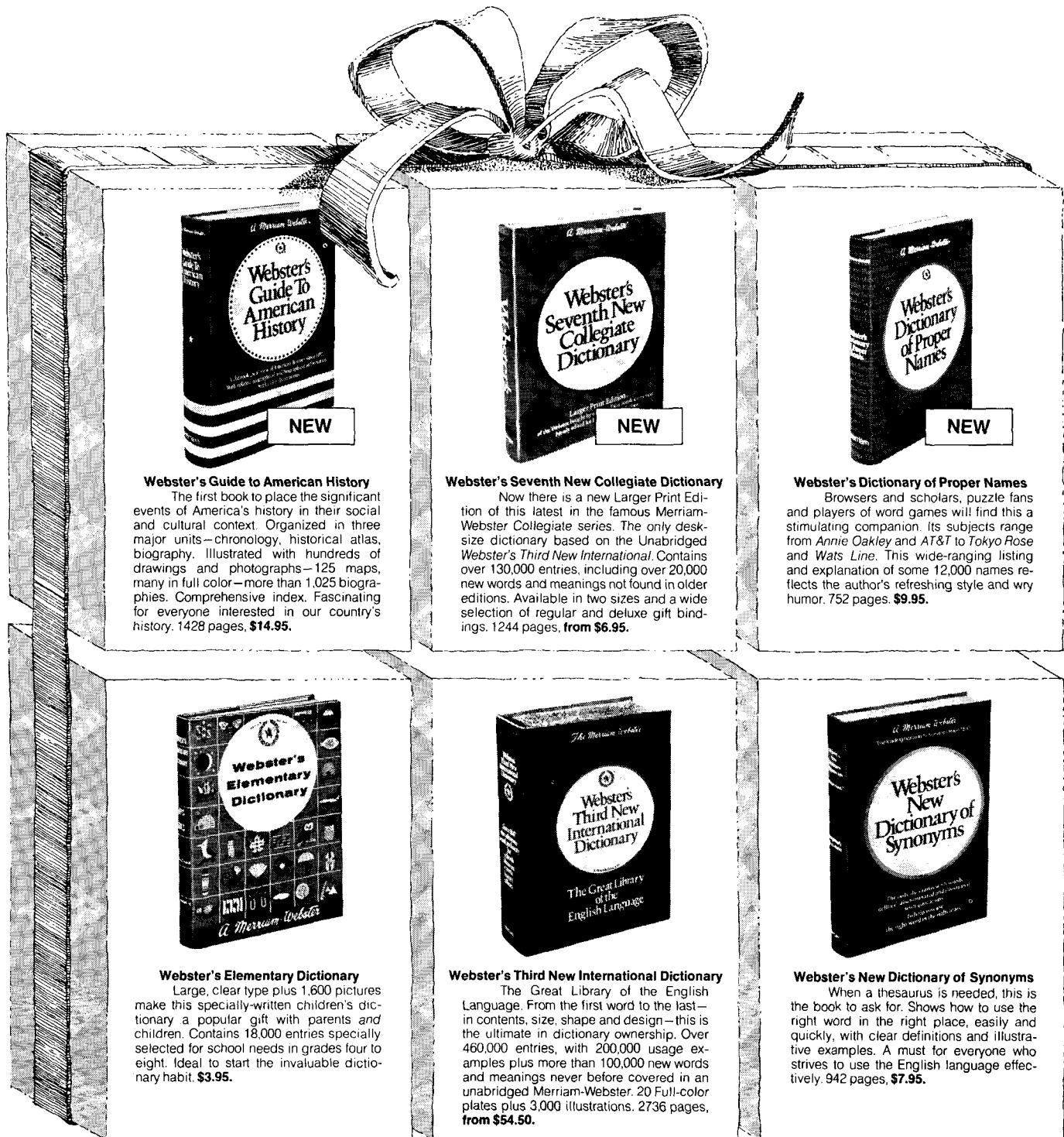
A jute trader is asked what will happen in twenty-odd years when jute, East Pakistan's major export crop, is no longer competitive with synthetic fibers on the world market. "What can they grow instead?"

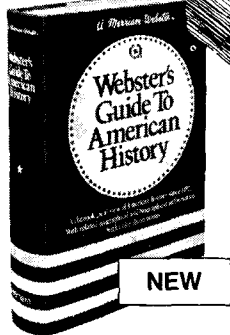
"It won't matter," he replies. "By then they'll need all the land for rice to try and feed themselves."

—PETER R. KANN
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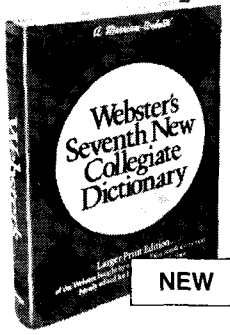
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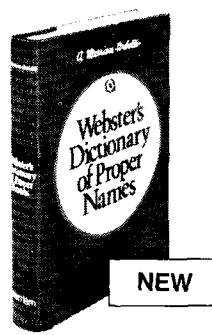
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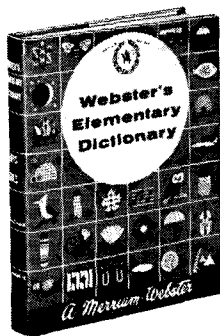
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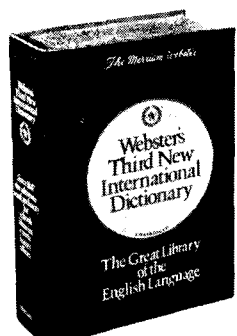


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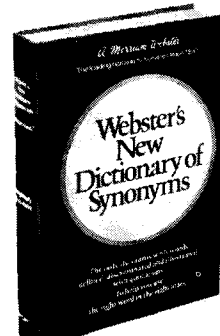
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Innocent Bystander

Presenting the Next
Great Western Movie

by L. E. Sissman

The people who have written and directed some of our more critically and commercially successful movies of the Western genre in recent years have played fairly fast and loose with the ascertainable facts (for example, the lavishly embroidered *Butch Cassidy*), with the maximum plausible death toll (for example, *The Wild Bunch*), and with the palpable imbecility of their protagonists (for example, Bonnie's Clyde, who was transformed, at the stroke of a Royal, from a murderous dim bumpkin to a classic urban case of impotence according to Jules Feiffer). That understood, I hope nobody will take umbrage at my audacity if I present an idea for a new Western epic that features, among other things, two lone men of intelligence and principle pitted against an unscrupulous industrial empire; one small massacre; five dazzlingly successful train robberies; five full-scale shoot-outs; one foiled prison break and one successful one; one eighteen-month manhunt with odds of 1500 to one against the hunted; one touching love affair cut short by death; one casualty list of fourteen dead and twenty-four wounded; one fugitive dying with more lead on his person than the physician had ever seen before; one savagely ironic ending in which the wife and child of one of the outlaws go on stage in a melodrama based on his life in order to raise money for his legal fees; and, from start to finish, a strict adherence to historical fact.

I'm talking, of course, about the strange and eminently cinematic case of John Sontag and Christopher Evans, two now-forgotten popular heroes who allegedly, though never

provably, carried on an inspired guerilla war against the Southern Pacific Railroad during the early 1890s. Sontag, a Minnesotan and former brakeman for the SP, blamed the railroad when he was injured on the job and made permanently lame in one of the sketchy company hospitals; Evans, a Canada-born Vermonter and former Indian scout who was also a serious reader (of Darwin, Huxley, and Shakespeare) and writer (of *Eurasia*, a utopian novel published in San Francisco), could never forgive the SP for having unconscionably multiplied the price of land to San Joaquin Valley settlers beyond the announced \$2.50 an acre, thus causing many farmers (including relatives of Evans' wife and, some sources say, Evans himself) to lose their holdings and to be forced out completely. The bad feeling between the farmers and the railroad had first come to a head in May of 1880, when, at Mussel Slough, an SP agent and a U.S. Marshal escalated a dispossession proceeding into a gun battle which left five farmers and two officers dead; seventeen farmers were tried and jailed for their part in an affray in which they had fired only in self-defense.

Evans' general dislike of the Southern Pacific was probably reinforced throughout the eighties as he met the harassed local farmers in the course of his duties as the manager of three Bank of California granaries; his own uncertain fortunes took a turn for the worse when a livery stable he had just opened at Modesto burnt to the ground, killing all his livestock. In any case, the first of the mysterious series of train robberies occurred in February, 1889; two masked men stopped an SP train, dynamited the express car, shot a trainman fatally, and made off with about \$5000 from the express-car safe. No clue to the robbers was found, nor did the police and SP agents have better luck when the crime was repeated, this time with a take of \$20,000 and no deaths, a year later. Early in 1891, a third robbery led the police to some false arrests, before a fourth holdup, at Modesto, proved that the bandits were still at large and resulted in the serious wounding of an SP detective. Finally, in August, 1892, the robbers struck for the fifth and last time, dynamiting an express car and making off with 125 pounds of silver coin.

Now, at last—and largely because a young man named George Sontag, John's brother, had spoken indiscreetly about being a passenger on the held-up train—detectives were led to suspect Evans and Sontag of the crimes. Two of them went to Evans' home in Visalia to question him. As they entered, they saw John Sontag coming into the house at the rear. Without knocking, they walked into the living room, asked Chris Evans' pretty sixteen-year-old daughter, Eva, for Sontag's whereabouts, and when she told them he wasn't there (for she had no way of knowing he'd just come in), called her "a damned little liar."

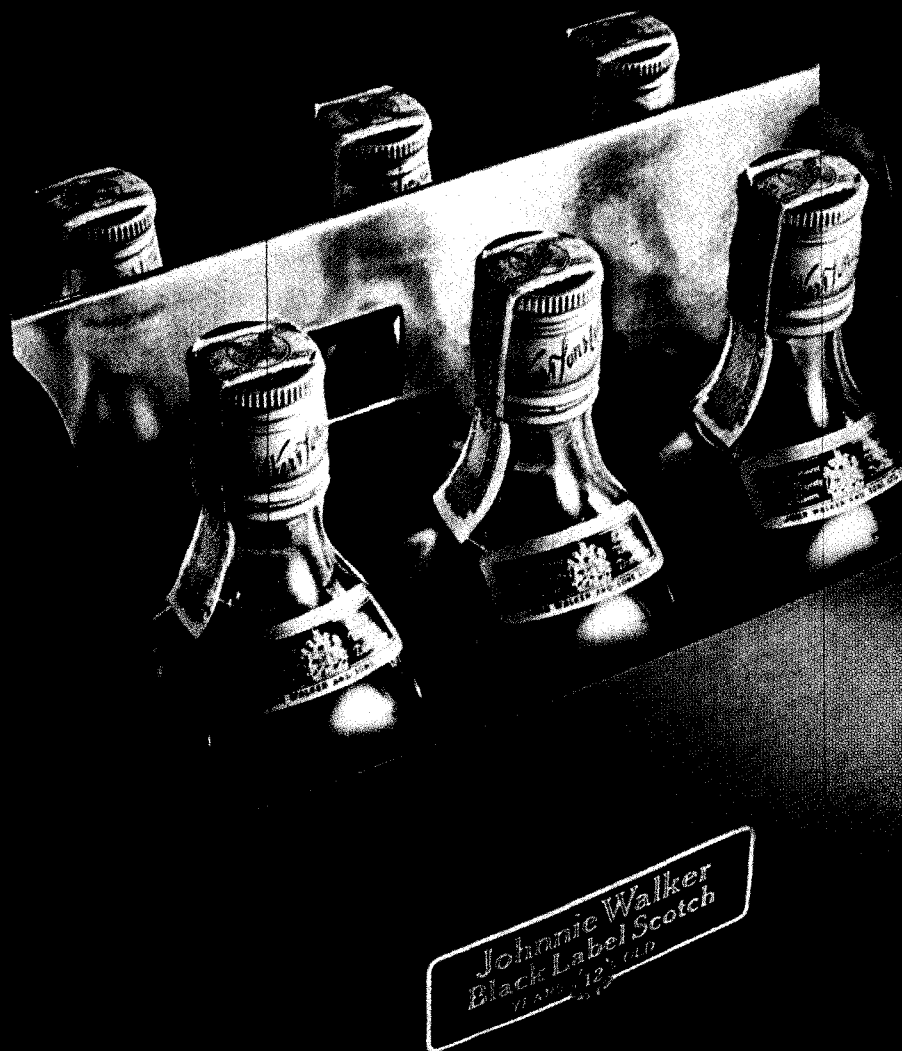
Eva ran to the barn and told her father two strangers had accosted and insulted her; Christopher Evans picked up a gun, and a shoot-out ensued in which both detectives were wounded, and Sontag and Evans fled in the detectives' wagon.

This was the start of what one informal historian calls "the greatest manhunt California had known." Against a force of three thousand men all told, Evans and Sontag had only their superior tactical sense and the fact that the country was on their side and up in arms against the excesses of the railroad, which Frank Norris had dubbed "The Octopus." Their clever tactics began to pay dividends at once. After eluding a posse on the night of their escape, they returned to Evans' house, dined, provisioned their wagon, and killed another inquisitive officer, who had staked out the house.

While Evans and Sontag roamed the Sierra, George Sontag had gone to jail for his almost certainly imaginary role in the train robbery. Eva Evans and some other friends arranged to smuggle guns in to George and his fellow prisoners, but the attempted breakout was a failure, in which three convicts were killed and six injured, including George himself, who was crippled for life.

Meanwhile, the railroad bent every effort toward the capture, dead or alive, of the two presumed train robbers. A \$10,000 reward was announced, dozens of special agents and police were deputized, packs of hounds and pairs of Indian trackers were put on the scent, and the hills became so congested with armed men that no fewer than eleven deputies managed to shoot each other. All this

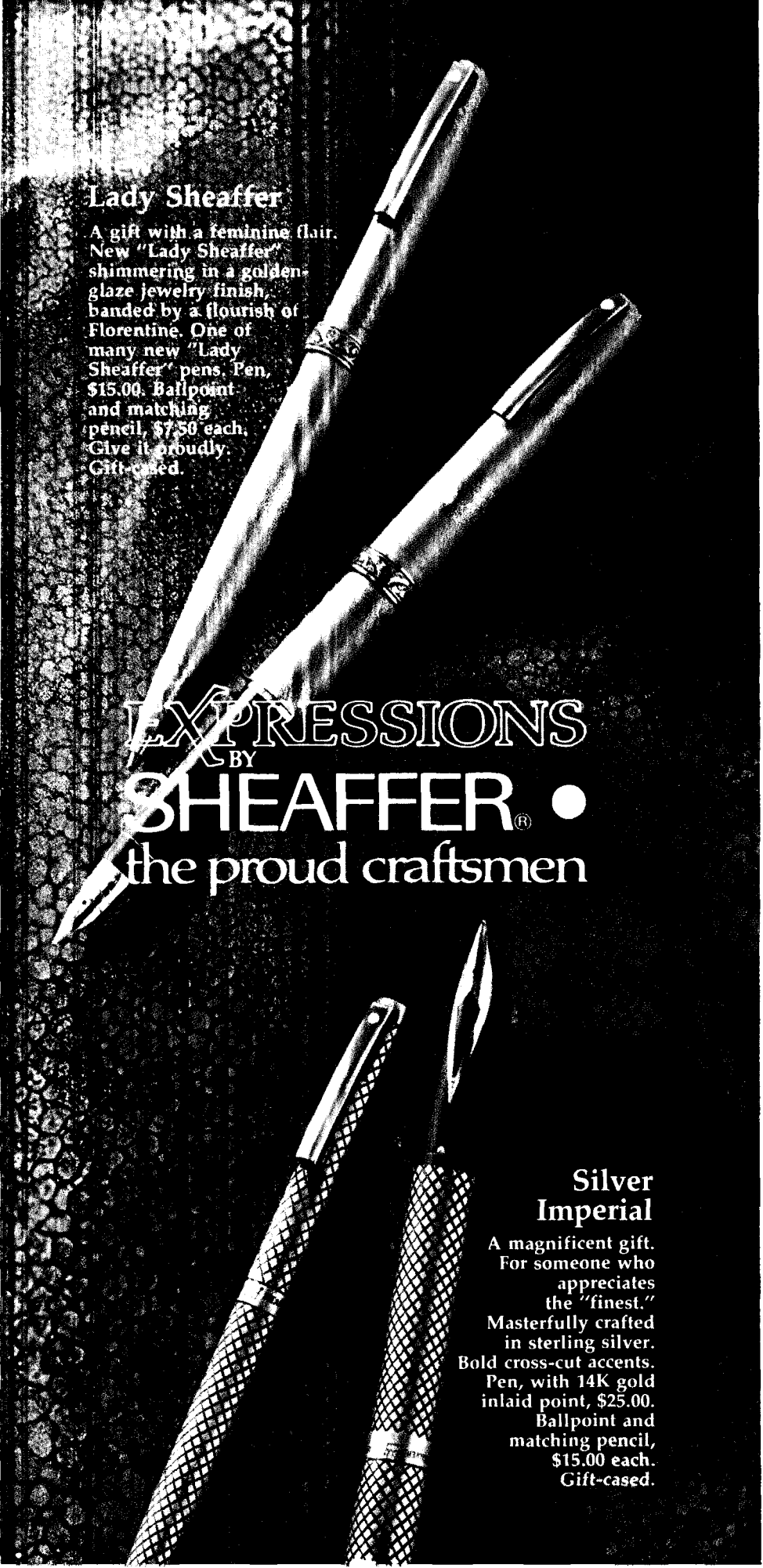
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BYSTANDER

activity, though, began to produce a predictable result: Evans and Sontag were slowly brought to bay. After eluding a gunfight at Young's Cabin, the two fugitives were ambushed by a U.S. Marshal and his posse at Stone Corral. Firing back from the inadequate cover of a manure pile, both men were grievously wounded in the course of the night: Evans' left arm was nearly severed, his right was immobilized by a shoulder wound, and his right eye was destroyed by a charge of buckshot; Sontag was shot repeatedly in the right arm, side, and chest—not to mention numerous flesh wounds.

During the small hours, Evans somehow managed to make his escape, but Sontag, weak from loss of blood, tried ineffectually to kill himself with two disfiguring but superficial shots to the face. Next morning, he awoke to find himself ringed by deputies. He was taken to Visalia jail, where he died, and where the physician volunteered the statement that he'd never seen so much lead in one body before.

Evans, astonishingly, survived to give himself up, on condition that the reward money should go to his wife. In jail, after the amputation of his arm, he had lost none of his utopian dreamer's cunning: with the connivance of Ed Morrell, a waiter at a Fresno restaurant, who included two revolvers in his jail-delivered blue-plate special, he freed himself and headed, one weary time more and now armless and eyeless, or at least monocular, for the hills. The police, also sadder and wiser, attempted no shoot-out; instead, they lured the serious paterfamilias Evans home, where he was quietly subdued with the message that one of his children was sick and asking for him. He was captured by a heavy posse and remanded for trial.

Before his last excursion at large, Evans had been the subject of a bitter, touching, and unparalleled public enterprise. One R. C. White, a San Francisco melodramatist, had written a play called, appropriately, *Evans & Sontag*.

To ensure its success, he offered a quarter of the net profits to Mrs. Evans and Eva if they would play themselves in the performance. To



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BYSTANDER

pay Chris Evans' lawyers, they agreed; while Mrs. Evans shrank diffidently into the background, the handsome Eva—who had been engaged to Sontag at the time of his death—galloped onstage on a black charger and won a bold headline from the San Francisco *Examiner*: "Eva Evans Given a Genuinely Enthusiastic Reception and Proves to Be an Actress." In 1894, despite all the efforts of his family and friends, her father was sentenced to life in Folsom; in 1911, through the intervention of the late Governor Hiram Johnson, an ancient foe of the Southern Pacific, he was paroled, and moved to Portland with his family for the last six years of his life. According to Stewart Holbrook—who, along with Alvin F. Harlow and C. G. Glasscock, is Evans' principal modern biographer—Frank Coulter, a violin-maker who had known Evans in Modesto in the early nineties and had become reacquainted with him in Portland, found it hard to believe that this "soft-spoken and genial sort of man had successfully defied the Southern Pacific and the State of California—at that time almost the same thing—for so many years."

Clearly, Evans and Sontag were brave, resourceful, and, in their own quite countercultural way, principled far beyond most of the childish and cretinous sadists—from Billy the Kid and the Daltons to Bonnie and Clyde—whose thoughtless, bloody deeds are so frequently celebrated on film today. Evans and Sontag were men who lived and died for something real, and in doing so, wrote a curious and imperishable footnote to our history; a film about them, with all its implications for today, might carry the Western to new and higher ground.

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THE MAIL

THE UNSTIFLED TIMES

SIR: Charles Rembar's article, "Paper Victory: The U.S. v. the New York Times and the Washington Post" (November *Atlantic*), contains a misstatement of fact that quite astonished me, for two reasons. It astonished me because the rest of the article seemed so carefully researched and reasoned. It astonished me, also, because Mr. Rembar could so easily have avoided this misstatement—based, by his own testimony, on a mere supposition—by a call to this newspaper or indeed simply by checking the record of what we had printed.

Mr. Rembar states:

"It seems fairly clear that threat of criminal prosecution had its effect upon the papers. When the decision was handed down and the restraining order lifted, the series came to a quick, flat halt. The subsequent installments were brief and not startling. The possibility of criminal proceedings—subsequent punishment as distinguished from prior restraint—may be supposed to have worked."

As far as the New York Times was concerned, this is simply not true. We had decided before the injunction was handed down exactly how many pieces we would print and how much space we would give them. These decisions were based on our most careful journalistic judgment on what we should print, since obviously we could not print all forty-seven volumes.

During the period that the injunction was in order, we decided that if it were lifted, we would print exactly what we had intended to print from the beginning. We would not cut back nor would we escalate simply because of the publicity given to the Pentagon Papers.

Before the injunction was handed down, we printed three installments in the series, for a total of eighteen pages of articles and documentation. After the injunction was lifted, we proceeded to print every article we had planned to print. After the injunction we printed seven articles for a total of thirty-one and one-half pages.

I agree entirely with Mr. Rembar that prior restraint and blanket threats of criminal proceedings can have a stifling effect upon freedom of the press. It does not change the gravity of these assaults upon freedom of the press to point out that the New York Times was not stifled.

A. M. ROSENTHAL
Managing Editor
The New York Times
New York City

Charles Rembar replies:

A supposition cannot be "mere" when it is explicitly presented as a supposition. A supposition cannot be "a misstatement." "By his own testimony" is an odd phrase here; it suggests a triumphant pointing out of evidence (did a lawyer have a hand in the drafting of the letter?) that proves I said something I said I was saying.

The supposition—plainly described as such—was that the possibility of criminal prosecution had some effect on what was published. Mr. Rosenthal thinks I could have moved from the realm of supposition to the realm of fact (a move not at all needed to carry the burden of my article) and prescribes two courses I might have followed.

One is "a call to this newspaper." I did not think it proper to ask the Times, with the threat of prosecution overhead, to disclose its position on what might be an issue in a criminal trial, nor would any lawyer sensitive

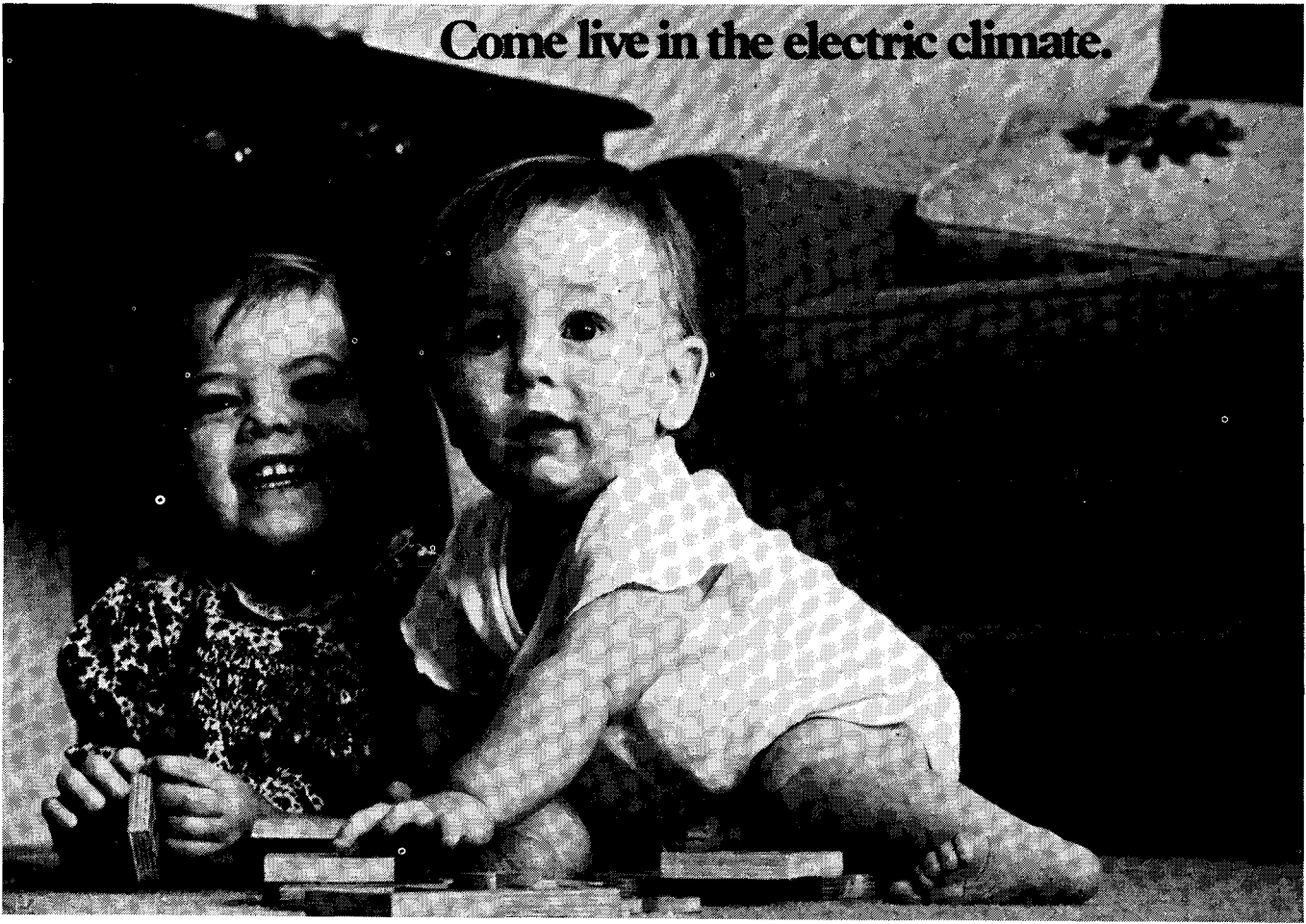
to the difficulties of the situation have thought it proper.

The second prescription is "checking the record." The record, of course, is the Times series. Mr. Rosenthal's numbers are not quite accurate; following the decision, there were five installments, July 1 through July 5, not seven. (Did an accountant have a hand in the drafting of his letter?) But the arithmetic is not important. It was the content of the articles that warranted the supposition. Those that appeared before the restraint were explosive; they showed that the country was fraudulently led into a major war.

Consider their subjects, as later designated by the Times: "The Covert War and Tonkin Gulf," "The Consensus to Bomb North Vietnam," "The Launching of the Ground War." They excited the public to indignation and excited the executives to attempt suppression. What appeared after the decision, in the light of what had gone before, was indeed quite flat: "The Kennedy Years" and "The Overthrow of Ngo Dinh Diem," "The Buildup," "Secretary McNamara's Disenchantment," "The Tet Offensive and the Turnaround," "The Truman and Eisenhower Years." This is material hardly likely to provoke the present Administration to further legal action.

I am happy to hear that appearances were deceiving, that the supposition was not the fact, that the Times was not influenced by the possibility of prosecution. My point (slightly misunderstood by Mr. Rosenthal) remains unaffected: that the threat of subsequent punishment is an impairment of free expression as important as "prior restraint" and that the freedom of the press should not suffer a change of meaning when the executive decides to use one legal

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method rather than another. Publishers less powerful and less brave than the *New York Times* might, under threat of prosecution, have been less steadfast.

"LETTER IN A BOTTLE"

SIR: The October issue of *The Atlantic* is the best single issue of any magazine that I have ever read.

RUTH MANLOVE
Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIR: An accolade to your authors of "Work in America" (October *Atlantic*). How well they have delved and touched upon the "glories of being a peon." We somehow confuse college with intelligence, a paper degree with a man's worth in dollars, cents, and future possibilities. We do not perceive that when one is "... being deprived of the right to consider yourself worthy of responsibility for your own life and destiny ... you feel as if your reason and your human status were being deeply insulted every day" ("Letter in a Bottle, From a Greek Prison," by George Mangakis).

ANNE OLSEN
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: George Mangakis' "Letter in a Bottle" was like getting a letter from an old "rap partner" and should be required reading for anyone interested in understanding the "imploding man" in American prisons today. Mangakis is telling the truth when he says that "people [in prison] ... have truly taken upon themselves the entire predicament of our times. ... They feel close to all those who are persecuted on earth. Through a fundamental unity they grasp the meaning of all that is happening in the world today."

Too many prison supervisors and their staffs want prisoners to assume only the stereotyped convict role to assure internal order. This obsession with internal prison order is creating an antihuman climate. As Mangakis said, "the men who humiliate you must first humiliate the notion of humanity within themselves." American prisons humiliate the notion of humanity.

JOSEPH NEUSSENDERFER
*Prisoner
Minnesota State Prison
Stillwater, Minn.*

SIR: As a prisoner in a California state prison, I found your article "Letter in a Bottle," by George Mangakis, very interesting. He describes his cell as warm in summer, cold in winter, and approximately ten-by-ten, which is bigger than most. Many prison cells hold more than one occupant, and all have that plebeian "heavy iron door" and eye hole.

Mangakis calls his adversary the "all-powerful persecution mechanism of a dictatorship." In America, it is an oligarchic bureaucracy, working exclusively for the elite, which occasionally attacks the aristocracy, occasionally assists and defends the poor, and almost always comes to an understanding with the middle classes (especially around election time).

ROBERT E. SHAFFER
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

SIR: I read Mr. George Mangakis' "Letter in a Bottle" with all the pain I feel at the thought of the enslavement of my country, but also with something akin to joy (if one can call the opposite of despair joy). The pain and tears were present at the reading because a man such as he would suffer imprisonment, because a country like Greece would be humiliated by dictatorship, but the joy was there also because there are Greeks like Mr. Mangakis still living and believing in man's humanity.

Whenever I return to Greece these days, I despair at the obvious buckling under of the Greeks, the bitter surrender of some, and the smug complacency of others. The asinine remarks of Greek-Americans who, like the non-Greek Mr. Agnew, are thankful that "law and order" have returned to Greece anger me beyond reason. During such times I am ashamed to be a Greek. But then an article like "Letter in a Bottle" is published by a magazine of your caliber, and I become deeply grateful.

KATHERINE K. WHITLEY
Boston, Mass.

MORE ON PORNOGRAPHY

SIR: Re: L. E. Sissman's "Innocent Bystander" in the August *Atlantic*.

Okay, pornography can often "raise" our "sexual expectations" for what is generally unavailable. We are frustrated viewing the ideal body and utopian pads of sensuality that *Playboy* displays.

Does this fact make pornography a vile invader of privacy? Are we not, some of us, equally frustrated when reading a masterpiece of literature, yearning to write in such a style? Do we not watch Mr. Mays or Mr. Aaron play superb baseball and crave their stature of excellence and fame? How about looking at a Van Gogh—doesn't the hand wish it could do such?

Any of these constitute "voy-euring" the ideal, or the fantastic. Such is pornography to some. Many more choose their own scope of looking and wishing.

W. P. MOORE
Norfolk, Va.

SIR: Reading your published mail re: L. E. Sissman, August *Atlantic*, I was wondering if I had received the same August edition as the correspondents.

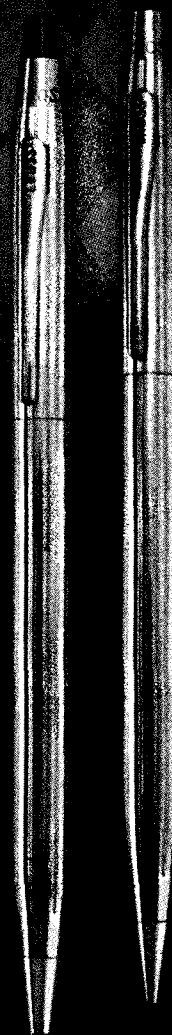
Sissman wrote: "I can't believe that . . . censorship—apart from being a repellent measure in itself—would work much better . . . than Prohibition . . . or marijuana laws."

Rather than an appeal for censorship of pornography, I felt Sissman was against the recent trend of presenting sex with a "childish scatology for its own sake in the media." Sissman impressed me as being against what is kitschy and infantile in much of the descriptions of sexual relations in today's mass media and popular novels. In this "we are constantly invited," Sissman wrote, "to participate voyeuristically in the supposedly ideal sex lives of others."

As a person who works daily with problems of readability, I found sound his observation: "Our wisest writers have known for a long time that sex is most effectively treated by indirection, precisely because, *in large doses* [the italics are mine], sexual exposition tends to engage the physiological, not the intellectual, attention of both writer and reader, and thus polarizes and distorts the fabric of the book and the intentions of the author. There is also the danger of becoming ludicrously clinical." And also, he might have rhetorically added, why spend so much time rediscovering the wheel? Is it a "boycott of sex in the arts," as one correspondent commented, to observe that sex, like the proverbial pasture, is not always better in someone else's acreage?

DOUGLAS H. SCHEWE
Madison, Wis.

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ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: Merle Haggard complains that his attempt at a fugitive image hasn't taken hold, and that Johnny Cash is able to make box office out of such an image when he has never been to prison except as an entertainer; while he, Haggard, has actually done time in the California prison system, and yet has failed in his attempt to cash in on the pop adulation of the bad man.

What Haggard fails to realize is that people lionize the fugitive not simply for his tough and virile qualities, but also because he gives them a vicarious feeling of freedom. Johnny Cash succeeds because his morality comes off as humanistic and universal instead of Christian-American and exclusive. While the flag-wavers call for assembly, the fugitive continues his own way, having declared himself exempt from the rules. Haggard's image has been cast by "Okie from Muskogee" and "Fightin' Side of Me," and that image comprises a whole list of generalizations about him as a man that people won't easily surrender. And it matters little that the vast majority of white convicts in

California's prisons are of right-wing persuasion. For the public, a fugitive is something other than a right-winger. Again, it's the fantasy that matters, not the reality.

MYLOS SONKA
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: In the September issue of *The Atlantic*, on page 88 to be exact, Alfred Appel, Jr., quotes Vladimir Nabokov as recommending a novel by Philip Oakes, *The Godbotherers*. This novel has recently been published in the United States by the John Day Company with the title *Miracles. Genuine Cases Contact Box 340*.

ALAN TUCKER
Editor
John Day Company, Inc.
New York City

SIR: Herbert Gold deserves a prize in the somebody-had-to-say-it department for his essay "On Epidemic First Personism" (August *Atlantic*).

ROBERT B. NORDBERG
Professor
Director of Graduate Education
Marquette University
Milwaukee, Wis.

Contributors

ARTHUR KOESTLER, author of *Darkness at Noon*, *The Ghost in the Machine*, and many other works, was recently in Marrakech.

PETER R. KANN and LEE LESCAZE are Far Eastern correspondents respectively for the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Washington Post*.

FLORA LEWIS is a nationally syndicated columnist. Her reports from Prague, Israel, and the Far East have appeared in *The Atlantic* in recent issues.

WARD JUST, author of "Soldiers" (*The Atlantic*, October-November, 1970, later published in book form as *Military Men*), is at work on a novel.

PHILIP ROTH is the author of *Goodbye Columbus*, *Portnoy's Complaint*, and *Our Gang*. ALAN LELCHUK'S stories have appeared in *New American Review* and *Modern Occasions*.

JOHN FERGUS RYAN is the author of a collection of short stories entitled *The Nut House Pickings*.

ROBLEY WILSON, JR., is editor of the *North American Review*.

PAUL BROOKS, for many years editor in chief of Houghton Mifflin, is the author of *Roadless Area* and many magazine articles about conservation.

LEO JANOS is Houston correspondent for *Time* magazine.

VASKO POPA is one of Yugoslavia's leading poets.

JESSICA MITFORD is the author of *The American Way of Death* and *The Trial of Dr. Spock*.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER edited *Atlantic Brief Lives*.

L.E. SISSMAN, DAVID DENBY, EDWARD WEEKS, and PHOEBE ADAMS appear regularly in our pages.

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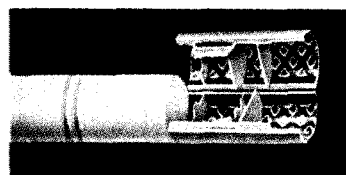
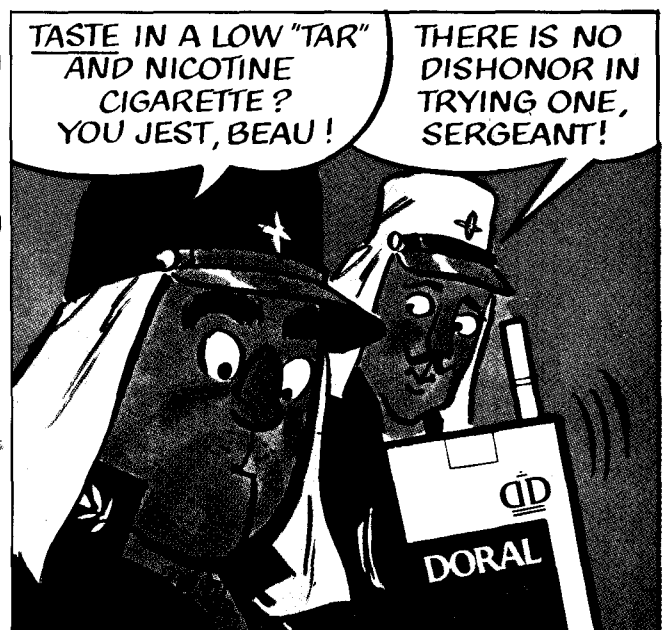
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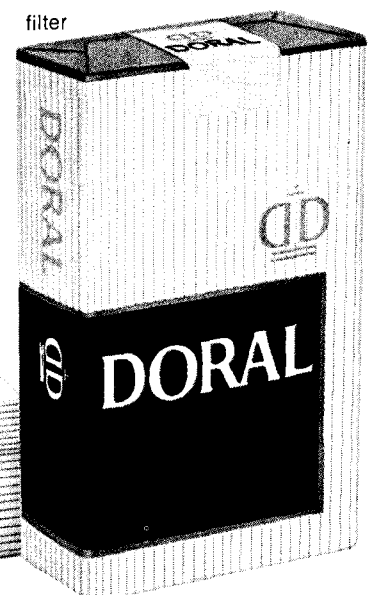
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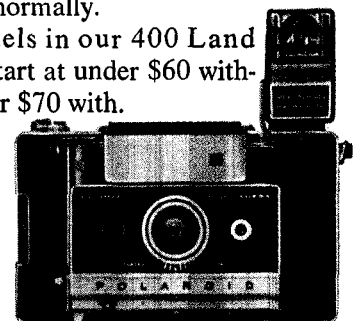


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IN THE CITY OF POWER

The fetid section of Virginia that George Washington chose as the site for the Federal City of the new republic of the United States is today a somewhat cosmopolitan and, in places, beautiful city of nearly one million souls. It is amply endowed with those hallmarks of urban American civilization—black ghettos, chaotic transport, inadequate public schools—while more than in most cities its well-off inhabitants go about their business with little or no concern about how the city survives.

Unlike other major world capitals, Washington is a one-industry town. Little is there to distract its denizens from the single-minded practice of politics and pursuit of power. The city offers only sporadic imports from the lively arts. The pulsations of big commerce and high finance all come from New York, as does the leadership of the ever-present communications media. There is not much big money and not much social glamour, nor is there much of the yeasty interplay of ethnic groupings or neighborhoods that characterizes other big cities. The social life is merely the after-sundown extension of the day's business—politics and government. The usual Washington dinner party is of the sort that can cause a guest of honor to say when leaving, as did Hubert Humphrey on at least one occasion, "Thank you for the

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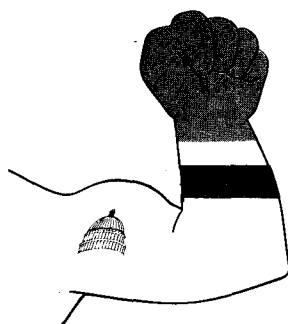
lovely meeting.” Yet it is this unrelenting single-mindedness of life in Washington that collects the clever and the ambitious the way a tidal rock collects mussels. It is nobody’s hometown, really, yet its better neighborhoods and middle-class homes are occupied by Americans who’ll never go home again, so enthralled are they by the knowledge that here is where the power lies.

Political Washington, aptly described by the columnist Stewart Alsop as consisting of “political journalists and the people they write about,” is a small community surrounded by a large supply of inexpensive labor (the District of Columbia is 71 percent black) to wash its floors and serve its meals, and about 329,200 civil servants to do (and occasionally undo) its bidding.

Washington has perhaps been duller at times than it is this year; it certainly has been livelier. It is becoming necessary to study the Nixon Administration in the way one studies the Kremlin. More than any President in recent memory, President Nixon governs with privacy and a remoteness from the rest of Washington—even from some of his own Cabinet departments; he brings to mind a Damon Runyon character named, if memory serves, Harry the Horse, who, in a crap game with his terrorized subordinates, insisted on the privilege of rolling the dice in his derby hat, hiding each throw from the other players. Having plucked out of the hat his surprises about Peking, Moscow, and economic controls, Mr. Nixon has the power players and the bureaucrats wondering what he can do next to top the act. And will he leave the Democrats with any propositions to peddle as their own?

The death of Dean Acheson, that fiercely independent and outspoken autocrat of the Potomac, served to dramatize what a small town Washington really is, and how short is the supply of truly singular men in the capital of the United States. Being the capital, it is a city well supplied with men and women whose lives are given to the public life and all the pleasures, hazards, vanities, and intangible rewards that politics and government afford. Some won’t have the staying power, or won’t be able to stand the heat and will get out of the kitchen. Some will be at it until they die. Few will leave the place unchanged, whether scarred by the experience or catapulted to fame and influence or, as sometimes happens, ennobled by it. In the following 30 pages, some of the ways and the hazards of life in the city of power come under scrutiny. An influential senator stands inspection. A prominent novelist argues that a man who assumes power must be prepared to suffer the cut and slash of ridicule—especially if he is President. And a trained observer of Washington tells in fiction a great deal about some of the kinds of people who thrive there.

—R.M.



THE EDUCATION OF A SENATOR

by Flora Lewis

"I said it in 1956, and I still say it. Our policy has been weak against the strong and strong against the weak. But I see things now that I didn't see before." So says Stuart Symington, who started his Washington career as a Pentagon superhawk and some thirty years later finds himself a Senate dove.

It isn't that you switch; it's that you learn," says Stuart Symington. "They used to call Bernard Baruch 'Mr. Facts,' and that's what he liked best. If you don't know the key facts, you can't decide. Clark Clifford had 80 percent of the facts on Vietnam, and it made him a hawk. He went to the Defense Department [as Secretary, on March 1, 1968] and got the other 20 percent. It made him a dove in a matter of weeks."

What Symington, who is seventy now, learned in his years in business and government changed him from an ardent advocate of military supremacy to an advocate of retrenchment, from a cold warrior to a critic of overcommitment, from a hawk to a dove, from an administrator who considered government a kind of problem in management to one of the Senate's foremost battlers against executive arrogance and executive secrecy. Partly, he was moved by events, both the major ones which affect everyone and the haphazard private incidents which suddenly bring the kaleidoscope of history into a personal focus of meaning. Partly he was moved by position, for a view of the world changes with the vantage point. It isn't far from the Pentagon to the Senate, but the same man can see a very different horizon according to where his chair is placed.

Symington does not consider himself a convert but a man whose mind evolved with his experience.

It was an evolution which paralleled that of the American political consensus, though sometimes Symington was ahead and on occasion a little behind. Others shared many of the same experiences and didn't budge. Still, Senator Symington's mental odyssey has been a national journey, a part of the country's passage through fears and convictions to new questions and new demands.

He likes to say, "I came from a steel mill, not a law school," and worries that he lacks the rhetorical fluency which a law degree is supposed to develop. Ironically, an old friend, whom Symington consulted when he first thought of running for the Senate from Missouri, had the candidate's urbane elegance in mind when he advised against making the run: "I was afraid Missourians would consider him one of these effete establishment Easterners," the friend said.

The Symingtons of Maryland were well placed and well favored. One of the portraits in the senator's large Georgetown drawing room is of an extraordinarily handsome young officer in Confederate uniform. He was the senator's grandfather, and the orders he received for his part in Pickett's Charge are framed, and hang nearby. On another wall is an unusual portrait of Lincoln, shown in semiprofile with a bemused, indulgent expression, not at all the grave, brooding air of the familiar pictures. It was the favorite of Mrs. Symington's grandfather, who served as personal secretary to Lincoln and Secretary of State in the Cabinets of Presidents McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. Over the fireplace is a large, chic portrait of a nightclub star of the thirties. It is Evelyn Wadsworth Symington, the daughter of U.S. Senator James W. Wadsworth of New York, in the days when she glittered as a society singer in New York's luxury hotels.

President Coolidge attended the grand Washington wedding of Evelyn and Stuart in 1924, and then they moved to Rochester, New York, where Sym-

ington went to work in a steel mill owned by his wealthy uncles. When he had done a stint at the hard work and studied mechanical and electrical engineering in night and correspondence courses, he moved into management, and his uncles loaned him the money to buy two businesses of his own. By the time he was thirty-six, he had a good start on a fortune and retired for a while.

"I was a 'sick business' man," he said recently. He developed a knack for taking over ailing firms and turning them around. "I lost interest when I got them going well; I wanted to go on. But finally, my wife said, 'If you move again, it's without me, because I truly like these people,' and we stayed in St. Louis." He had gone to Missouri in 1938 to take over the Emerson Electrical Manufacturing Company, then in considerable trouble. It wound up producing World War II bomber turrets and a fortune. Thomas W. Ottenad, in a long and otherwise rather critical profile of Symington in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, also credited "liberal labor policies and hard-nosed business skill" for the success.

As a businessman, Symington was far from gung-ho for the military. "In 1940," he said recently, "the War Department asked me to start making parts for shells. I refused to do it. In World War I, some of my family, my uncles, had had a big argument about what they could and couldn't produce for the military, and they were very unhappy about it. So I didn't want to get into war work. I explained that to the War Department people, and while we were talking about it, they asked if I would go over to England as an observer during the Battle of Britain, to study airplane armament. That seemed quite intriguing.

"I went over in early 1941 and lived there, learning about the airplane business, and came back and built powered gun turrets, the first in the country. It was very tricky. The British used 30 caliber bullets and so stressed their turrets for 30 caliber, while we went for 50 caliber. Working it out got pretty messy. The Truman investigating committee [then-Senator Harry S. Truman's study of war production contracts] came around, and I welcomed their investigation. That's how he got to know of my activities. When he became President at the end of the war, he asked me to come help him sell surplus property. Practically everybody who handled surplus property after World War I went to jail.

"I consulted my father-in-law, and took the job. I was proud of the fact that there weren't any scandals. Anyway, I'd only agreed to stay six months. Truman offered me three jobs if I would stay in Washington: Assistant Secretary of War for Air, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Assistant Secretary of State.

"I'd had contracts with all of them by that time, and I felt the Army Air Force was the least proficient when it came to procurement. That was natural. They were still part of the Army and had no logistics organization of their own. So I took that one. . . . I was assigned to getting the [military] Unification Act

through Congress. We got it through in 1947 [establishing the Air Force as a separate service and combining the three arms in the Department of Defense]. I became Secretary of the Air Force.

"My theory in functioning as a good Secretary was for them [the military] to make the balls and I'd roll them. Logistically, I felt I knew what they needed, and General [Carl A. "Tooe"] Spaatz [Chief of the Air Force] was a wonderful person. I said, 'You decide what you want, and I will do my best to merchandise it on the Hill.'

"A businessman doesn't have to know too many details about his business. I knew a man who ran a chain of hotels. He used to take weeks off in the Canadian woods. An Indian guide went up the river every day with one figure that was cabled to him. It was the number of potatoes served every day in the main dining rooms of his hotels. My friend could decide from that figure how he was doing that day. If you're really experienced, you know exactly which are the two or three things you need to know. There was a great steelmaker testifying before a congressional committee some years ago, and they asked him, 'Who reports to you on your company?' He said two secretaries, an airplane pilot, and an executive vice president.

"That's exactly the way I operated the Air Force. I had a Chief of Staff, and it wasn't my duty to get into everything. He built the picture, and I presented the picture because that was my job.

"I concentrated on two things: on the logistics, to be sure the taxpayer got a good return for his investment, and on the presentation to Congress, so we would get what we hoped to get."

Senator Symington's ideas of how to calculate military needs against overambitious desires were to change with the years. In the Air Force, he went along with General Carl Spaatz and, for a time, with General Curtis LeMay, the big-bomber man. His first concern was to introduce the notion of efficiency into the supply and management operation.

"What people don't realize about the Pentagon is that few there know the difference between efficiency and effectiveness. Effectiveness was the car that used to follow me around a base, in case the first car broke down. Efficiency would be making sure the car didn't break down and not having another one following it. It's maximum return for minimum cost. My favorite quotation is that you can never learn what you already know. What difference does it make if we can kill the Soviets five dozen times over and they can kill us three dozen times?"

To Air Secretary Symington, however, efficiency meant two things. One was "to get as much of the pie as I could for the Air Force because I believe in air power. One of my first jobs was to make sure we didn't get crushed by the other services. Everybody

fighters for their own team; you can't blame them for trying." The other was to use the Air Force's slice of the budget pie for maximum nutrition.

"I had an interesting experience," he recalled. "I got hold of a young man who was an industrial engineer. Even as late as World War II that was a fairly new science. I asked him to go talk to the commanding general at a Midwestern base, where we were having trouble, industrial trouble, fiscal trouble. He came back and said the general turned him over to a civilian. After five minutes the civilian interrupted him and said, 'I'm very busy. I have three things to tell you. First, I don't believe in industrial engineers. Second, even if I did I wouldn't hire you. And third, I don't want to talk about it anymore.'"

"I made sure the general knew I had sent the engineer up there. It was 9 A.M. I called and said, 'I want that civilian fired by 10 A.M., and I want you to call back and tell me it's been done.' They said they couldn't fire the man because he was under civil service. I told the general to come down to Washington, and we went to see Arthur Fleming, then head of the Civil Service. I told Fleming, 'There's a man who works for me and has been insubordinate. I want you to tell this general whether he can fire him or not. If you say he can't, I'm going to the White House and resign. And I will explain to Mr. Truman that I cannot take a job of this responsibility unless I have authority.' Mr. Fleming said, 'Of course, you can fire him.' So I told the general to take himself back to that air base and 'call me tomorrow morning. You'll tell me that man is off the payroll or I'll request your removal.' He said, 'Yes, sir.'"

"The next day a group came in headed by the Chief of Staff. They said the man had really been a key to running the field for years and only had a couple more years to go until retirement. I said get him out and keep him out. Then the man came to see me, and he started crying. I felt badly about that. So I said, 'If you go back and tell everybody the story just as it happened, then we'll forget it and good luck.' I never had any more trouble with those people. I think it's a good story to show that you can't take responsibility in government without authority, or authority without responsibility. If you want to live in the government and not be destroyed, the sooner you learn that, the better."

Symington did have serious trouble with the other services, however, particularly the Navy, which was fighting the whole idea of an independent Air Force. "Ernie King [Commander in Chief of the U.S. Fleet and Chief of Naval Operations] thought what was good for the Navy was good for the country, just like Charlie Wilson when he was at General Motors." (Wilson's remark led to Adlai Stevenson's quip that this was a case of mixed military identity. "Mr. Wilson has confused General Motors with General Welfare," Stevenson said.) The quarrel was bitter and turned viciously personal. An anonymous report, coming from the Navy, was circulated attacking



Stuart Symington

Symington. "It accused me of duplicity and dishonesty; it was very rough. I arranged to have an investigation. It helped a lot that Carl Vinson [then Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee] had become a convert to air power as well as sea power." Symington really didn't know who had written the report, though he knew it was one of eight people, and hoped he could flush the culprit with a dramatic stunt at the hearings. But before he could play his scenario, there was a confession, and the session broke up in turmoil. He survived the storm and became the darling of the Air Force.

Now, some analysts believe that the origin of Air Force contracting disasters, such as Lockheed, lies in that fierce initial effort to catch up with the older services in strength and independence. Ernest Fitzgerald, who exposed the C-5A fiasco and lost his Pentagon job for his pains, holds that the pressure to hurry led to bad purchasing habits and lavish indulgences to contractors who helped the new service rocket its way to importance.

Symington disagrees. "In Washington, twenty-five years is a long time," he said. "We put business methods into the Air Force: management control

through cost control. I had a four-star general who was a graduate of the Harvard School of Business Administration and later headed up one of the nation's largest corporations. I think we did a fine job. The trouble came in the sixties, ten years after I got out. It was when people grew determined to follow tradition against modernity, always going after something bigger instead of something more efficient." The United States, he argues, is trailing further and further behind the Soviet Union in several important aspects of weaponry, including submarines and new, top-performance fighter planes, partly because of its emphasis on ever-more-costly leviathans. That, for him, is an example of tradition triumphant over judgment.

Looking back, Symington is inclined to feel that he had no problem of brass versus civilian control because of the personalities involved. He wasn't awed by a gorgeously braided uniform, and General Spaatz had deep respect for the principle of civilian control. But it seems more likely that the comfortable relationship was based on shared assumptions. Symington was a passionate believer in air power, and what he calls "indivisible air power"; that is, unified command of strategic and tactical branches.

His experience in the Battle of Britain had been decisive. He had no quarrels with his team on the role and the importance of the Air Force.

Nor was there any conflict on the underlying policy issues—certainly not between Pentagon civilians and the military, and seldom with Congress.

His close friend Clark Clifford, who was dismayed for a time in the late 1960s as Symington's views veered away from their once common premises and who then suddenly caught up, said recently of that period: "We are both products of the cold war. I came into the White House in the spring of 1945, a period of the most aggressive type of Soviet expansionism. There wasn't a day we weren't faced with some new provocation. The Baltic States, Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, they just moved in and took them and moved on. They were going to communize the world. Europe was prostrate. We had to do something, and we did. It was one of the finest periods of this nation's history. I think America saved the free world. It was successful."

Nonetheless, the prime thrust of American policy in the early postwar period was demobilization. Energetic reaction to the cold war didn't begin until 1948 after the near collapse of Greece, the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia, and finally the direct confrontation which could have led to renewed war in Europe, the blockade of Berlin.

Of his Pentagon period, Symington now says: "My job was to dismantle everything. I had to cut down, down, down. The Air Force was cut down so far that I told Mr. Truman I would like to leave. I had been a manufacturer, and I knew something about shops. I told him I would like to be with the Atomic Energy

Commission and work on weaponry and other nuclear activities, the interesting, coming things. But he had already promised it to Gordon Dean. [In 1950] he asked me to be chairman of the National Security Resources Board. That put me back on the National Security Council, so I took it.

"I knew we were in trouble. We were mobilizing for the Korean War; it was complicated. He wouldn't have another OPA [Office of Price Administration, which ran controls in World War II], so we had to superimpose the war economy on the regular economy. As example, we had to raise steel production capacity from 90 million tons to 130 million tons, along with an increase in a lot of other capacities."

After producing for war, then slashing away war stocks, then organizing a crash program for Korean War production, Symington was ready to leave government. Truman persuaded him to stay on one more year, and he became head of the RFC (Reconstruction Finance Corporation) in 1951. "There was some funny business over there. Those were the mink-coat days."

Then he stopped to consider. There was a small dinner one night with Clifford, whom he had met when he first moved to St. Louis. Symington had some big offers from other companies, but had decided to return to his old company, Emerson Electric. An offer that tempted him, to become Commissioner of Baseball, he thought over carefully because he loved baseball; but it seemed a dead-end job, and he knew he would get restless. He told Clifford that some friends had asked him to go back to Missouri and run for office.

"I never imagined he would do it, though," Clifford said recently. "Politics certainly seemed the least likely field. He wasn't known in the state, and he was out of touch. But he decided on it, and he worked like a dog. He hit almost every one of the 114 counties." As President, Truman kept up his old ties in Missouri politics, and since he had promised to back the state attorney general, son of an old friend, in the primaries, Symington didn't even have the support of his ex-boss. But he won. In the 1952 November election, Eisenhower carried Missouri, but Symington, running for senator on Adlai Stevenson's ticket, "won by a much bigger majority. I consider it one of the real political achievements," Clifford says.

Symington began slowly in the Senate. Noticing the difference between the high-voltage Administration official and the low-key freshman senator, some observers thought it might have been due to an unusual operation he had undergone to relieve hypertension. He had been working very hard, "and I had three to four bad headaches a week shortly after I went with the War Department," he recalls. "I was very tense; I had high blood pressure." The "Smithwick operation," as it is called, cutting certain

spinal nerves, relieved the condition, and he says he hasn't had a headache or abnormal blood pressure since. But that wasn't the reason for the change of pace.

"I'm still here, and one of the reasons is that I wasn't very active at the start. You don't throw your weight around when you come into the Senate. Just because I'd been in the executive, I wasn't going to come in and act as though I'd been here a long time." He calculates senatorial importance in the real terms of influence, not the theory of one hundred absolute equals. As a newcomer he felt he had the weight of about one man in a thousand. Now, as a result of seniority, amiability, and cultivation of collegial relations, he is near the top with the weight, perhaps, of one in fifteen.

Nonetheless, his special background won for him from the start of his new Senate career a coveted assignment to the Armed Forces Committee. By tradition and mutual regard, its senior members were virtually ex-officio members of the military establishment. They had their favorites among the services, but the only fundamental disputes over defense policy in those years concerned the question of how to balance hardware and the budget. President Eisenhower had made his journey to Korea, and that war was over. After a good deal of dispute within the Administration and with allies, he had resisted pressures to send American troops to help the French in Indochina. John Foster Dulles, Eisenhower's strong-willed Secretary of State, promoted the military policy of "more bang for a buck" and spoke of "massive retaliation," a strategy of reliance on atomic weapons based on the assumption that the only war which the United States might have to face was a superwar with the Soviet Union. The national military debate centered on whether the brass was being given *enough* influence and *enough* weapons to assure security.

Just as he believed that men who bear responsibility have a duty to use their authority ("I always admired Truman, perhaps most of all, for his sign 'The buck stops here,'" Symington has said), he also believed in the use of military power for its inherent purpose, the achievement of political goals.

One night, two years before he left the Air Force, Symington invited Mr. and Mrs. Clifford and then-Army Chief of Staff Dwight Eisenhower and his wife to dinner. He had an idea. "We must get the President to send a man to Stalin. [Eisenhower was the man Symington had in mind.] He should tell Stalin, 'Open up your country, and we'll open ours, bases, everything. Otherwise, evacuate the following cities by July 20 because we're going to destroy them.' We had the bomb; they didn't. So Stalin couldn't have said no. That was in April, 1948."

The idea, a bolder, more belligerent version of Bernard Baruch's share-the-atom plan, idled for a time and was brought up again that September, when there was talk of sending Fred Vinson (then

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court). "That was silly," Symington said recently. "Eisenhower had been the head of victorious armies in Europe, knew Zhukov well, and was universally respected as a military leader. Moreover, the election was only two months away, and no President is going to risk provoking a crisis just before elections.

"Later, in 1954, at a lunch at the home of Foreign Minister Anthony Eden, he told me that the Prime Minister wanted to see me and talk about possible future nuclear war. Churchill said, 'Baruch told me about your idea. I congratulate you. I said the same thing. I'll show you a speech I made in Llandudno.'

"During this meeting Mr. Churchill stated that, because of new missile incident to nuclear weapons, England could no longer defend herself, especially from an attack from the sea. We discussed it, and as I left, Mr. Churchill got up, burst into tears, and said, 'Don't forget. Think of us all.' I thought and thought to myself what he meant by that and concluded that he meant they, England, had done their share and now it was up to us."

Though he was normally cautious and carefully avoided feuds, Symington was making his name as a defense-minded politician. Perhaps perversely, his intense concern for matters military drove him to become one of the first in the Senate to do battle with the late Senator Joe McCarthy.

"We had a royal slug-out," Symington says. "He was very tough on the Army, and I felt he was hurting national security." At one point, McCarthy had made a jeering reference to "flyboys," which seemed to insinuate that there was homosexuality in the Air Force. Symington doesn't like to discuss the fight in the dramatic televised hearings which fascinated the nation. He says now that McCarthy never really "took after the Air Force or the Navy. There's no point in going over it. He's gone; I'm still here."

McCarthy liked to call Symington "Sanctimonious Stu," but Symington returned more effective fire. It was a shining performance. His defense of Annie Lee Moss, the black cleaning lady whom McCarthy tried to use as a target of his anti-red crusade, made Symington into something of a hero for people outside of uniform as well.

In 1959-1960, he succumbed for a while to the presidential itch. His aristocratic good looks, his tall athletic figure, his political connections and friendships, his courtly charm, gave him reasons to imagine himself graciously accepting the nomination while the multitude cheered. But he didn't get into the bruising primaries, and 1960 wasn't a year for the coolly dignified strategy of waiting in the wings until convention deadlock produced a vacuum at stage center. The Kennedys had fight as well as glamour. It is said that Symington was John F. Kennedy's real choice for Vice President, or at least that he was one

of three on the short list. It is as intriguing as it is academic to ponder what the evolution of Stuart Symington's thought might have been had Kennedy not been so worried about Texas, and had he not made the last-minute switch to Lyndon B. Johnson as his running mate.

Certainly, in 1960 there was no visibly significant difference in the views of Kennedy, Johnson, and Symington on the use of military power and the need for overwhelming American strength.

When he left office, Eisenhower warned against the "military-industrial complex," but John F. Kennedy's own grave alarms about the "missile gap" and Communism in Cuba helped him win the succession from Richard M. Nixon. Kennedy pledged in his inaugural that the United States "would pay any price" to defend freedom anywhere, and most of the nation applauded.

Clifford, assigned as liaison between the retiring and incoming Administrations, attended a meeting in the Cabinet room on January 19, 1961, the day before the inauguration. Indochina, in particular Laos, was the first item on the agenda because the outgoing President considered it the most urgent problem facing the new President. At Kennedy's request, Clifford made notes. They included:

"At this point, President Eisenhower said, with considerable emotion, that Laos was the key to the entire area of Southeast Asia.

"He said that if we permitted Laos to fall, then we would have to write off all the area. He stated we must not permit a Communist take-over. . . . As he concluded these remarks, President Eisenhower stated that it was imperative that Laos be defended. He said that the United States should accept this task with our allies, if we could persuade them, *and alone if we could not*" (Author's italics.)

That was the domino theory, and the proposition that there was a "vital" American stake in Southeast Asia, which were taken for granted by the old President and the new one as a cornerstone of American policy. Few questioned it. In 1961 Kennedy sent General Maxwell Taylor and Walt Rostow to make a personal report on the situation in South Vietnam. Taylor recommended sending U.S. combat troops, but Kennedy backed off from so drastic a commitment and settled for a large program of military advisers. Symington was visiting Vietnam for the first time during the Taylor-Rostow mission:

"I was at several of the big dinners, but of course I was way down below the salt," he recalls. "I sat next to General Minh [Duong Van 'Big' Minh, who was to lead the coup against President Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963 and the frustrated opposition against President Nguyen Van Thieu in 1971]. He told me about Diem and Nhu [Diem's brother-in-law, police chief, and evil eminence] and what they were doing, how bad they were. It worried me."

Still, Symington registered no objections to the gradual deepening of America's involvement in an

increasingly fragile South Vietnam. He came to be considered a superhawk when, after the 1962 Cuba crisis, hawks and doves became shorthand policy labels. He made several more trips to Vietnam.

In 1961 he had achieved an assignment to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, as well as his Armed Services post. That began to make a subtle difference. As Symington has said, on Armed Services "you and the staff court, and in turn are courted by, the military. When you get on Foreign Relations, primarily because of the courage and historical insight of a few people, especially [Senator William] Fulbright and [Senate Majority Leader Mike] Mansfield, you get into the political aspect of the international picture. And what's more important, you realize there are other parts of the world besides the Far East. I would say that the Middle East is much more important to the safety of the U.S. than the Far East, and Europe is more important to our security than the Middle East. . . ."

Congressmen who concentrate on the military and cultivate their friendship can find tangible reward in lucrative projects for their constituencies. "I went down to see Mr. Vinson in Georgia, and I got lost in the federal buildings," Symington remembered. "And you go down to Charleston, South Carolina, and you can't turn around without seeing a Mendel Rivers this and a Mendel Rivers that. . . . [A common Washington remark about Rivers, the succeeding Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, was that if he got one more military project for his constituency, all South Carolina would break through the earth's crust under the weight of the concrete.] Putting it mildly, the same thing is true in some of the other states. They [the well-placed congressmen] can go to the source of authority and make a trade. . . . There's a lot of that in it. But I'm not saying Mendel ever voted for something he didn't think was right for our security. We were great friends. He was sincere about it. If I had come up that way in the Congress and not gone through the Pentagon, I might have felt exactly the same way he did."

Symington's applied metaphor of the leader speaking for his team, in the scrimmage of government or business, was important in the continued evolution of his views. He had been in the Pentagon, unlike his congressional colleagues, and knew how the trades they endorsed had been calculated on the other side of the bargaining table. He learned, with some surprise, that his new team was driving him to a different goal.

"When you become a senator," he said, "your team is your constituents back home. You have the three jobs—for the little people who have problems, for the cities and the states, and the national and international problems. So your whole approach to the job is different. In the Air Force, all I asked them was how they were dividing what they wanted, and I

tried to get them as much as I could. But here my job is completely different. I have to square what they want with what I need in my state for education, for environment, for problems of poverty and transportation, all those things. . . .

"It's not that I sat on the mountain and suddenly got religion. It had to do with the type and character of the pressures that are on you. Some things stick with you. If government is for the people, what is going on? Thoughts that cross one's mind—why should one man with one customer, the government, make \$100 million profit, and keep it, when later he lays off tens of thousands of workers because the same people who gave him the \$100 million profit are giving him fewer orders?

"I didn't see it that way in private business, because then you have no relationships with the people. And as Secretary of the Air Force, I was so far away from a captain or a major, I didn't feel any pressures from them. It wasn't my job. But here, you are always in contact with people. I probably see one young group every day. They come to town and are very shy at first. Then they begin to ask interesting questions. . . .

"I told you that in business, the longer you're there the less detail you need to know. Here it's just the opposite. The more responsibilities you have, the more you need to know about all kinds of things.

"What I have done deliberately in my Senate career is sacrifice what might be called Senate authority and power and position in order to get knowledge. I would be Chairman of Public Works, but I left that. I would be Chairman of Agriculture, but I left that. I left the Joint Economic Committee this year to go on the Joint Atomic Energy Committee. [Symington is the only senator on the three key defense, foreign-policy committees, and thus has access to a full range of relevant information.] I went on a trip with the Chairman of Joint Atomic last April, and in those five days I learned more about our real defense posture in Europe than I learned in the previous ten years. Did you know you could have walked in here carrying an atom bomb as powerful as the Hiroshima bomb in each hand? . . .

"As you get more information, you see differently. I always play for my team, but when your team is everybody in a state, it's hard for a person like myself to convince my friends who've been lucky in business, as I was when I was a kid, that I'm not only representing them. When I began to question some of these military projects harshly, one of the big shots in the Pentagon came to me. He said, 'We thought you were one of us.' I told him, 'I am. I'm an American citizen, and so are you. You've got your problems, and I've got mine.' I've got a new team, with a bigger group of people. I think you might say that some senators are chloroformed by the brass."

Symington's gradual resistance to the anesthesia, both in terms of the military budget and the war in Vietnam, could not have been a direct response to

constituency pressure, however. On the contrary, his state was described as the most hawkish after Texas in the late 1960s, his mail was vehement as he turned against the war, and he feels that his increasingly outspoken criticism nearly cost him his seat in 1970.

Certain immediate personal experiences rebuilt his "picture" of affairs. He went to Vietnam again in 1965. What he saw left him with an unresolved sense of uneasiness. His ingrained businessman's sensitivity was offended on two counts. One was that the war "was being run by inexperienced amateurs 10,000 miles away." In business, "you don't tell your people how to do their job. You pick people who can do it, and you let them get on with it." The other was the balance sheet. He was becoming increasingly disturbed about the balance of payments and the pernicious way the war was eroding the dollar. So he came back and said, "We've got to go all out, or get out. It's costing too much this way. I'd say get on with it." That meant destroying Haiphong Harbor, which President Johnson had forbidden lest an attack on a Soviet ship bring Russia into the war; and bombing North Vietnam's industrial plants and communications with China, forbidden lest it bring China directly into the war.

Symington is still inclined to believe that these "all-out" measures might have worked, though he no longer feels, as he did then, that their success would have justified the cost in lives and destruction. Looking back, however, he sees his "superhawk" period as the beginning of his revulsion for the war. It was also the beginning of his dogged, digging campaign against the American "secret war" in Laos.

He had wanted to visit Laos during that 1965 trip to Vietnam. U.S. Ambassador William Sullivan sent confidential word, which someone leaked to Symington, that he should not be admitted, and met the senator instead at Udorn, the big U.S. base in Thailand whence the bombers roar out over Laos and Vietnam. Symington, still a "friendly" from the Pentagon's view and imagining himself fairly well informed, unable to understand why his friends would be wanting to hide something from him, was angered by the ban and furious after a clash with Sullivan.

As Symington recalls it, Sullivan said at one point, "I know you; you're one of [General Curtis] LeMay's boys." In fact, Symington had broken with the advocate of the "bomb 'em back to the Stone Age" point of view a few years earlier, mainly over the issue of the new, bigger bomber LeMay wanted for the Air Force. At any rate, having been privy to the most sensitive secrets, he especially disliked finding himself, a U.S. senator, being treated with what he felt was official condescension.

He went to Southeast Asia again in the winter of 1966-1967. Three incidents turned him away from the feeling that America's mistake lay in not "getting on with it" and made him more recep-

tive to a course of getting out of Southeast Asia.

The first was in January, 1967. He was visiting an American military hospital at Nhatrang. The doctors and nurses were welcoming the New Year cheerfully, listening to the Rose Bowl game on the radio and cracking jokes. "Then," he recalls, "a flight of helicopters came in with the casualties. There were the awful voices of those shattered men. Some were dead. Some couldn't be saved, so they were just wheeled out into the hall to die while the teams worked on the ones they thought they might save. Three operating tables were going at once. And all the time, the radio was blaring out the Rose Bowl, taped 8000 miles away. Everybody was too busy to notice it and turn it off."

Once he sat up all night with a senior diplomat in Saigon and triggered the latter's arsenal of frustrations. He listened to an explosion of stories about the corruption, the greed, the insensitivity of the people running South Vietnam. On the plane home, Saigon's Minister of Finance was aboard. He and the senator chatted. The minister was amiable, charmingly worldly.

"He said he was going to France to join his family. They have a lovely villa on the Riviera, he told me, and invited me to visit. It all burst open like a ripe watermelon. He was the same man who had been telling me in official briefings how poor the country was and how urgently they needed a lot more money from the United States."

On the way back, Symington stopped to see friends in Egypt and Israel. He dined one night in Tel Aviv with General Moshe Dayan, who had made an intensive study tour of the Vietnam fighting not long before.

"He's the greatest guerrilla fighter in the world today," Symington said recently. "And the Israelis used air power exactly the way the book says air power should be used when they fought in 1967. They took out the enemy's capacity to strike. The Air Force in Vietnam was bleeding at every pore then, because of the way they had to fight. I had talked with dozens of pilots. I'd ask what they hit today, and they'd tell me icily, 'a lot of trees' or 'a pile of rocks.' A colonel said his bomb fell on a water buffalo tied to a windmill, and that the communiqué reported complete destruction 'of an important irrigation complex.' One of the best men I knew, a wonderful officer, said he was getting out of the service. I asked why. He said, 'because I can't keep on sending men on missions I know they know I know are useless.'"

"Dayan said his view of the situation was that if the other side went to guerrilla war, 'you can never beat them. You'll control the country in the daytime. They'll control it at night.' You can imagine how I felt. I was already bitter about the way air power was being used. And now he said this is what is going on below. It had a tremendous impact on me. He just called the shots. . . . The Army was saying that Vietnam was proving that air power is no good. But it

proved that either you use air power right, or you should not use it at all."

The antiwar movement in the United States drew many recruits during 1967, but to most Americans, the protesters seemed freakish, with their draft-card burnings, their messy bags of animal blood, their outlandish and increasingly obscene slogans. They could not have appealed to Symington, may even have repelled him, and he concentrated on the economic damage of the war to America's underpinnings. Besides, that was the year of "light at the end of the tunnel," of official euphoria, of the most authoritative promises that the costly enterprise was about to reach a successful conclusion. Symington's doubts piled up, but he had not quite reached a firm conclusion that the answer to "get on with the job or get out" could only be "get out."

He traveled to Vietnam again in the fall of 1967 with a Navy flier as his escort. On one glum, rainy day, he flew out to the carrier *Coral Sea*. The fog and the murk were so thick that the bomber pilots couldn't make their runs. Symington discussed operations with the men and asked, "Anybody got any questions?"

"One of the fellas," he said later, "a fighter-bomber pilot about thirty-five, said, 'Yes. Why are the people in Washington more interested in preventing casualties in North Vietnam than they are in protecting my life, and lives of South Vietnamese?'"

Symington was to retell the incident several times. It was his watershed. On the plane back to base, he stared out the fog-curtained window and mulled it over. The question had pinioned him, and yet he couldn't quite measure the point. "I asked the escort officer what the pilot meant about 'his life.' He told me about all the restrictions, how if they were going after a bridge, they had to go in at a precise angle that prevented hitting anything else by mistake, but made it harder to hit the bridge and made the pilots a lot more vulnerable to being shot down. Then I began thinking, sitting there in that noisy old plane in the soup. I thought about all the stories like that I'd heard, of the corruption, the billions of dollars spent, the thousands of lives lost, and the relative unimportance of Vietnam to the United States."

He turned to the escort and shouted, above the engines, "If that's true, then I'm against this war."

On his return, Symington found out that the complaint of extraordinary restrictions against Air Force and Navy pilots, at additional risk to their own lives, was true. He drew the promised conclusion. He turned dove in the fall of 1967. A cartoonist recorded the event with a drawing of two gentlemen in togas. One, with Lyndon Johnson's melancholy face, was asking the other, "Et tu, Stu?"

Certainly, Symington was not the first senator to become a critic of the war. Nor did he turn bold activist. He is a companionable and eminently dignified man who dislikes any appearance of extremism or eccentricity. He has always been careful to observe

the rules of the Senate as club. He accepts the need and, in terms of the club, the pleasure of cultivating the friendship and esteem of fellow members. He has no desire to court the frustrations of being so far out of step that he is isolated. But his changed position on the war and his heightened concern for the wilting dollar gradually moved him to challenge other established assumptions.

Meanwhile, he observed friends and more and more of the public swinging in his new direction. Reversing opinion is an endlessly intriguing human process, particular to each man in its details; though in the sweep of history it may all seem part of the same inevitable tide. Symington inched his way around step by step, anticipating in his own emotions the movement of a nation.

The conversion of Clark Clifford in early 1968, a story that has been told elsewhere, was abrupt, dramatic, and the result of sheer exercise of logic. Concluding that the war could not be won, Clifford said it should be stopped.

Symington's evolution had taken him somewhat further by then. He not only concluded that the war was futile, but even came to see it as immoral.

"It was the price," he said not long ago, "the \$125 to \$150 billion we are pouring down the rathole to do something, I'm not sure what we wanted to do, and all the unnecessary killing that is part of the price. Morally it is only too clear. Most of the nations of the world, if you get their representatives aside, have infinite contempt for our operation in Vietnam.

"I said it in 1956, and I still say it. Our policy has been weak against the strong and strong against the weak. I see things now I didn't see before, though."

In 1969, with a new Administration in office, Senator William Fulbright, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, named Symington to head a subcommittee on foreign commitments in an effort to draw some lessons from the "tragic mistake" of Vietnam, as Symington had come to call it, even as it continued. A team of energetic, no-nonsense investigators, Walter Pincus and Roland Paul, was hired to go out around the world and gather up the hidden facts. The results were startling. They showed that the United States had 429 major military bases around the world, each of which could lead to an American involvement in a war. They revealed secret deals by which "allied volunteers" were bought with money and dangerous secret promises of U.S. military support.

Symington had already come to a new thesis about the requirements of national security. Firepower, he concluded, was only one element and by no means the most important. "There has to be a viable economy with a strong dollar. That's slipping. And there has to be faith in the system and confidence of the people in their government. Without the second and the third, military strength is not security."

Unlike many other doves, he has not turned against the military establishment, toward the view that it is an insidious, noxious influence. "The trouble is," he said recently, "that they tend to go for tradition against modernity. Tradition is the big bomber, but what good is it when a \$100,000 missile can knock out a \$50 million dollar plane? They go for the big ship, but what good is it when a missile can sink it at a crack?" Along with bases, big bombers, big ships; Symington has also come out against the antiballistic missile system. One of the two missiles in the system is made by McDonnell-Douglas of St. Louis, and since the third ABM site is to be in Missouri, his position cost him politically. Both McDonnell and Douglas—beneficiaries of some \$7 billion in government contracts since Symington became senator—turned against Symington to such an extent that Douglas became the finance chairman for Symington's rival in the 1970 campaign and sent out thousands of letters attacking the efficiency of Symington and his staff. He resented that bitterly, but it only convinced Symington that his objective reasoning against the ABM was right.

The pernicious effect of the "military-industrial complex" comes, he said recently, "because some industrialists never have enough. That is the danger. And there are senators on the committee who think the [armed] services should have everything they ask for. They say our boys are defending us and should have everything they think they need. And if you say national security has three elements, and if giving everything breaks the economy, then where are you; they just can't see it. I have a Bircher in my state who is bitterly opposed to my concept of social programs. He said to me, 'I would spend \$500 billion to defeat Communism all over the world.' Not his money. The taxpayers' money."

It may be that the deep and continuing change of views which Symington experienced was eased by another kind of human continuity. In 1968, his son James was elected to Congress and is now serving his second term. "It's in the family," Symington says; "he's the sixth in line to be here." The senator's decision to run for a fourth term in 1970 was taken by some as an essentially paternal act, a desire to hoard and nurture political influence against the day when James Symington might possibly have a better chance to run for President than Stuart did in 1960.

Both father and son deny that. "Imagine what he would do if he weren't working, and working at the thing he likes best," James said recently. "He helps me, but that isn't the reason for the fourth term. He wants to be where the action is, to champion causes."

As for himself, James, who is forty-three, says he feels he could "try for any job in government, although what I'm doing now is very satisfying." He has the same openly handsome face and the same social grace as his father and, if pictures tell the truth, his grandfather. And he has his mother's musical charm. James is much in demand at Washington par-

ties for the amusing, freshly composed songs he sings to his own guitar accompaniment, but he hasn't begun to have the impact on the House that his father has in the Senate. There are those in Washington who consider James a delightful fellow without great drive, but then Stuart Symington gathered momentum very slowly when he went to Capitol Hill. They aren't pushy; they observe the unwritten rules.

For Stuart Symington, it wasn't the rules but the team, the playing field, the game that changed. The development of his thought about the war turned him from a big-weapons man to a modern (by which he means small, flexible, evasive)-weapons man, from a police-the-world man to a judge-your-options man, from a build-more-defenses man to a watch-your-priorities man. He hasn't gone pacifist—he still sees danger in the world which he feels we must use force to resist. He hasn't gone isolationist—he still sees friends in the world, deserving of support and able to use it. But, like many in the country, he no longer believes that the United States can do whatever it wants, or that it should do what it is told by the management.

Symington's education has led him to speak for yet a new team, a legislature struggling to retrieve from the executive the share of power it let dribble through the wire hopper. There is now a muted but growing rebellion in the Congress against the domination of the presidency. Symington reminds people that fifteen years ago ex-Secretary of State Dean Acheson called the shift of power from Congress to the executive the greatest change in American government this century. There have been fights between the Hill and the White House since then. But they were episodic, personal. President Kennedy, at the time of his death, faced an impasse on his tax bill and his civil rights bill because his manner, his gusto in using authority, failed to take account of congressional perquisites and pride. It wasn't more power that Congress sought to extract from Kennedy, simply more consideration, more genuflection to the rituals of tradition.

Now the insurgency is of a different order. There is a demand in Congress for the right of decision. To Symington, it has come to mean first of all the right to demand information. He has found out what is going on in Laos, what is going on in Thailand, what happened with the arms for Pakistan; and he has found Congress powerless to stop it. The executive brandishes its "secret" stamp, perhaps its weightiest weapon, and the Congress appears disarmed.

"It is not only the public which has been misled," he said recently on the floor of the Senate. "The Senate stands in the same position."

And the reason, he said afterward, is that "we have been supine. The press is doing for the legislative branch what the legislature should be doing for itself. The whole problem comes down to whether we simply authorize and appropriate money in accordance with the wishes of the executive, or do we use our

constitutional right to form a judgment and act on it, before we put up the money. They don't tell the truth. What is driving me up the wall is what on earth are they doing with the money I am turning over. If they won't put that on the record, we might as well stay home and just send in a batch of proxies."

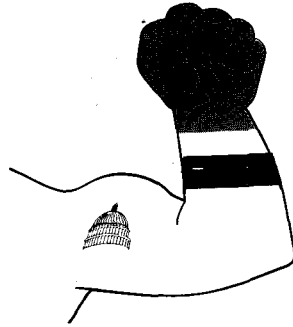
It is an attitude that has spread, among liberals and conservatives, Republicans and Democrats. Testifying before Senator Sam Ervin's (Democrat, North Carolina) investigation into abuse of executive privilege, Senator Charles Mathias (Republican, Maryland) said that there were just three ways for the Congress to limit the executive. He listed them as "impeachment, the power of the purse, and comity."

Comity, an atmosphere of agreement and mutual concession, has worn thin in Washington. "What we are trying to do now," said Symington, "is to move this from a basis of resolutions, which they ignore, to saying, 'You are not going to get the money unless you tell us what you're doing.'"

So the draft extension bill was allowed to expire in the effort to force through Senator Mansfield's amendment calling for withdrawal from Vietnam by the end of 1971. Funds for foreign military aid were threatened with cutoff to force disclosure of the Pentagon's long-term program. These are not nation-shaking measures, but they are signs of the deep dissatisfaction *within* the system at the way it has been working. They could lead to a nation-shaking constitutional crisis, and Symington's annoyance with unresponsive government has reached the point where he says, "I would welcome it."

"The unpleasant aspect of being in the legislative branch as against the executive is your lack of authority," he has said. "The pleasant aspect is how much good you can do for a lot of people, little people. But here we are—and I'm trying to get it over to my colleagues—here we are U.S. senators, and we're constantly appropriating money without being told how it will be used, or told it's used for one thing and finding out it's used for something else. I would quit tomorrow, only I think the country is in deep trouble. I never enjoyed the legislative branch as much as I did the executive because here you don't decide anything, you're just a part of something."

The complaint of impotence, of having been deceived, of having been excluded from self-government has become familiar far from Washington. A student, expressing such grievances, would say the frustrations had "radicalized" him. The word simply wouldn't fit the elegant, white-haired figure of Senator Stuart Symington, and he would reject the ideological implication. But the attitudes of the student and the senator aren't so far apart, and they suggest the state of mind of many Americans. Not only has Stuart Symington learned from the war and the workings of government. At least a large part of a society has shared his education.



THREE WASHINGTON STORIES

by Ward Just

1. Noone

The emotions of it were fairly straightforward, and I don't want to make too much of them in any case, either way. She was crying on the bed, or it sounded like crying, and I was in my rage at the doorway. I had said the words so many times in my head that when I said them out loud, they sounded false. I told her we were finished, and I was leaving. She told me to get out then, and I did. After I slammed the door, I couldn't hear her anymore. I stood for a moment in the street, then began to walk down Dent Place to Wisconsin Avenue. I was walking very quickly, head down, looking for a taxi. The regular Yellow would arrive at eight, but I didn't feel like waiting for half an hour. My knees were shaky and I kept to the inside of the sidewalk. Then I collected myself and slowed up. My briefcase swung in rhythm, my footsteps even on the sidewalk. Click click click click.

* * *

I arrived at my office in thirty minutes; only a few people were in. The receptionist, one or two others. My secretary followed me through the small offices to the large one, bearing a cup of coffee. She remarked on the weather, hot, and the day, heavy, and handed me the appointments list and waited.

"Is Noone in yet?" I asked.

"Noone's downtown this morning. Back at eleven."

I nodded, irritated.

"At eleven, then."

"Shall I telephone?"

"No need," I said.

My secretary made a small note on her stenographer's pad.

"And hold all calls."

* * *

There were two meetings that morning. We were having trouble with a transcript. I wanted State to agree to release an uncensored version of an ambassador's testimony, and State had refused. Can't conduct diplomacy in a fishbowl, the Secretary said; not so much a fishbowl, more a muddy river, I replied. He smiled. I smiled. *No*, he said then, very politely, knowing he had the strength. The White House would back him, so the thing was hopeless. That was where Noone was now, at the State Department talking to their legislative man. Making everything as difficult as possible for them. Like everything else, it has its positives and negatives. I was getting solid publicity, and the cause was a good one, which it isn't always. But the dispute had gone on for a month, and people were tiring of it; some of my colleagues on the committee were tiring of it. Noone and I agreed that there should be one last press release, then forget it. An issue that became a bore was worse than no issue at all. But others had come in behind us, and the two meetings this morning were to let them down gently. To tell them we weren't

marching anymore, at least at the head of the parade. This will sound fatuous, but it is true: I have always tried never to let people down without warning them.

* * *

I have two offices, a public office and a private office. The public office is very large, with a huge mahogany desk in the center of an oval rug. The Capitol building is in the background, visible over my left shoulder through the windows. *What a wonderful view*, the visitors say, and I smile, *isn't it?* The desk belonged to my uncle, when he was in the Navy; it is a beautiful object. He bought it in Honduras and gave it to me when I first came here. The walls of this office are crowded with pictures of me and my family, me and politicians, me and military men, me and important constituents, and plaques with my name on them. They are commemorative, of this and that—Rotary, AUSA, AFL-CIO, the United Jewish Appeal. That sort of plaque. The other, smaller, office is personal and difficult to find in the maze of rooms in the Capitol. I have a small bar in the corner and an old Underwood typewriter and a bookshelf full of mystery novels. I have all of John D. McDonald's sixty-odd books, plus Ian Fleming and Ross MacDonald and the others. No photographs, no plaques. A comfortable couch along one wall, leather chairs around the room, stand-up ashtrays, a government-issue desk. There is a seascape, a self-conscious impression of a slice of American coastline, Maine or California, Castine or Big Sur. I am in the smaller office now, waiting for Noone.

* * *

Gloria Noone is thirty-five, dark, compact, austere. She is divorced from a lawyer, and she pronounces her name "new-nee." Before she came to work for me she handled public relations for a television network, and although she is ten years younger than I am, I trust her judgment and her instincts. I trust her absolutely when it comes to dealing with the press. We did not get on well at first, owing mainly to her unfortunate habit of correcting the smallest mistakes. In the first interview we fell to talking, for some reason, about Iowa. I was making a point about redistricting.

"In the eight congressional districts of Iowa . . ." I began, but she interrupted.

"There are seven congressional districts in Iowa," she said, and named the congressmen.

It vexed me, and she saw that, and smiled. Of course then I had to hire her.

* * *

She knocks, is in the room.

"How did it go?"

"Fine," I say. She is talking about Nancy, but I am talking about the meetings this morning. "They took it very well. They seemed pleased that we had

gone along as far as we did. Kudos. We get kudos."

"I'll get the last press release out right away." She looks at me, bland as warm milk. "As long as it went so well, we might think about a press conference."

I smile. Score one for Noone.

"I'll concentrate on the Secretary personally."

"You do that."

"Pompous bureaucrat. Another Wall Street fool."

I laugh.

She puts up a hand; she's steady, resolute. "Senator, we will get the last ounce . . ."

* * *

Gloria Noone is talking, and I am looking over her head. The room is small, so comfortable. Sometimes I think she is a touch paranoid: she had it swept for bugs. Of course there were none. But the knowledge gives me a strange satisfaction. We are absolutely private in this room. We have a code word for it. The Vatican. I have only had the office for two years; they gave it to me after my tenth year in the Senate. But now I never talk about confidential matters in the large office; it is as if that office were ceremonial. Noone and I and sometimes Walter Mach go to the Vatican in the evenings. We do our business there, over a drink. They are for me the best hours in the day, sitting and planning; scheming, Noone says. The day they gave me the key to the office, Noone insisted that I go inside and talk in a normal voice, and she stayed outside with the door closed, listening. She wanted to be certain that nothing could be overheard in the corridor. And it can't be, even when you shout. The soundproofing is gorgeous. When I call her paranoid, Noone smiles and says she is cautious.

* * *

She is silent now, waiting for me.

"Well, we are quits."

"Sorry about that," she says. She manages to make it sound both sympathetic and ironic. So I can go either way, and she can follow.

We are both quiet for a moment, and I see her pick up a pencil and begin drawing boxes. One box is fastened to another, a series of boxes slanting down the white paper. She shifts on her chair, sighs, and rubs the flat of her hand along her cheeks. She pushes her hair back behind her ears, then she looks at me, a long moment.

"Nancy is staying."

I nod.

"And you're moving out."

I nod again.

"Well," she says. "Well." Noone is carefully inking in the boxes she has drawn, turning the paper as she does it. Now she is using a felt pen, and the ink is staining her fingers. She is unconscious of that. "I think," she says, "a short, blunt statement."

"The shorter the better."

"Two sentences," she says. She has stopped doodling altogether and is staring at the pad. Then she

Three Washington Stories

says, "Due to irreconcilable family differences, Senator and Mrs. Hayn . . ."

"Christ, no," I say. "Jesus Christ, no."

Noone shrugs; I am angry. But the anger does not concern her. She is silent for a moment, then tries another approach.

* * *

I am a fatalist, and that has served me well in politics. When I am in a tight spot I try to remember that life is capricious. Life is unfair, Jack Kennedy said. He could afford to say it, although he didn't believe it, really, and I do. He was more romantic than fatalist. Noone and I talked about fatalism once, just once. She said fatalism was for losers, and I laughed at her and called her Horatio Alger's mother. She looked at me as if I were insane.

* * *

There is a funny aspect to this. A month ago we looked for precedents, and could find none. It isn't the sort of problem you can refer to the Legislative Reference Service, so Noone went personally to the morgue of the *Times*. I wanted her to find out how these problems had been handled in the past, specifically what was said, how it was explained. She drew a blank; perhaps the *Times* did not consider a politician's personal life news fit to print. So we are operating on our own instinct because it would have been awkward to ask questions, even of close friends. The place is like a sieve, Noone says.

She has tried two or three approaches now, and they are improving.

"Senator and Mrs. Tom Hayn have decided to seek a legal separation . . . well, no." She pauses, thinks, begins again. She is writing the statement as she recites it out loud. "Senator Thomas Hayn's office announced today that the Senator and Mrs. Hayn . . . no." She begins again. ". . . the Senator and his wife have decided to seek a legal separation. Mrs. Hayn will continue to live in their Georgetown . . ."

"Huh, uh," I say.

"Oh, right. Dumb of me," she mutters. ". . . *their house in Washington, D.C.* The Senator has moved . . ." She looks at me, her eyebrows up, inquiring.

"A downtown hotel," I say.

She smiles. "Right again. You should have my job."

I am thinking that after all I was right, and we should have prepared a statement in advance. But she argued against it, worried about a leak or the possibility of a misplaced piece of paper. We can work it up in two hours, she'd said. That would be a bad piece of paper to have lying around. I agreed finally. But now I don't see the need for all the detail, and I tell her that. I want a simple statement of fact. A one-line statement of fact.

"Tom, you have got to say something," she says.

"You have got to give them more than the fact that you and Nancy are quits. So it has got to be in two sentences, and maybe three. This is not major news, but it is news. You have got to give them more than the blunt fact. If you don't, they'll know you're hiding something. They'll speculate."

"They'll speculate anyway."

"Of course. But if you give them something to chew on, the speculation will be built around that. I mean, it doesn't matter an awful lot what it is. What the extra fact is. I think that place of residence is the most neutral, and it fits; the impression is that you've nothing to hide. This is a family tragedy, politics be damned. That's the point we want to make."

* * *

Noone is at the bar. She fixes a martini for me and a Dubonnet for herself. She is lost in thought, worried now. The dining room has sent up sandwiches. There is no telephone, so we are quite alone. I smile when I think of that. It is the only office in Washington without a phone. If there is no telephone, Noone said, there will be no spur-of-the-moment, ill-considered calls. She prefers to conduct business face-to-face.

"How difficult is Nancy going to be?" She looks at me before she asks the next question, which I ignore. "How difficult was she this morning? Or was it last night?"

"I don't know," I say, which is the truth. We have been married for twenty years, and have been in trouble the last ten. We are disconnected now, I don't know her feelings. I am preoccupied with the immediate problem, which is the statement; I have lived with the other long enough to know it is insoluble. "I honestly don't know," I say. "Depends in part on that son of a bitch." I mention the name of Nancy's priest, and Noone smiles.

"Rasputin lives," she says.

"The hell with that, Gloria," I say.

She is back to business again.

"You are going to have to take gas."

"Unavoidable."

Noone is thinking, very quiet now. She is circling the subject, closing off the routes of access. She is very thorough. "Think about this," she says, leaning across the desk, concentrating on her drawing. She is very slowly inking in all the boxes. "It might be advantageous to leak it. It might be better to get the word out informally, to prepare the state for it. Then, in two or three days, make the official announcement." She looks up. "I don't think I would recommend this course, but it's one possibility and we ought at least to consider it."

So we talk, and finally I shake my head. "It's going to come as a hell of a surprise. Best to come from me, this office, officially. Better than rumors for a week, followed by an announcement. They'll have me in bed with every woman in Washington anyway."

Noone nods gravely.

"Have the kids been told?"

"Nancy will do that," I say.

"But Tom Junior's in Europe."

"She'll find a way."

"It'll be a surprise," she says.

"No, it won't."

"I mean in the state, and that's the bad part. The surprise."

"The Knights of Columbus," I say, grinning.

"The Holy Name Societies," she says.

"Monsignor Shaw," I say.

"The Cardinal!" she cries.

And we both laugh.

* * *

Noone has prepared three statements, and I am reading them now. She gave them to me on one sheet of paper. They represent three different "spins," she said. This is how they look on the paper.

1. Senator and Mrs. Thomas Hayn have decided to seek a legal separation. Mrs. Hayn and their three children will continue to live at the family home in Washington, D.C. The Senator has moved to a downtown hotel.

2. Senator Thomas Hayn's office announced with deep regret today that the Senator and his wife have decided to seek a legal separation. Mrs. Hayn and their children will continue to live in the family home in Washington, D.C. The Senator has moved to a downtown hotel.

3. Senator Thomas Hayn's office announced today that the Senator and his wife, Nancy, have decided to seek a legal separation. Senator and Mrs. Hayn emphasized that their decision came most reluctantly and was made, finally, in the best interests of the family. Mrs. Hayn and their three children will remain in the family home in Washington. The Senator has moved to a downtown hotel. I chose the third, naturally.

* * *

I am thinking of adding a single sentence: "There is no question of a divorce," but Noone is against it.

"The word looks terrible on paper and raises questions," she says.

"But it will be the first question they ask."

"Of course. And I will answer it: 'There is no question of a divorce.' It will give them a second story, which they will have to have. There will be other questions about the children and their ages and Nancy and her age and so forth." She stops, smiles. "Thank God, there's no need to clear the statement with her."

I look up, startled. I hadn't thought of that.

"Not to worry," Noone says. "If she objects to a decision made 'in the best interests of the family,' then she's on the hook and you're off it. There's one thing in our favor. These stories are really awkward for them to pursue. The locals will be reluctant

anyway, and you're not so famous that the nationals can really bird-dog it. If they do, it looks like a vendetta. Unless, of course, they smell real scandal." She smiles. "Then anything can happen."

"Thanks for all the good news," I say.

* * *

Noone is pleased; the statement has just the right tone, melancholy but dignified, she says. "When I talk to them privately tonight, I will stress the family tragedy aspects. I will not talk politics with them at all. I will tell them that you have gone away for a week. Tom, I am not going to close any doors." I return her stare. "It isn't unheard of. You will take gas, but attitudes have changed now. Even back home. I could foresee circumstances . . ." She does not finish the sentence. She types a clean copy of the statement on the old Underwood, and leaves to return to the big office. Perhaps she is right; she is a smart woman. Times change. But I am feeling a little melancholy myself. If I'd been a Protestant, there'd be no trouble, or anyway less trouble. I think about that for a moment, then turn it around. If I'd been a Protestant, I would not be a senator.

* * *

The statement is typed and Xeroxed; it will be given the press at eight or nine tonight. I leave the small office and walk across the street to the large one. Everyone is gone now, except for Noone. I look in on her and motion for her to follow me. She does, eagerly. We march into my office, and she places the call.

I talk to His Eminence.

His Eminence talks to me.

Because the question is lying there, palpable, a shadow on the mind, I try to reassure him. "John, I want to tell you personally that there is no question of any divorce or remarriage. Nor any third parties either. That is definite."

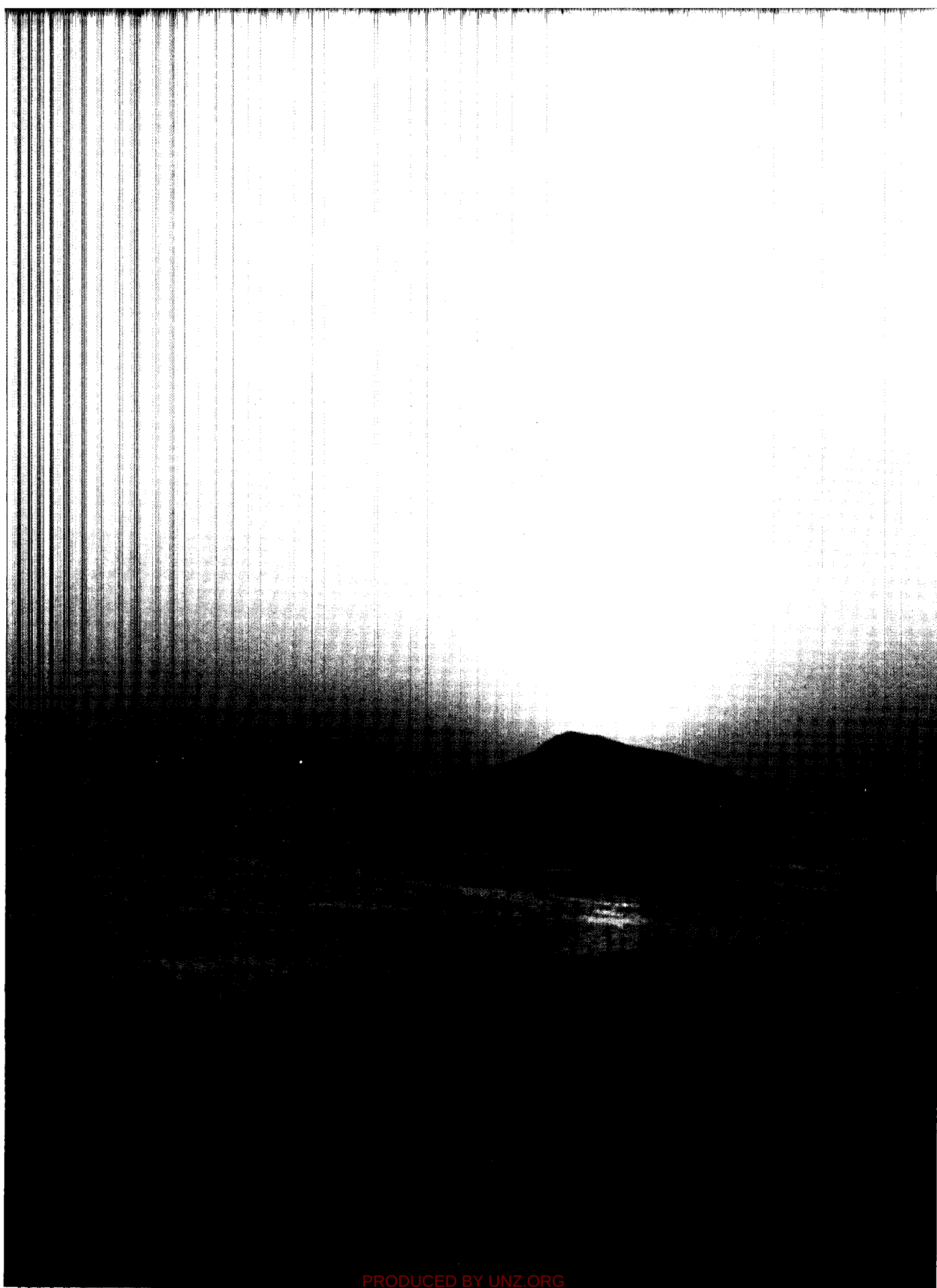
The old man grunts, and says that he is glad to hear it.

But he doesn't believe it.

"You have let me down," he says. "You have let me down badly."

While I am talking, trying to explain the situation, I am watching Noone. She is taut, excited; she seems to me like an athlete before a game. I cannot tell what she is thinking; her mouth is set in a hard thin line.

She'd insisted that Walter Mach not be brought into this, and I reluctantly agreed. I used to think that she and Walter were close, but now I am not so sure. She didn't want anyone brought into it; otherwise it would look like a council of war. "Bad atmospherics," she explained; "too political." She catches me looking at her, and smiles slightly, distracted; she is perched on the edge of the big desk, her hand under one elbow, concentrating on the conversation. Her hair falls wonderfully over her face; she turns





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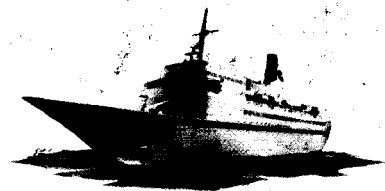
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6. California Coast...four fabulous, fleeting

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16 days, departing San Francisco, December 18, 1972 and Los Angeles, December 19, 1972, and return.

8. South Seas Cruise...lovely beaches, green and black volcanoes, luxuriant jungle, and shimmering waterfalls. All the most pacific islands in the whole wide Pacific...and the Vikings know where the beauty is! In places like Moorea, New Zealand, Pago Pago, the Great Barrier Reef. Throw in a stop in Sydney and you have yourself the South Pacific!

46 days, departing Los Angeles, January 2, 1973 and San Francisco, January 4, 1973, and return.

9. Circle Pacific...another, longer look at the wide Pacific: The same lovely South Pacific ports, then on to Japan, Bali, Hong Kong, Singapore...the intrigue and strange beauty of the Far East. The Vikings take a full 66 days to discover with you every nook and cranny of our largest ocean...the cruise for those who think they've seen it all.

66 days, departing Los Angeles, February 18, 1973 and San Francisco, February 20, 1973, and return.

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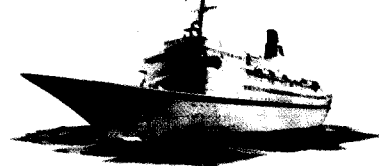
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now, and her mouth and eyes are obscured. Her left leg swings free, describing a circle. The Cardinal is silent, and there is nothing to do but say good-bye and hang up the telephone. I have known this Cardinal since he was a bishop. I am in politics largely through the early patronage of this Cardinal. We were friends.

Noone listens for two clicks, then puts down the extension phone.

"Pretty frosty," she says.

"Balls like ice cubes," I say absentmindedly.

"That bastard," she says. "With *his* record."

"Well, he is an old man."

"But he won't help."

"Why should he?" I ask.

We make six other calls after that.

* * *

I am walking down the Capitol steps. Very theatrical: it is raining softly, and wisps of steam rise from the still-hot pavement. The late-working secretaries are going home now, and I watch their bodies move. I am walking with another senator, and he nudges me, nodding at a miniskirt ahead of him. He shakes his head, grinning. *Quiffquiffquiff*, he murmurs. I laugh.

Noone is still in the big office. She said she would make selected calls to selected members of the press. Different men, different spins, she said. Not to worry. I leave her at her desk, her hair freshly combed, new makeup on her cheeks, two packages of cigarettes next to the telephone. Coins lay atop the cigarettes. She is excited, anxious for me to be gone so she can begin her telephoning. Straight-faced I say that I think I'll wait and listen to the first call, see how it goes. She shakes her head quickly, *No*. She would be inhibited with me on the extension phone. It is better if she does it alone. This is her job, she says. The reason she is paid \$28,000 a year.

"Twenty-eight, five," I say, and her humor returns.

"It's cheaper than a trip to Rome," she says.

I know her friends, so I know where to look tomorrow. I mean which newspapers, and which network. They will be very interested in this story because I am on all the short lists for Vice President. They will say this will take me out of the running, and they are right, although Noone will not believe it. I tell her she is crazy, she had better set her sights elsewhere. A Catholic separated from his wife, three children.

"I can live without the vice presidency," I tell her.

"There are seven congressional districts in Iowa," she says, and begins dialing.

2. Slayton

All marriages have private jokes; mine has just one. The joke is Sylvia. When my wife and I have stayed late over the chessboard, or become hypnotized by the late show on the television, we will leave the debris of the evening and go to bed with the words, "Sylvia can clean up in the morning." On the rare occasions when we have guests, we insist that they not worry about the dinner dishes. "Sylvia will take care of it." Of course there is no Sylvia. There never was.

* * *

I have breakfasted on coffee, two coddled eggs, and the newspaper, and now I am waiting on the corner for my ride. I look at my watch; Jack Fowler is late. Today I am the fourth man, and Jack drives a Volkswagen. I will be in the rear seat with my legs cramped, squeezed like an orange next to Bill Day. Jack will be talking football with Gershen. A thirty-minute ride to Langley, stop-start, stop-start. I close my eyes, I doze; it is Monday and I think of my vacation, two weeks away. Presently, Bill nudges me and I awaken and see the guard through the window. My ID is in my hand, and I press it against the glass. The guard looks at it and nods. The car moves through the gate, up the road, and into the underground parking lot.

* * *

It is a routine day, until three in the afternoon. My secretary brings me a cable, covered by the familiar black-bordered folder.

TOP SECRET

(this is a cover sheet)

Basic Security Requirements

Are Contained In AR 380-5

THE UNAUTHORIZED DISCLOSURE OF THE INFORMATION CONTAINED IN THE ATTACHED DOCUMENT(S) COULD BE PREJUDICIAL TO THE DEFENSE INTERESTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The U.S. government is careful, thorough. There is a parenthesis at the bottom of the sheet: "(This cover sheet is unclassified when separated from classified documents)."

* * *

I have read the cable, and now I am thinking about it. It is one of the things that fascinates me about my work. I have not been in the field for fifteen years, and all I know is what I read. I see nothing firsthand; my objectivity is complete. And as my superiors have reason to know, my judgments are accurate. I have learned to distinguish good cables from bad, and the writer of this cable is quite nimble, a man with a sure grasp of government form. The

paragraphs descend down the page, numbered *one to twenty-three*. But it is a puzzling cable, and I read it three times. Now I am drinking a cup of tea, waiting for the telephone to ring. I have already told my secretary to call Jack Fowler to tell him not to wait, and my wife to tell her I will not be home for dinner.

* * *

There are six of us in the conference room; the deputy director, one of his assistants, an area chief and one of his assistants (that is me), and two spear carriers, strangers. We are very anxious to keep this inside the agency. The deputy director: "This is our affair. It has nothing to do with Defense or State or anyone else. We will handle it in-house on a closed basis. This meeting is being held at the request of the director." He does not say what is obvious, that it is a confidential meeting, no written record. Then we talk about Slayton.

* * *

I am wrong about the other two. They are not spear carriers at all, but two of Slayton's close friends. I have read their cables for years but am meeting them face-to-face for the first time. We have generally worked different countries. It is typical of the agency that they should bring these two into this meeting, although they are both outside the chain of command in this matter; strictly speaking, they should not be involved at all. They are part of the old agency, very—what was the word we used to use?—*la-di-da*. Good schools, rich wives. History majors from Yale, bored lawyers from Wall Street. It's changed now, and we favor mathematicians from UCLA or the University of Chicago. In the general conversation before we get under way, I notice that the blue-eyed one has a Southern accent; Virginia, I think. I remember one of his cables that I read years ago. It was from Warsaw, Prague, someplace like that, some Cradle of Western Civilization Enduring the Long Night of Soviet Communism. It read like an honors thesis, and the last line made me laugh. "Such, anyway, is the melancholy prospect from . . ." The old-boy net at the agency was great for melancholy prospects.

* * *

We have all read the same Top Secret cable, from Slayton's Number Two in N—. His nerves show a little in the language, and it takes him a hundred words to get to the point: he thinks that Slayton is having a nervous breakdown. He recommends an immediate replacement. You have to be inside a large bureaucracy to understand the delicacy of this undertaking. The Number Two is running considerable risk, unless he can make his case stick and stick fast. I am reserving my voice, for the moment.

* * *

There are several unspokens, for this after all is

Slayton. Wonderful Slayton, battered Slayton, Slayton-the-widower, Slayton-the-linguist, protean Slayton. Slayton and his private income. But Slayton has been under very heavy pressure for two years. He has been on station for three, longer than is either usual or desirable. He had—has—excellent contacts, and speaks the language. Oh, fluently. And has the credentials.

The embassy has been bombed twice, and Slayton is on all the blacklists. Blacklisted Slayton. Eighteen months ago he was infected with hepatitis, which laid him up for ten weeks. The deputy director wanted to remove him then, but Slayton pleaded to be kept on. It was an elegant cable. Removing him from N—, Slayton told the deputy director, would be *coitus interruptus*. Worse, it would jeopardize the operation. The two were old friends, and the remark gained a certain celebrity around the shop—I mean among those who had access to the cable. It was very highly classified. The DD bent the rules, and Slayton stayed. Now, according to his Number Two, he was bats.

* * *

It requires felicity to talk about a man's personal life in a cable. There is no satisfactory way to put it in government language. *Subject was observed drinking twenty-two scotch-and-sodas in the Palace Hotel bar, then was seen to pitch and fall into a lamppost on Ledra Street, where a native seized and made off with his briefcase containing the ciphers. . . .* No, no. So there are code words, and I do not mean of the five-numeral variety. These are the words: eccentric behavior, slurred speech, abnormal working hours, and the most damning of all: "A frequent loss of control." The phrase "erratic personal life" meant a sexual irregularity of some kind.

* * *

This meeting is a strange one. It is odd that it was called at all. The normal procedure, in matters of this kind, is for the Number Two (or whomever) to call the DD on a secure line and tell him the facts face-to-face, or voice-to-voice, and get a third party on the scene to make an evaluation. Naturally, if it is a chief of station faulting his deputy or anyone under his command, his word alone is sufficient. The man is removed. But a deputy breaking dishes on his boss is something else. Normally, an independent evaluation is ordered. A station chief does not live in a vacuum: his behavior is known to the ambassador, among others; the chief of the military mission, if any; and there are a number of discreet ways, even in a very large organization, to monitor a man's performance. These devices are built-in. But in N— the U.S. government has no ambassador, and since the bombing, no embassy. The military mission is small and the colonel in charge of it incompetent. There is a consulate, staffed by three frightened Foreign Service Officers. None of these is suitable, and only *in*

extremis would we call on an outside agency in a matter of this kind; I cannot recall a time when it was ever done. At any event, in N— there is only Slayton and his Two and six others scattered around the country. Still, it would have been simple for the Two to telephone. But a cable is more efficient. In a cable, words have weight.

* * *

I am not expected to say anything. I am at the meeting because I am the officer assigned to country N— in Washington. My immediate superior is the area director. He will wait for a signal from the DD before he speaks, and then he will be cautious. Not that it matters at all; I knew what I would do the moment I read the cable. *Get him out*, I said to myself. Right away.

* * *

The area director is asked to assess Slayton's performance from this end. He says: "Objectively excellent, although as we all know, he has a tendency to operate on his own overmuch. He is the only officer at that rank in the agency who speaks the language, and writes it. His contacts in N— are wide and varied. He has shown unusual discretion. In two matters—he looks at the DD, and at the two strangers—"of great delicacy Slayton performed superbly. One of them went haywire, but that had nothing to do with him." The DD nods, and the area director continues. "A quality man. If it were not for this cable"—he picks up the paper, holds it a second, and lets it fall—"there would be no question in my mind about Slayton's suitability. Of course, he would have been withdrawn next month anyway. I would not keep a man in a station like that for more than three years in any case. Not for any reason." I smile. It is the first time I've heard that.

* * *

The deputy director has turned now to the "friends." He lifts his eyebrows: "Charley?" This is the blue-eyed one, the older of the two. He lights a cigarette, and looks at his colleague. Now they will close ranks. "I can't believe it," he says, speaking directly to the DD. "I saw Slayton two months ago in Rome, and he was fine. He said he'd recovered from the hepatitis, and was enjoying his tour in N—. As much as you *can* enjoy N—, which is not a garden spot, as we all know. He was with one of his daughters in Rome. I think she lives with his brother. I ran into him by accident at the . . . circus." Blue-eyes smiles, looking at the DD; the DD returns it. Some private joke. "We had a drink later; he laughed about drinking Vichy and soda. He looked very fit, although he'd lost some weight. With his record . . ." Blue-eyes trails off for a moment, as if looking for words. "We know his C.V. France during the war, then Eastern Europe, Hungary, Japan, Cairo, back to Eastern Europe"—he smiles at the euphemism, and

slides on—"the tour at Bragg, and now out there. A volunteered second tour. *Coitus interruptus*." The DD smiles; the area director smiles; the two friends smile. "This is not a man to let an operation go out of control. We know that from the past. What the hell, this agency is Slayton's life. In view of what I gather is a certain urgency . . ." The words come out, *gyathuh's a suht'n uhj'ncy*. "Well, the record . . ." Blue eyes' voice is soft, persuasive. "I'd trust him with anything," he says.

* * *

We are silent, waiting for the DD. "Is it possible the whole thing is an act?"

"It's possible," I said. I did not add that it was not likely. In twenty years in this work I have never heard of a man faking a nervous breakdown. For obvious reasons.

"How well known is he in N—?" This, from the area director.

"Well known," I said. Stupid question. Any man who is station chief for three years in a country like that becomes known. He is probably better known than the foreign minister. It is impossible to be unknown. Also unwise. If they know who you are, they know where to go with their information. I mean the friendlies.

"If this is an act, would he tell his Two?"

"Be very foolish if he didn't," I said.

"Be very foolish if he *did*," Blue-eyes cut in. "No reason to. He couldn't've suspected that his Two would try to break dishes on him." He nodded at the DD: yes, certainly that was it. That was the explanation. "It's a setup," Blue-eyes said.

I looked at him. "Why?"

"You would know that better than I," he drawled. This was not a man to go beyond what he knew, or was supposed to know.

"On the other hand, Slayton's been out there too damned long," the DD said. "The operation is too important to be entrusted to a man who is possibly . . ." The DD shook his head. "I don't understand why the Two waited until the last bloody minute to send his cable. I assume there was a good reason. Also a reason why he did not call. But a thing like this doesn't come out of the blue, not usually."

"Well, he's been accused," Blue-eyes said. "There's no proof."

"The Number Two is an excellent man," the area director said mildly. I waited for the qualification. "Though of course a younger man."

"He's under forty," I said dryly.

"There is no plausible reason for the Two to undercut Slayton. If what he says is false, that will become obvious straightaway. I find it bewildering. Of course, now there is no way to get a third man into the country. There is no way to *know*, and I have been unable to raise the Two on the radiophone." He looked at his watch. "As of just now communications will go *kaput*. Except, of course, our own X-commu-

nications. Which are not of much use if no one is there manning the radio." The DD pursed his lips.

"I'd stick," Blue-eyes said, and his friend nodded.

"The only alternative is to put the Two in charge. I wouldn't like to do that, in a situation of this delicacy. Slayton's kept his plans very close." The DD glanced over at the area director, who was staring bleakly at the table. Blue-eyes and his friend were smiling ever so slightly.

* * *

Blue-eyes had mentioned "a certain urgency." What that was about was this: Slayton was managing a coup, all by himself. It was known in the cables as Rampart Street; that was the operational code word. Doubtless it had some special meaning for Slayton and his cronies. In this particular coup there was meant to be no American participation at all. Zero. Entirely indigenous, as we say. Three years ago, a half dozen young army officers approached Slayton, and the plans proceeded from there. Of course, there was no way for my bureau to know all the details, because Slayton did not let us in on his plans; I mean the area director and myself. Slayton made his reports verbally—I suppose there are pieces of paper somewhere—to the director and his deputy. He did not go through channels; he was too old-boy net for that. So those of us here who had the responsibility did not have all the facts. Slayton ignored my messages demanding more information. He fobbed them off on his Two, and had enough personal clout with the DD to get away with it. The agency was very excited because Slayton had seemingly squared all the circles. All the negotiations and planning he did himself, personally. Not that there was much of either; all the rebels apparently wanted was Slayton's neutrality.

At any event, he did manage to import Swedish weapons: I heard the DD refer to that in an admiring way one day; yet it was my bureau that found the weapons, that paid for them and arranged for delivery in S—. There were one or two other items of that kind. But officially, the agency was not involved in Rampart Street, and if it succeeded, we were way ahead; if it failed, we'd lost nothing. That is, Slayton lost nothing. Those of us here would lose a great deal. For we would be asked to pay the price for an operation in which we had no more than nominal control. That is a fact of life: when there is a failure, someone must pay up. The thing would leak; it always did, sooner or later. So that is what Slayton had been doing in N— for three years, and it was the consensus within the agency that no one could put it together except Slayton. Slayton had the finesse. That was the "certain urgency" about the meeting now, because the coup was supposed to get under way today. Or would if Slayton were sane.

* * *

The DD has gone through all of Slayton's personal

files, and finds nothing to suggest imbalance. *Au contraire*, the printout indicates unusual stability. A photo accompanies the file. I see a middle-aged, red-headed man, scowling. A bit fleshy, standing in a slouch, a cigarette holder in his left hand. I look at the picture upside down: Slayton is quite mad, no doubt about it. Blue-eyes and his friend have long since been excused, and it is just the four of us now. The DD goes around the table, requesting recommendations. The truth of the matter is that he has no options, at this late date; he had them this morning, but he does not have them now. He must go with Slayton or abandon the game altogether.

* * *

I am in my office now, drinking a cup of tea and waiting for the first cables. I have asked my secretary to stay, and she is in the outer office, waiting as I am. We have heard nothing from the Two since his cable this morning. I have a bad feeling about this operation, a feeling that it will fail. The psychology has gone wrong, as it sometimes does in the middle of a chess game; the atmosphere darkens, and you know you are going to lose, although you do not see how or why. I am ashamed to admit that I almost hope it does. It will teach them a lesson: field men cannot be entrusted with operational control. They are too close, they lose their perspective; it is a question of limited parameter. That is a fact of life. If you surrender control, you surrender responsibility. What is the value of an area director or a bureau chief if he is not permitted to control operations in his zone of responsibility? It is pointless not to use the resources of the agency. What is the point of the apparatus here if it is not used? It is not entirely my problem, because I have been here for twenty years and I will be here for twenty more, and the situation is improving. It is better than it was, thanks largely to the computers. They have simplified some of the problems. There are only a few Slaytons left. There are fewer of them every year.

* * *

The cable from the Two finally arrived, brief, too brief. It turned out more or less as I expected. Slayton did have a breakdown, and the coup did fail, although there is some difference of opinion here as to what "fail" means in this case. Slayton is now in a private hospital in S—, and the Two is on leave. We were lucky to get them out of the country at all, particularly Slayton, who was completely haywire. It was done this way: with a show of compassionate concern, the White House ordered army medical teams to N— to care for the wounded and the homeless. This was done very neatly; the Army was in and out, no permanent presence of any kind; Slayton and the Two left on the first flight. There were a few rude remarks in the local press, but these will be forgotten in time. N— is back to normal. I had one small satisfaction, which I shared with my wife the

night we put together the rescue plan. Since the operation was an agency matter from the beginning, I insisted that we be given overall control; that is, one of our people in the field supervising the army units under orders from me. This is a departure from the nor-

mal procedure, and it took me twelve hours to fight it out with the Pentagon; but we prevailed, and I directed the operation from my desk in Washington. I was in personal charge, so it fell to me to choose a code name. I chose the name Sylvia.

3. The Brigadier General and the Columnist's Wife

The columnist had been active in his trade for thirty years. He was one of those who had made his reputation in World War II—*war two*, he called it now—marching across France with the Ninth Infantry Division. It was in France with the division that he met Hemingway, who took a fancy to him. The two shared foxholes and danger and, according to at least one contemporary account, a woman. When acquaintances asked the columnist about Hemingway, he would shrug his shoulders and say very little. War two was a wonderful experience, and the columnist wanted to keep it to himself.

After the war the columnist's reputation grew. He spent the late 1940s in Greece and China, and in 1950 he was evacuated from Korea with a bullet hole in his left shoulder. The authorities set him up in a private room in an army hospital in Japan, so he could continue to write his column. He read the dispatches in the morning and composed his column in the afternoon, writing it with his good hand on a portable typewriter. The wound became infected, and the columnist had spent six weeks in the army hospital.

One day in September the chief surgeon brought a movie star in to see him; she was making a tour of the hospital with a USO troupe. She stayed for drinks and dinner and then she stayed for the night and in a month they were married, quite privately, in Kyoto. Acquaintances were stunned; the columnist was then forty; the movie star was thirty, and at the top of her trade. The acquaintances gave the marriage six months, but they were wrong. It lasted two years, and supplied the columnist with a fund of stories on which to dine. In the property settlement, the movie star was awarded the mansion they had occupied in Holmby Hills. The columnist said good riddance; he had called the place *Berchtesgaden*.

The columnist and the movie star had divided their time between New York, Washington, and Los Angeles. Now the columnist returned full time to Washington, and resumed his military writing with vengeance. But the 1950s was a bleak period, for the wars were small and of little account. Nig-nog wars, the columnist called them; gratuitous insurgencies in the Middle East and the Orient, squalid little generals' coups in Latin America. The columnist returned from his trips depressed; he said he was too old to backpack with the infantry; now he could concentrate on grand strategy. His editors were dis-

appointed, for the columnist had no equal in the description of violent combat.

So he turned to strategy and took six months to refresh his memory on that subject. He went through the commentaries of Caesar and Marcus Aurelius and the memoirs of Foch, the contemporary accounts of Liddell Hart, and much more that was less well known. It was in the midst of his book on grand strategy that he met Caroline, a quiet Washington young woman with no military background at all. The columnist was instantly enchanted and courted her with the single-mindedness that had been his trademark in the war: he took her with him on lectures, and once to France, where they spent a week with one of his old Resistance friends, now a distinguished publisher. With the publisher in tow, the columnist returned to the Normandy Beachhead, where he embarked on an eight-hour exegesis of the assault and the fortifications, the manner in which the battle proceeded, and the blunders. So many blunders. At one point the Frenchman and Caroline were in tears together, listening to the columnist describe a repeated assault against an entrenched enemy gun position. The publisher devoted a page or two of his memoirs to the incident, describing it as "extraordinary, an afternoon of inspiration."

The columnist treated Caroline as a singular object of art, a serene and delicate event. Then forty-five, he married her in a small ceremony in his house in Georgetown. The ceremony was large, the reception small; fifty guests, most of them journalists and military men, a few movie people, Washington lawyers. Caroline was dazzled, perhaps in part because of her age. She was nineteen.

The columnist's acquaintances were amazed at the change in their friend. He lost weight, and returned to his column with a new zeal; his intelligence, always formidable, broadened and deepened. His book on strategy was wonderfully reviewed, and it was a rare week when one of his observations was not quoted in the national press, or on television. He and his adoring wife were fixtures at the White House during that period, "both of them handsome as box tops," a gossipist wrote, chic together in a way that a very successful man and a beautiful young woman are chic. His interests widened: always bored with domestic politics, he covered the 1956 election campaign as if it were the breaching of the Rhine. On a tip from a family friend, he wrote a series of articles

on conflict of interest within the Eisenhower Administration that won him a Pulitzer Prize. And canceled all further White House invitations. He was more pleased with that than with the other. The columnist disdained honors, believing them beneath him. But the Pulitzer came at the right time, and caused numerous magazine "profiles." Suddenly the columnist found himself a celebrity. He had always been "known," his name recognized by anyone who carefully read newspapers. But now he was likely to be interviewed at airports, and in the spring sought for honorary degrees. A television network offered him a large fee to do a five-minute commentary three times a week. Pressed for cash, the columnist accepted, and the commentary became one of the ornaments of television in the late 1950s.

* * *

While his interests did widen to include politics and economics, his preoccupation remained the army. Strategy, tactics, ways of war, military personalities. When a young major he had known in Korea was promoted to brigadier general, the columnist wrote him a long letter of congratulations; then he asked him around to dinner, not once but half a dozen times. The columnist "talked him up" (as he said) and wrote two glowing accounts of the officer's heroics in Korea almost a decade before: in fact, it had been the major who was responsible for the columnist's war wound; he had encouraged him to accompany a dangerous patrol. Far from ending the friendship, the incident strengthened it. A brigadier general three months, the officer found himself named secretary to the joint staff.

The columnist was pleased with his coup for his protégé, although he did not speak of it to anyone save Caroline. Gradually, in the late 1950s and early 1960s, he discarded the other interests and came back to the military. He refreshed his memory on weaponry and orders of battle, and commenced to cultivate those new officers who had made their reputations in his absence. His analysis of the British Army, written in 1958, stands as a model of its kind; his inquiry into the temperament of military leaders, *Eminent Warriors*, is now a standard text at the command and general staff school at Fort Leavenworth. He hastened to Cyprus and Kenya and Malaya and Indochina and all the other places where there was fighting. These were brave moves on the part of the columnist, because the public then, as now, was bored with military affairs. In the early 1960s, there were no wars of consequence.

* * *

In Washington there are people who remember, and can cite, the column that signaled the decline. Except that it is always a different column. Acquaintance A is entirely convinced that it began with the vendetta against the Secretary of State. There were twenty-one straight columns, seven weeks of col-

umns, each one attacking the intelligence and integrity of the Secretary, a harmless New York lawyer, long active in the Council on Foreign Relations. Acquaintance B is equally certain that it began six months later, with the column on farm price-supports. What was odd about this column was that it had been ten years since anyone cared about farm price-supports, and the article itself was incomprehensible. At the time, it caused more laughter than dismay; readers assumed that lines had been dropped somewhere in the transmission, and the copy had become garbled. Acquaintance C, with considerably more authority, is certain that it came later still, the column that everyone now calls "the war column." It was quite simply a celebration of war, of blood and of killing, of "the cleansing nature of armed combat." In it, the columnist announced his theory of war and human progress; that is, the one was impossible (he used the incredible word "indispensable") without the other. It was a circular theory, working both ways. Appalled, his acquaintances sought out the columnist's wife: what had happened to him? Tight-lipped, she shook her head, refusing to explain. The columnist's wife, clearly upset, would blandly change the subject, and go on to other things.

The war column appeared on a Monday, and that night the columnist and his wife had eighteen in to dinner. There was the usual array, journalists, a senator, two lawyers, a visiting academic, an intelligence official, and the brigadier general, the columnist's old friend. The senator knew the columnist best and over drinks put the question to him. Immediately the party fell silent, listening.

The senator dispensed with all preliminaries and asked straight off: "What the hell was that column about this morning?"

The columnist smiled.

"Damnedest bilge I've ever read."

The columnist selected a canapé from a tray.

"I think it goes beyond all bounds."

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," the columnist replied, which explained nothing and satisfied no one.

There were other columns after that, and in Washington these had the effect of heightening interest in his work. He was the most closely watched writer in town. Between explosions there would be a series of reasonable, even deft, sometimes brilliant columns about missiles or new tanks or aircraft, with occasional skillful excursions into the national economy. But the television network, fearful of slander or worse, canceled his contract. For his acquaintances, picking up the newspaper in the morning was like picking up a hand grenade. On the morning of the sixth of June, 1962, appeared the most alarming column of all. It was a movie review. The film was an adaptation of a celebrated novel of the period, a novel written around the Korean War. The co-star was the columnist's ex-wife, and the last line of the column read: "Anyone venturing an interest into the noblest endeavors of our time must witness this film."

Three Washington Stories

Miss Harrison's performance is as luminous as a star, and as moving as death itself."

* * *

The columnist and his wife did not have friends the way other people had friends. They had companions, acquaintances, chums. Their house was a salon, and people felt free to stop by. The caterers arrived every Saturday and left again on Wednesday morning, after four nights of parties. In the beginning, Caroline found this exciting. The columnist knew everyone in town, and introductions to anyone he did not know were easily arranged. His brief connection with the movie industry had given him a wide acquaintance in the theater, so the weekend parties were interesting and vivid. The columnist presided over these affairs with style and consideration. He arranged the seating (always placing his wife next to the most interesting, rather than the most prominent, guest), and if conversation fell, he pumped it up again, with an anecdote or outrageous war story. It was in this way that Caroline fell to talking a good deal with the brigadier general; both of them knew the anecdotes and the war stories by heart.

New acquaintances were conducted on a tour through the study, a room which Caroline called "the armory." It was filled with military artifacts and photographs of the columnist in army fatigues: with Bradley in Europe, with de Castries in Indochina, with the movie star by his hospital bed in Japan. His favorite photograph was of himself in a trench. In the photo he is intense and scowling, squatting in the dirt with his typewriter on his knees. The trench is filled with dead.

* * *

The columnist's weekend parties became unpopular not long after the appearance of the movie review, owing to his habit of conducting strange monologues in the early hours of the morning. He would address the two or three stragglers, pulling his chair up close to the edge of the rug in front of the fire. And reprise the wars. He did it quietly, in blackest humor, precise minute-by-minute reconstructions of forgotten engagements, so many dead in the first five minutes, so many wounded in the first ten. Their names and ages and ranks. He would describe the setting of the battle in the larger context of the war, whichever war it was. He once saw a man shot in the heart, and took to describing that with such care and loving attention to detail that once a guest walked out of his house, physically ill. He would speak of the camaraderie during wars, the closeness of men and women; the community of it. But he would not expand on that. He thought of the century as a gigantic hecatomb. But exhilarating, he'd say. And war two the best war of all, the most violent, the most profound. Late at night he would talk about the major, now a brigadier general, in the same breath as Guderian or Patton. Occasionally, he would seem to

be confused over the nature of his wounds. Just a kid then, he'd say, just a kid. The major, he'd add, "my priest."

* * *

Every year the parties ended on October one, and resumed again late in December. This was the period when the columnist took his trip, to view for himself the various wars then in progress. There were always one or two, somewhere around the world. His reputation was such that he could secure interviews with anyone, and each trip included an example of his old style. It was a visit to a field hospital or a guerrilla command in the bush or something of that sort, and it was then that his prose took flight, there that he was most comfortable and in command. He'd be gone a month or six weeks, then would meet Caroline in Athens or Cairo or Madrid. He would write a month's columns in advance, and they would take a trip: the Pyramids, the bullfights, a tour of Berlin, and once a magical two weeks on the Trans-Siberian Railway. In the beginning, he was a wonderful guide, because he had been everywhere once and could reminisce about the old days. About Segovia in 1938 or Kasserine in 1942 or the time he went on the bombing mission from the north of Scotland in 1944. Tourane in 1952.

"Is there any place where you haven't been in a war?" Caroline asked him on one of the early trips.

He thought a moment, then shook his head.

"No place at all?"

"New Zealand," he said finally.

"Let's go there."

"Dull country," he said. "What's the point?"

"I'd like it so much."

"Oh, sure," he said, but they never went.

It was during one of these absences, in the period before she was to join him in a capital somewhere, that the columnist's wife had the affair with the brigadier general. The affair was reminiscent of another, and in the columnist's younger days he would have laughed about it, perhaps with Hemingway or Capa. The brigadier general came by the Georgetown house one afternoon with a manila envelope full of documents. He stayed for drinks and dinner and then for the night.

* * *

No one knows what animated the affair, nor what kept it going. Caroline had seemed happy, if distracted; there was always an exquisite poignance about her, as if her life were lived on the edge of something. Often at parties she'd stare at her husband across the table, desperately protective of him—his vitality, his easy dominance, his pride, and of course, his prejudice. On the evenings he talked about the war she would retire to another corner, but there is no evidence that she ever abandoned him in any traditional way. There is a single written record from the period, and for obvious reasons it must be

read with skepticism. It is a novel, a *roman à clef*, written by the columnist's former secretary. The novel was published in 1963, enjoyed a brief success of scandal in Washington, then died. Two picturesque chapters purport to describe the love affair between Caroline and the brigadier general. One passage suggests the entire dreadful book.

They lay in each other's arms, apprehensive, as if watched by the photographs on the walls. The general's uniform lay crumpled beside the couch, the single star on his epaulet lit by the soft light of the room. It was as if *he* were there with them. His presence dominated the room.

"Do it again," she said.

And he did, as if on command.

"Doesn't he do it at all?"

"Oh, yes." She seemed quite appalled by the inference.

"Well . . ."

"It isn't that. He's fifty-three now, he's done . . ."

"I see."

The brigadier general was a plain-spoken man, and he did not understand why he was there, on the couch with her. He was enjoying it, but he didn't understand it. But then, he didn't understand the columnist either.

"Why me then?"

"Well, you were there in Korea. His friend."

"I still don't get it."

She smiled, and pointed at the pictures, all of them. The pictures from all the wars. She was pointing at the pictures and laughing. Her laughter grew in volume, louder and louder until she was hysterical and finally she collapsed in his arms, sobbing and crying for him to do it again.

The author of the *roman à clef* didn't understand what it was about, because the chapter ends one paragraph later. Further on in the book there is an account of what happened when the columnist found out about the affair, but that account has no value

because the secretary by then had quit, and was in New York selling an outline of her book.

* * *

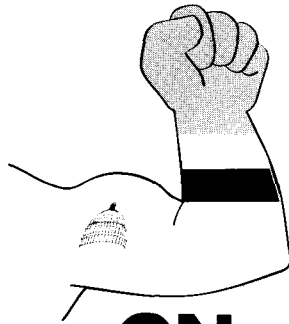
The affair with the brigadier general began in late 1962 and lasted through most of 1963. The columnist returned from his trip in November, a month ahead of schedule, ill with fever contracted in Central Africa. The trip had not been a success anyway, and he took leave from his column and of course never resumed it. The column just trailed away, as he did.

Friends found him one afternoon in his study, the armory, staring blackly at a thick loose-leaf folder. The folder contained hundreds, perhaps a thousand, names. They were carefully written, three names to a page, in the columnist's thin script. He refused to speak, and for a time no one could decipher what the names meant; they were names in numerous languages. It should have been obvious, but it was not, until Caroline explained. They were the names of dead, she said. Companions, acquaintances, chums. Soldiers, war correspondents, various political people. The columnist was seated at his desk, staring at the list, defiance on his face. He gripped the loose-leaf folder with such strength that it was impossible to pry it from his hands. It stayed with him, part of him.

* * *

That is close to the end of the story. The brigadier general was transferred from the Pentagon to Fort Carson, his career in ruins. Caroline followed him there, stayed six months, then returned to the house in Georgetown. The general went on to the Far East, and when last heard of he was still there. No one has heard anything of Caroline except a rumor that she was in the Far East, too. Though not, of course, with him.





ON SATIRIZING PRESIDENTS

An Interview With Philip Roth
by Alan Lelchuk

Philip Roth's new book is called *Our Gang*, and its central character is a President named Trick E. Dixon, whose residency in the White House ends abruptly when he is assassinated and stuffed into a baggie. After having written it, but prior to publication, the author was asked by Alan Lelchuk to address himself to fundamental questions about the uses of satire, and also to anticipate the controversy and cries of outrage that would arise when a serious writer attacked and ridiculed the President of the United States in a relatively unused literary genre.

ALAN LELCHUK: First, is there a tradition of political satire in America to which *Our Gang* belongs?

PHILIP ROTH: Yes, I think there is, though it probably isn't known even to most educated Americans. For one thing, political satire isn't a kind of writing that lasts. Though satirists by and large deal with enduring social and political problems, their comic appeal lies in the use they make of the situation at that moment. It's unlikely that reading even the very best satiric works of another era we feel anything like the glee or the outrage experienced by a contemporary audience. Subtleties of wit and malice are wholly lost over the years, and we're left to enjoy the broadest, least time-bound aspects of the work, and to hunt through footnotes in order to make connections and draw inferences that are the teeth and claws of this sort of writing. Except for a few specialized students

of American literature and history, no one today is going to be interested in reading James Russell Lowell's satires in doggerel verse, *The Biglow Papers*, which were written in the middle of the nineteenth century from an abolitionist point of view, or the dialect letters of "Petroleum V. Nasby," written by another antislavery Northerner, David Ross Locke. Yet both are wonderful comic inventions, as virulent and funny as the political satire of Defoe and maybe even some of Swift. Lincoln admired the Nasby letters so much that he is supposed to have said he would have given up the presidency to have been able to write them.

Another reason most Americans might not realize satirical writing once flourished here is that there's hardly any around today. I think people would be surprised, not only by the imaginative richness but by the ferocity of the political satire that appeared in ordinary daily newspapers throughout the country in the nineteenth century, especially during the decades leading up to and following the Civil War. I don't believe there's a daily newspaper in America today that would print the kind of sustained satiric attack that Lowell made upon General Taylor during the campaign of 1847, or Locke made upon the Northern Democrats during Lincoln's Administration. If you look at the ways in which American Presidents such as Jackson, Polk, Taylor, Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, and McKinley were ridiculed in the daily papers in the nineteenth century, you'd have to conclude that both editors and readers were a heartier bunch a hundred years ago, far less intimidated than they appear to be today by pious Emily Postish notions of "respectability."

I would think the resident prose satirist of American newspapers today is Art Buchwald. Now, he can be a funny man, but his comedy is generally in what

they call Good Taste. The stuff I'm talking about wasn't in Good Taste.

Q: Are there any other American writers you admire who have worked along these lines?

A: Well, I should mention Mencken. I'm thinking specifically of his attack on Harding's puerile prose style, which he called "Gamaliel-ese." Mencken said that Harding's style was so bad that a sort of grandeur crept into it. I also remember a poem by E. E. Cummings that in part goes something like, "Warren Gamaliel Harding/ the only man, woman or child/ who could make seven grammatical errors/ in a simple declarative sentence."

Q: Are you pointing here to some connection between Mencken's attack upon Harding . . .

A: And Wilson, and Coolidge, and FDR.

Q: Are you suggesting a connection between Mencken's attitude toward these Presidents and your own toward President Nixon in *Our Gang*?

A: Yes and no. I don't feel much kinship with Mencken's *ideas*—social, political, or aesthetic. Particularly his notions as to what constitutes an aristocracy rub me the wrong way. But as a critic of American public rhetoric, he was often brilliant and funny. I think, yes, there is in my book *Our Gang* a concern similar to his in the essay "Gamaliel-ese." But obviously we approach the problem of debased political language in different ways. Where he analyzes and evaluates Harding's prose in a journalistic essay, my book is largely an exaggerated impersonation, a parody, of Nixon's style of discourse and thought. Each of us ridicules the public utterances of an American President, but I go about it in the ways of a fantasist and *farceur*, and he with the weapons of a literary critic.

I believe he was also more amused by Mr. Harding than I am by Mr. Nixon. The reason may be that there's been a lot of terror packed into the short space of time that separates Mencken's "Gamaliel-ese" from George Orwell's "Newspeak"—two related linguistic phenomena at which President Nixon is equally adept. Mencken might never have drawn the same conclusions from rotten political prose that Orwell did twenty-eight years later in the novel *1984*. Mencken seemed to think it was inevitable that American democracy would produce as leaders clowns and charlatans who, along with their other disabilities, couldn't speak English. He considered what they said and the way they said it *entertainment*, rivaled only by Barnum and Bailey. It took an Orwell—and a Second World War, and savage totalitarian dictatorships in Germany and Russia—to make us realize that this comical rhetoric could be turned into an instrument of political tyranny.

Q: You've mentioned specifically two nineteenth-century satirical works, *The Biglow Papers* and the Nasby letters, both growing out of the Civil War period, and now Mencken's essays. Are there any other literary works of a satiric nature that seem to you relevant to a discussion of *Our Gang*?

A: It might be appropriate to mention some satiric works of a *nonliterary*, or popular, nature. "Satiric" probably isn't the right word here—I mean broadly comic in the style of *Our Gang*. I'm thinking of routines by comedians like Olson and Johnson, the Marx Brothers, the Three Stooges, Laurel and Hardy, Abbott and Costello. Recently I saw Abbott and Costello in a segment from an old movie of theirs, doing that famous baseball dialogue "Who's on First?" It's a masterpiece of punning and verbal confusion, characterized by the sort of buffoonery that I was trying for in the longest section of *Our Gang*, "Tricky Has Another Crisis." Obviously, Tricky—in contrast to either the colorless straight man Abbott or the benign fool Costello—is an old-fashioned villain of the Tartuffian variety. Still, the *style* of some of Abbott and Costello's slapstick comedy seems to me suited to the monkey business that Tricky and his friends engage in in that "crisis" section.

Do you remember Charlie Chaplin and Jack Oakie as Hitler and Mussolini in *The Great Dictator*? Well, in their performances there's something, too, of the flavor I hoped to get into the more outlandish sections of *Our Gang*.

All I'm trying to illustrate is that the level of comedy in *Our Gang* isn't exactly what it is in *Pride and Prejudice*—in case anybody should fail to notice. *Our Gang* is at the other end of the spectrum from that kind of comic irony. It's written with a deliberate broadness, whose purpose is to *deflate* the subject of the satire; often it's coarse, gross—

Q: In other words, in bad taste.

A: Exactly. And that's the whole point, isn't it?

Q: How so? Go on.

A: Well, a satire like *Our Gang* is out to destroy the protective armor of "dignity" that shields anyone in as high and powerful an office as the presidency. It was no accident that President Nixon took it into his head a few years ago to tart up the White House police staff in the imperial garb of junkers out of *The Student Prince*. He knows better than anybody how much he needs to be surrounded by all the trappings of dignified authority—or, as it turned out, authoritarian dignity. A book like *Our Gang* tries to yank him out from behind all that unearned augustness. Rather than accept his "official" estimate of himself, which we see in the case of Mr. Nixon is very regal indeed, I place him in a low-comedy setting, into a kind of baggy-pants burlesque skit, which strikes me as a more appropriate environment for a man of his character. Of course, it's a traditional strategy of satire to lilliputianize public figures who on the whole would rather be lionized, but it isn't only that: it's a moral judgment.

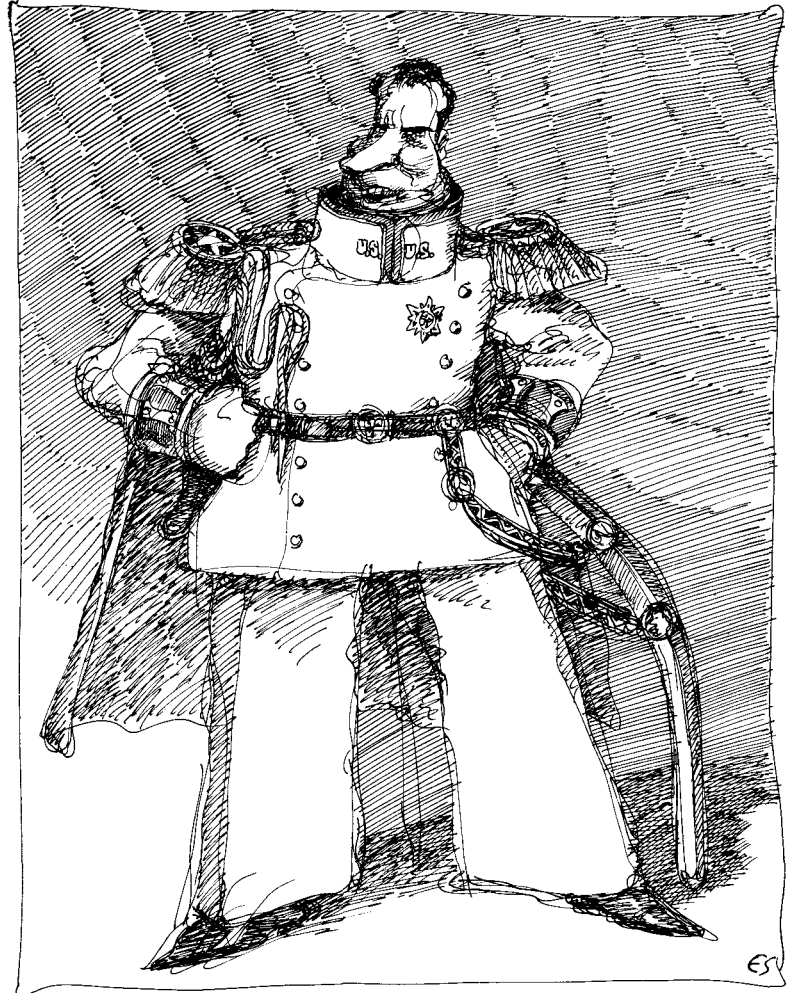
So you describe the work accurately when you say it's in Bad Taste. Satire of this kind has no desire to be decorous. Decorum—and what hides behind it—is what it is attacking. To ask a satirist to be in Good Taste is like asking a love poet to be less personal.

Good Taste is inimical to what makes satire satirical. Is *The Satyricon* in such Good Taste? Is *Gargantua and Pantagruel*? Is Aristophanes? Is Swift's *Modest Proposal*? Swift recommends the stewing, roasting, and fricasseeing of one-year-old children so as to unburden their impoverished parents and provide food for the meat-eating classes. How nasty that must have seemed, how unnecessarily vulgar, even to many who shared his concern for Ireland's misery. Listen to this, and imagine how it went down in polite society: "A Child will make two Dishes at an Entertainment for Friends; and when the Family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable Dish; and seasoned with a little Pepper or Salt, will be very good Boiled in the fourth Day, especially in Winter."

Now that's considered Literature in the "Swiftian" vein; back in 1729 it probably seemed, to a lot of Swift's contemporaries, Bad Taste, and worse. Similarly, Rabelais is no longer an obscene writer who can't resist a joke about feces or urine or bodily apertures—four hundred years in the grave and he's "Rabelaisian." The trick, apparently, is to turn yourself from a proper noun into an adjective, and the best way to accomplish that is to die.

Imagine if today you were to write a satire modeled upon Swift's *Modest Proposal* about the situation in Southeast Asia. As it turns out, under orders from Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, our Armed Forces have been following Swift's advice for some time now, boiling and fricasseeing the children in Vietnam and Laos, and lately roasting succulent Cambodian infants. Suppose a satirist were to propose to President Nixon that instead of killing these Asian children for no good reason, as we do now, we adopt a policy at once more practical and humane; since statistics prove that X number of children are going to die anyway, why not slaughter them for food for the Vietnamese refugees? The proposal might be written in the style of those Pentagon memoranda recently published in the *New York Times*. This fellow named McNaughton could probably have drafted a damn good "contingency" plan on how to barbecue with napalm, sprinkle with soy sauce, and serve—including a breakdown in percentage points of the various minimal daily vitamin requirements fulfilled by the liver, lungs, and brains of an Asian infant, if eaten with a bowl of rice.

I think we can safely say that few American newspapers would care to publish such a piece. "Swiftian" it is, if it's about what long-dead Englishmen were doing to long-dead Irishmen in 1729; if, however, you were to employ a similar satiric fantasy to indict our country for what it is doing to the Vietnamese



now—which is a thousand times more vicious than anything the British could hope to do in the eighteenth century with their limited arsenal of torture devices—you would find your satire unpublishable in most places because of Bad Taste.

And so it is. *All* the works I've mentioned, by ordinary community standards, or whatever the legal phrase is to describe the lowest common denominator of social conformism, are in execrable taste. By ordinary community standards they are shocking. Which is what they intend to be.

Q: Explain that. Shocking to what end, if any?

A: For the purpose of challenging habitual beliefs and values; for the purpose of dislocating the reader, getting him to view a familiar subject in a way he may be unwilling to, or unaccustomed to. You know how people taking offense will sometimes say, "Now, stop kidding around, this is serious." But in satire it is by "kidding around" that one hopes to reveal just *how* serious, *how* awful, *how* heartless, *how* grotesque. I think this is illustrated by the modest proposal to use Asian infants for barbecued spareribs instead of "wasting" them as cannon fodder.

Now, the most distinctive characteristic of the shocking, tasteless satire we're talking about is its high degree of distortion. On the whole, I think, Americans are more familiar with distortion and ex-

aggeration as artistic methods in the art of caricature than in literary works. Newspaper readers deal with distortion every day in political cartoons, and are not only untroubled by it but grasp with ease the attitudes and the commentary implicit in the technique. Well, the same techniques of distortion apparent in the work of Herblock or Jules Feiffer or David Levine—or, to invoke the names of giants, in the satirical drawings of Hogarth and Daumier—are operating in prose satire. Distortion might be thought of as a dye dropped onto the specimen to make vivid the traits and qualities that otherwise would be blurry or invisible to the naked eye.

Q: You've begun to touch here upon the impulses behind the writing of *Our Gang*. Can you be more specific about your motives? Previous to this, you have written and published four books of fiction. Is it clear to you why you have chosen to write political satire just now in your career?

A: Well, this isn't the first time I've ever done satire. At Bucknell University, where I went to college and edited a literary magazine in the early fifties, I devoted myself nearly as much to writing satire as I did to writing fiction. Then when I got out to Chicago in the middle fifties I began to publish pieces in the *New Republic*, most of them ostensibly "movie reviews," but with the appeal—in that they had any appeal—of satirical comedy. I once did a parody in the *New Republic* of President Eisenhower's religiosity (and prose style) inspired by a Norman Vincent Peale sermon that had revealed to the nation that Ike was on something like a first-name basis with Jehovah. By the way, a man named Jensen—that's all I know about him—wrote a very funny version back then of "The Gettysburg Address" as Eisenhower might have composed and delivered it. The first sentence went, "I haven't checked these figures, but eighty-seven years ago, I think it was, a number of individuals organized a governmental set-up here in this country, I believe it covered certain Eastern areas, with this idea they were following up based on a sort of national independence arrangement and the program that every individual is just as good as every other individual." Not bad, is it? A first-rate writer named Donald Malcolm was also publishing satirical essays and reviews in the fifties, in the *New Republic* and later in the *New Yorker*, and I still remember parodies written by John Updike on stylists like Kerouac. And in Chicago, where I was living and teaching, an excellent satiric group was getting under way called The Compass Players, which later developed into The Second City company—satirical improvisations by people like Elaine May, Mike Nichols, Barbara Harris, Shelley Berman, Zohra Lampert, and Anthony Holland. And in England at this time the "Beyond the Fringe" group was already in business. There's now a crude simplification to the effect that the fifties was a decade of unrelieved tedium and dullness; the fact is that when it came to social satire, what was being done in the late fifties and

early sixties has rarely been equaled since for originality and intelligence.

My own first published book of fiction, *Goodbye Columbus*, was described by Alfred Kazin as "acidulous," suggesting that it had satiric intentions. To a degree that's true, but in retrospect, that book seems to me very mild in its comedy, in turn ironical and lyrical in the way of books about sensitive upstarts in summer romances. None of my subsequent books, as you suggest, would seem to qualify as satire, unless you want to call *Portnoy's Complaint* a satirical lament. The closest I've come to the manner of *Our Gang*—the distortion, the exaggeration, the Bad Taste—is in a long story that appeared in the *New American Review* a year ago entitled "On the Air." It stands in a similar relationship to "real life" as *Our Gang*, though its comedy is more grotesque. It belongs to the literary family of Paranoid Hallucinations—distant relatives would be Gogol's *Diary of a Madman* or *The Nose*.

Why have I turned to political satire at this point in my career? I can answer that in one word: Nixon.

What triggered—that's the word for it, too—what triggered me into writing *Our Gang* was his response to the Calley conviction back in April. Do you remember what the Army lawyer Joseph Welch said to Senator McCarthy at the Senate hearings, after McCarthy had insinuated that a young junior partner in Welch's Boston law firm had a Communist background? It went something like, "Senator McCarthy, I knew you were an irresponsible man, but I did not think that even you, sir, would sink to this level of recklessness and cruelty." Well, when Nixon announced that Calley, who had been convicted by a jury of Army officers of murdering four times as many unarmed civilians as Charles Manson, would not have to await his appeal in the post stockade (alongside the monsters who go AWOL and the Benedict Arnolds who get caught snoozing on guard duty) but need only be restricted to quarters until such time as Nixon (with his nose to the wind) reviewed the decision of the appeals court, I thought, "Tricky, I knew you were a moral ignoramus, I knew you were a scheming opportunist, I knew you were fraudulent right down to your shoelaces, but truly, I did not think that even you would sink to something like this."

Like many a satirist, I am a naïf at heart: Why shouldn't he sink to that, and worse? But what that statement of his on Calley "made perfectly clear" was that if it seemed to him in the interest of his career, he would sink to *anything*. If 50.1 percent of the voters wanted to make a hero out of a convicted multiple-murderer, then maybe there was something in it—for him.

Look at him now, positively ga-ga over his trip to Red China, as he used to call it when he was debating Kennedy. Now he says "the People's Republic of China" as easily as any Weatherman. Really, doesn't he stand for anything? It turns out he isn't even anti-

Communist! He never even believed in *that*. I remember joking back in 1968 that if Rockefeller got the Republican nomination, Nixon would divorce Pat, remarry, and try again in '72. But who, even in his most cynical wisecracks about this character, could have imagined that the Nixon who rose to prominence by opposing "godless materialism" with all the passionate idealism of a real estate salesman, the Nixon who gave it to Khrushchev about "freedom" in that kitchen, would one day be delirious with joy about visiting a "tyrant" who had "enslaved" eight hundred million Chinese? Talk

about Bad Taste. Doesn't his heart bleed for "enslaved peoples" anymore? Or did they take everybody's shackles off over there? If so, he neglected to mention it on his two-minute spot commercial for the People's Republic of China. No more explanation from Nixon about his ideological turnabout than from the rulers in 1984, when they interrupt news broadcasts every other day to inform the people that their enemies are now their friends and their friends their enemies. You would imagine that the people—here, not in Orwell's Oceania—might want their Commie-chasing President to explain to them what it is about godlessness and totalitarianism and slavery that is less repugnant to him today than it was ten years ago, or even ten months ago. If it's suddenly OK with the United States for eight hundred million people in China not to be able "to determine their own future in free elections," why isn't it OK for a mere thirteen million more in Vietnam? By comparison, that's only a drop in the enslavement bucket. But nobody asks, and he doesn't tell. The liberal newspapers even praise him for his "flexibility."

Q: Then you've also been inspired to write this book out of frustration with the ways in which popular spokesmen—newspaper columnists, TV commentators, even congressmen and senators—respond to Nixon?

A: Only to a small degree, I think. Nixon is really sufficient unto himself to make the steam rise. Of course, the High Seriousness with which "responsible" critics continue to take this character's public statements does tend to increase one's frustration. There is this shibboleth, "respect for the office of the presidency"—as though there were no distinction between the man who holds (and degrades) the office



and the office itself. And why all the piety about the office anyway? A President happens to be in *our* employ.

The best journalists I've read on Nixon are Tom Wicker, Nicholas von Hoffman, Murray Kempton, and Garry Wills in *Nixon Agonistes*. They don't seem to consider it a setback to Human Destiny to point up how utterly bizarre this guy is. And then in public life, there's the Arkansas Traveler, Senator William Fulbright. Cross-examining Laird, after that Terry and the Pirates raid on the POW camp in North Vietnam, he was as beautifully droll—his timing as perfect, his assumed innocence as effective—as Mark Twain. When Fulbright retires, he ought to go around the country, the way Twain and "Artemus Ward" and Will Rogers used to, doing comical monologues about his experiences as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. He and Eugene McCarthy could be a very dry comic duo, on the order of "Lum 'n' Abner."

Q: Do you actually think *Our Gang* will do anything to restrain or alter Nixon's conduct? Affect his conscience? Shame him? What *do* you expect to accomplish by publishing a satire like this one?

A: Do I expect the world to be changed by *Our Gang*? Hardly. True, when we all first learned about satire in school, we were told that it was a humorous attack upon men or institutions for the purpose of instigating change or reform, or words to that effect about its ameliorative function. Now, that's a very uplifting attitude to take toward malice, but I don't think it holds water. Brilliant satires have been written in behalf of causes and values that didn't stand a chance, and the satirists knew as much beforehand. I meant it when I said satirists are naifs at heart; si-

multaneously, they are probably less afflicted with hopeful illusions than the ordinary citizen.

No, I think writing satire is essentially a literary, not a political, act, however volcanic the reformist or even revolutionary passion in the author. Satire is moral rage transformed into comic art—as an elegy is grief transformed into poetic art. Does an elegy expect to accomplish anything in the world? No, it's a means of organizing and expressing a harsh, perplexing emotion.

Freud, in discussing the history of aggression, wrote that civilized life began when the first angry man chose invective and verbal abuse over physical violence. Remembering back to my playground days, I would think that “choice” might also be said to mark the beginnings of cowardice. But why I quote Freud here is to make this point: what begins as the desire to murder your enemy with blows, and is converted (largely out of fear of the consequences) into the attempt to “murder” him with invective and insult, is most thoroughly sublimated, or socialized, in the art of satire. It's the imaginative flowering of the primitive urge to knock somebody's block off. It's a verbal ritualization of frustration and anger, akin maybe to the war dance, or sticking pins in voodoo dolls.

Q: Of course, you have the villainous President in your book murdered, don't you? The next-to-last chapter of *Our Gang* begins with the announcement that Trick E. Dixon has been assassinated, and for the next thirty pages or so, you give us everything exuded by the television networks in the wake of that announcement. Do you think there will be readers who will accuse you of advocating or encouraging the murder of President Nixon?

A: If there are, it will be because they have failed to read the chapter—and the book—with even a minimal amount of comprehension. Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying the chapter is in Good Taste. But I just can't imagine that the ludicrous manner in which President Trick E. Dixon is disposed of would serve to inflame the imagination or fire the will of a would-be presidential assassin. The President in *Our Gang* is found stuffed in a baggie in the fetal position, so that he resembles—as much as he can—one of those “unborn” for whose rights he speaks so eloquently throughout the book. That he meets his end in a baggie is part of the overall comic scheme. Satiric retribution. Parodic justice.

And in the very next chapter he's alive and well anyway. In Hell, to be sure, but there he is debating the pants off Satan, whom he's running against for Devil. I subtitle that last chapter “On the Comeback Trail” to suggest that you can't hold a Trick E. Dixon down, even by stuffing him into a baggie and turning the twister seal.

Finally, to argue against the idea that I advocate political murder, there are the values in behalf of which the book is written.

Back in 1966, Max Hayward edited and translated

a chilling and depressing document that he called *On Trial*. It was the transcript of the trial in Moscow of the Soviet writers Yuli Daniel and Andrei Sinyavsky, who were given five- and seven-year sentences in a forced-labor camp for “slandering” the state in their literary works. I remember particularly Andrei Sinyavsky's final plea to the judge, prior to the sentencing. Throughout the trial the judge had brutally chastised Sinyavsky for “lecturing the court on literature”—of all things—whenever the writer tried to explain his intentions in *The Makepeace Experiment*, a fantastic novel, or fable, in which (among other funny things) the people in a provincial Russian town eat toothpaste and think they're dining on caviar because their leader tells them so. The judge didn't want to hear about satire or fantasy or hyperbole or playfulness or humor or the make-believe aspect of literature; he didn't want to hear any comparisons to Gogol or Pushkin or Mayakovsky—all he wanted to know was: “Why do you slander Lenin?” “Why do you slander the Russian people who suffered so in the war?” “Why do you play into the hands of our enemies in the West?” Yet, when the time came for Sinyavsky to speak his final words to the court—or to *anyone* in the outside world for a long, long time—he proceeded, with incredible determination, to say: “I want to repeat a few elementary arguments about the nature of literature. The most rudimentary thing about literature—it is here that one's study of it begins—is that words are not deeds. . . .”

I hardly presume to compare myself with Andrei Sinyavsky, or my situation as a writer with his, or Daniel's, in Russia. I am wholly in awe of writers like Sinyavsky and Daniel, of both their personal bravery and their uncompromising devotion and dedication to literature. To write in secrecy, to publish pseudonymously, to work in fear of the labor camp, to be despised, ridiculed, and insulted by the mass of writers who obediently turn out what they're supposed to turn out—it would be presumptuous to imagine one's *art* surviving in such a hostile environment, let alone oneself coming through with the dignity and self-possession displayed by Sinyavsky and Daniel at their trial.

I use the case of Sinyavsky because it is an extreme and horrifying example of the kind of “misunderstanding” one's adversaries might wish to encourage in order to defame a work that makes fun of them. In other words, I am aware of the problem that you raise by your questions, and I don't take it lightly. I expect some readers will miss the point, clear as it seems to me; there may even be public officials calling the work “seditious.” But all I can say to those who will fear for the President's life is that they would do better to lobby for a strong federal gun-control bill than to worry about the influence of *Our Gang* on potential assassins. Admittedly, it might be easier to get the Attorney General to push for a bill outlawing literature than for one making it impos-

sible to buy a rifle through the mail for fifteen bucks, but the fact remains, more people are killed in this country every year by bullets than by satires.

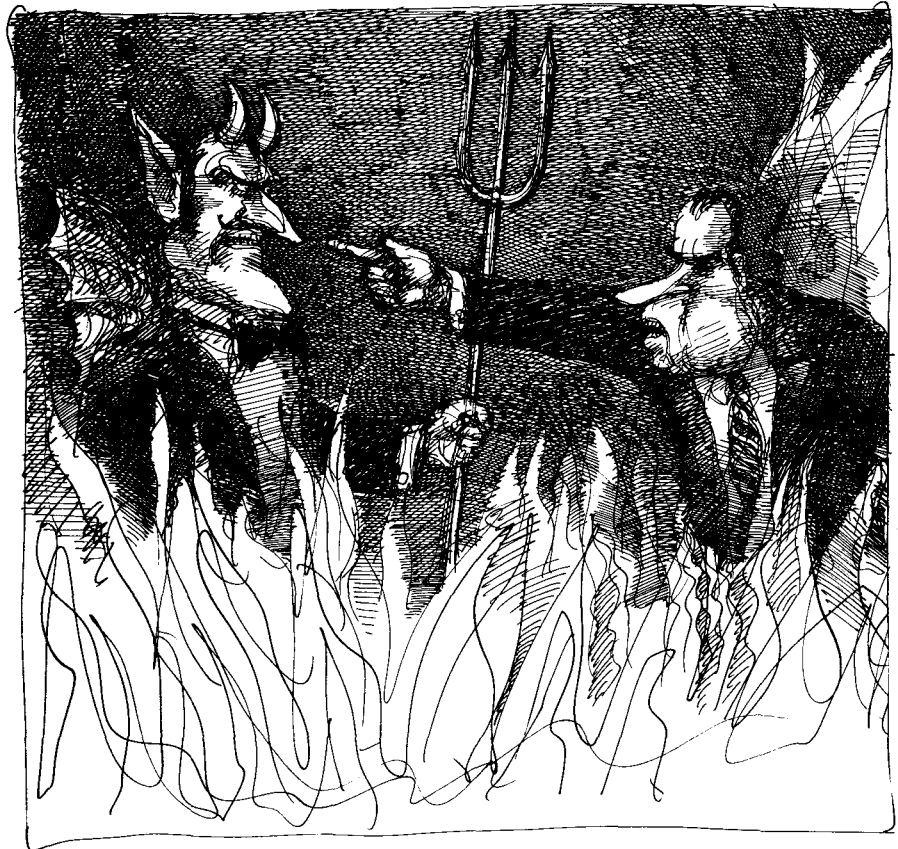
Q: What is your purpose then in writing the chapter entitled "The Assassination of Tricky"?

A: Well, to me it seems so obvious what's going on in that chapter that I feel uncomfortable having to explain it. . . . What's revealed here, I hope in all its ridiculousness, is the discrepancy between official pieties and unpleasant truths. On the one hand, I have tens of thousands of people flocking to Washington to confess to assassinating President Trick E. Dixon, and on the other, the television commentators who persist in describing these self-avowed killers as though they were the mourners who crowded into Washington after President Kennedy was killed—or President Charisma, as he is called in the book. It really isn't Nixon and his friends who are being mocked in this chapter so much as the platitudinous mentality of the media. (Pardon the Agnewesque rhetoric; I assure you there's no similarity between the Vice President's attitude toward TV and my own. That he should find this utterly conformist medium, these mammoth corporations like NBC and CBS, to be heretical and treasonous is a perfect measure of his powers of social observation.) Partly the point is that Tricky, living or dead, in the White House or in the grave, is unworthy of such tribute, but the joke in that chapter entitled "The Assassination of Tricky" is largely at the expense of network blindness. The implication is that the mass media are essentially purveyors of the Official Version of Reality, and for all their so-called "criticism" of the government, can be counted on, when the chips are down, to cloud the issue and miss the point.

Lastly, I think that chapter is concerned with the fine art of government lying, but then so is the entire book.

Q: Let me press you further on this chapter, "The Assassination of Tricky," with a question that some people might want to raise about it. Won't certain details in that chapter be particularly disturbing, if not repellent, to those who continue to grieve over the death by assassination of the two Kennedy brothers and Martin Luther King?

A: Grief is one thing, and sentimentality is something else. I would hope that even Mrs. Martin Luther King and Senator Edward Kennedy would agree that every time we allude to an act of criminal brutality, such as the murder of a national leader, it is



not necessary to draw a long face and make pious testimony to our abhorrence of violence.

I think, really, what is "disturbing" about that chapter hasn't to do with sorrow over the Kennedy brothers and Dr. King anyway, even if some readers are going to think what's upsetting them is that I'm riding roughshod over that emotion. What is truly unsettling here, as in all serious literature that deals with murder, is the imaginative exploration of a violent fantasy. To give an extreme example: what could be more unsettling than reading *Crime and Punishment*? I recently assigned it to a literature class and found those students whose habit it is to read a novel straight through the day and the night before class in a state of anxiety and exhaustion that had to do with something more than just going without their sleep. Reading *Crime and Punishment* is a disgusting, if not repellent, experience, among other things; so is watching *Othello*. Even Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*, which just toys with the theme of parricide, has been known to cause audiences in Ireland to riot.

In *Our Gang*, the farcical comedy seems to me to work to *becalm* such anxiety as is aroused in the reader by a parricidal (or, I suppose, regicidal) fantasy made "real." It doesn't dilute it as much as in a Bugs Bunny cartoon—where the violence is morally inconsequential because of the utter silliness of the situation—but there is a similar kind of relief felt, as a result of the comedy. However, simultaneous with the pleasure taken in the harmless, make-believe, sadistic fun, the reader of *Our Gang* can't help remem-

bering that Presidents of the United States *have* been assassinated and that it is within the realm of possibility for President Nixon to be assassinated too. So suddenly it's not so funny after all—and, frankly, I think what is then most disturbing to the reader is that he has found himself *enjoying* a fantasy that he has known in reality to be terrible.

Now, if that chapter were to inspire *only* horror, or *only* pleasure, I would consider it a failure; its strength as satire seems to me dependent upon maintaining a certain gleeful uneasiness in the reader. After all, isn't arousing contradictory emotions and challenging moral certainties a good part of what literature aspires to do?

Q: Do you think President Nixon will read *Our Gang*? You know, in Aristophanes' comedy *Knights*, Cleon, the Athenian ruler at the time, is viciously ridiculed and mocked. He's accused of war-profiteering, extortion, and political blackmail, and generally portrayed as degenerate and dishonest. He competes in the play against an offalmonger—today's equivalent might be a garbageman—for the favor of the people of Athens, and when he loses, the offalmonger becomes the ruler and Cleon becomes an offalmonger, drinking water from the baths and brawling with whores. Yet Cleon came to the play himself as a spectator, and the state awarded *Knights* a first prize in the contest for which it had been written and produced.

A: Well, I don't imagine Cleon was thrilled by what he saw. . . . FDR used to enjoy the Gridiron Club parodies of himself presented by members of the Washington press corps—or he was clever enough to pretend to enjoy them. But funny as those Gridiron Club parodies can be, they don't cut deep in the ways that Aristophanes does. Cleon's presence at the performance of *Knights* only proves what we already know: there never has been and, from all indications, won't be again, anything to equal the political sanity and sophistication of Athens in the fifth century B.C.—Aristophanes' own complaints about the place notwithstanding.

(By the way, I read an editorial in the New York *Times* recently, deploring the latest prohibitions against freedom of the press invoked by the current Greek government. The editorial noted that among the writers who could not have met these stringent government requirements was Aristophanes. Of course, it was entirely in character for the *Times* to strike a high cultural note on the editorial page with A Great Name Out of the Remote Past, but somewhat comical if you remembered that only a few years back, they ran another editorial castigating writers like Barbara Garson, whose satire on Lyndon Johnson, *Macbird*, is the closest thing we've had in America—whatever its literary shortcomings—to po-

litical satire in the brutal and impious manner of Aristophanes.)

In the best of all possible nations, I imagine the ruler would *choose* to attend a festival of satiric comedies, commissioned by his own office to be written to ridicule his pretensions and expose his weaknesses; that's what the leader of the best of all possible nations would do, along with throwing out the first ball at the beginning of each baseball season. I read where Mr. Nixon recently made a trip to Canton, Ohio, to celebrate the induction of Y. A. Tittle into the football Hall of Fame there. Probably there was an antiwar demonstration going on in Washington at the time, and so he had to hotfoot it out of town, but one would hope that just such religious devotion as our President has to professional sports, the leader of a utopian democracy would have for ruthless satire.

Again, I'm not arguing that attendance at these satiric performances would necessarily affect the leader's policies or his character. Watching Aristophanes' *Knights* didn't change Cleon any, and *Lysistrata* didn't end the Peloponnesian Wars and save Athens from disaster. Something R. P. Blackmur wrote, in a different context, may help explain what I think might be derived from getting the Cleons go to see themselves mocked. Blackmur said: "The true business of literature, as of all intellect, critical or creative, is to remind the powers that be, simple and corrupt as they are, of the turbulence they have to control."

From a political point of view, it isn't what Aristophanes said about Cleon that mattered, but that he demonstrated such things could be said in that circumstance: "right in the Führer's face," as they sang in *The Great Dictator*. Though I've described political satire as essentially a literary act, I will say that there is something appealing to me about its defiant side. More so by far than its instructional or didactic function. After all, who doesn't know that Nixon's a fraud? So what else is new? But to make indecorous, vituperative comic art that announces that fact with all the gall you can command is to demonstrate that there is a world of feeling and ideas and values that remains unimpressed by the Official Version of Reality. Frustrated as we are in the face of governmental treachery and stupidity and heartlessness, we still have the right to hate our governors for the deeds they perpetrate in our name and at our expense—better, the *freedom* to hate, the freedom to be contemptuous, disgusted, and outraged. Political satire is to the freedom to hate what churchgoing is to the freedom of religion. Now, making satire may not be what Jefferson or Madison had in mind by "liberty," but it's nothing to sneeze at: nobody in 1984 goes around ridiculing Big Brother.





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AMERICAN CHRISTMAS

A story by John Fergus Ryan

Ah, the traditional Thanksgiving dinner: Flash-frozen peas; jellied cranberry sauce; baby gherkins; Thaw 'n' Bake pies; stuffing made from a packaged Mix; and turkey: a golden brown, self-basted turkey, baked by Walgreen's Drug Store.

And all of it bought, one way or another, on Time. It was at such a Table, in their three-hundred-dollar-a-month apartment, that Corliss turned to his wife and said:

"Let's not Fool with Christmas."

"Don't start That again this year," snapped Neeva LaVee. "You know that kind of talk makes me Nervous!"

"I want a killer dog and a Sports Roadster," said their five-year-old son Benje, who had long blond ringlets.

"He's picked that up somewhere—'a killer dog and a Sports Roadster,'" said Neeva LaVee. "That's all he wants."

"I guess we'll have to get it for him, then," said Corliss.

"I wish just One time we could Christmas shop early, like everyone Else," said Neeva LaVee. "All of our neighbors already Have their presents bought and their trees unpacked and Up."

"You know I have to Arrange for the money," said Corliss.

Corliss was a junior executive in gummed labels and paper tape.

During the next week, he found two other junior executives in his

office who agreed to co-sign a loan for him, through the firm's Credit Union.

From it, he got enough cash to make one payment on each of his three Little signature loans downtown and two payments on his Big loan, the one secured by his household goods, and bring it up to date.

With his Big loan current, the finance company agreed to renew it, and from That, he got enough to pay the five hundred dollars past due on his bank credit card, and was then Free to use It to pay for Christmas.

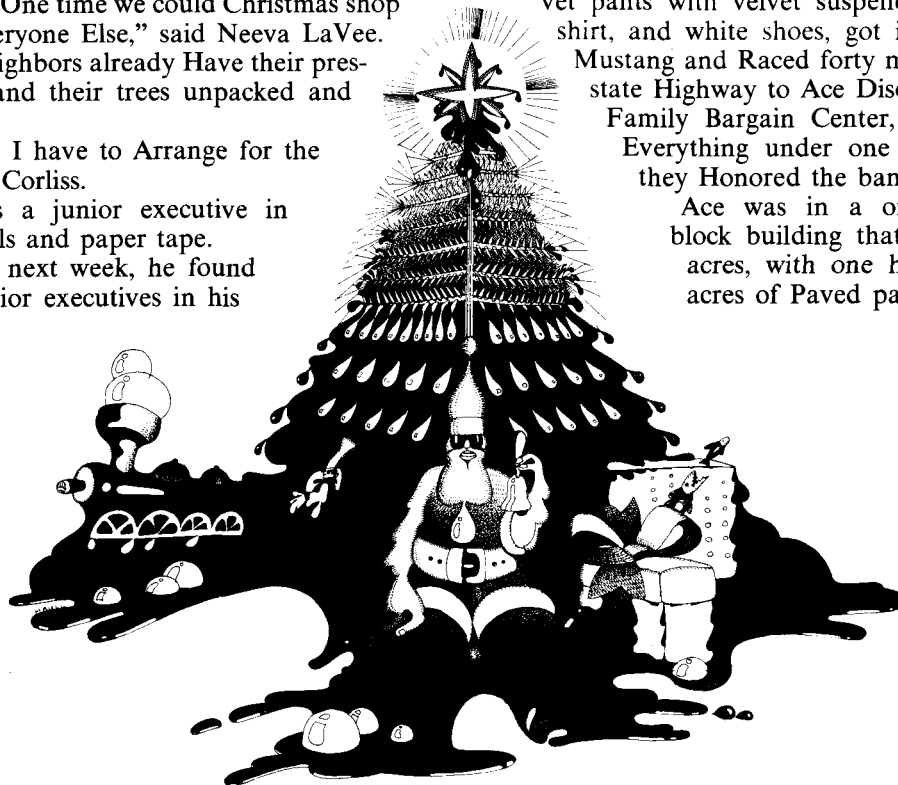
There was not enough Left to make a payment on either one of his two automobiles or on the motorboat.

He did have fifty dollars cash, and that, together with his Christmas bonus, ought to be enough to pay for Holiday parties, Spirits, and baby-sitters for Benje.

Corliss was now Set for Christmas shopping.

On the second Saturday in December, he, Neeva LaVee, and Benje, dressed in his little Outfit, velvet pants with velvet suspenders, Frilly white shirt, and white shoes, got in the late-model Mustang and Raced forty miles on the Interstate Highway to Ace Discount and Import Family Bargain Center, where they had Everything under one roof, and where they Honored the bank credit card.

Ace was in a one-story concrete block building that covered fifty-six acres, with one hundred and fifty acres of Paved parking around it.



Corliss pulled in as Close as he could get, or about six city blocks Away.

It was 9 A.M. when they entered.

A recorded choir of one thousand voices was singing "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" over a public address system.

All the merchandise was Imported from Hong Kong and made of chemical fibers and plastics that gave off vapors that Stung the eyes and burned the nose.

Neeva LaVee had made a List.

They had to buy nice things for her brother's family because he was in Computers and knew about Cost and because his wife had been to Italy.

She had been an Army brat.

Corliss' sister and her two children would get Less because she was a widow living on Social Security and, worse, a Liberal Democrat.

The rest of their family was Old and mostly Foolish, and for them, it would be the Thought that Counted.

After that, there was Benje, then each other.

"We're going to stay right here until we get Everything!" said Corliss.

Neeva LaVee threw away her list as soon as she started looking around.

By noon, they had bought one gift, a fifty-pound red clay pot, which Neeva LaVee was going to paint Apple Green and Off White and wrap up for Corliss' grandmother, who had a rubber plant that would Go in it.

Corliss carried the flowerpot in his arms, up and down the aisles.

It was beginning to snow.

Once during the morning, Corliss had turned and his family was Gone.

Later he found them in Boys Clothes. Neeva LaVee was having Benje fit for a little Lord Chesterfield coat.

"He doesn't Need a coat," hissed Corliss, so the salesperson would not Hear.

"He does Need a coat," hissed Neeva LaVee.

"I does Need a coat!" screamed Benje.

They bought the coat, then went into the Jiffy Junior, next to Housewears, for hamburgers and the Like.

It came to seven dollars for the three of them.

More shopping.

By three o'clock, Neeva LaVee was saying they were going to have to get the Nicer things, for her brother's family, at one of the Better stores.

They took Benje to Toy Town and stood in line for an hour so he could see Santa Claus.

Santa put Benje on his lap and snapped a picture of the two of them with his foot.

An assistant pressed a numbered stub in Neeva LaVee's hand.

"Save this moment with a color photograph of your child and Santa Claus. You can Charge it."

Benje insisted they get his picture.

More waiting.

Corliss' head started aching.

"Damn! Damn! Damn!" he said.

"Why must you always ruin my Christmas?" pouted Neeva LaVee.

By four thirty, Corliss' head was about to Pop and he was Swaying.

"Let's go Home!" he said.

"Let's go over Again what we've Found," said Neeva LaVee.

They had an artificial aquarium, with two hundred plastic goldfish, which even a child could assemble, and a Device that caused the water to Bubble just like a Real one, which they had chosen as a Family gift for Corliss' sister and her children; a fifty-pound flowerpot, which Corliss had dropped once and which was now Cracked; a pair of fiber glass pajamas which Neeva LaVee had bought for Corliss; a plastic Toucan in a real bamboo cage, for Neeva LaVee's maiden aunt; and fifteen sacks of Punch-Out 'n' Put-Together plastic toys for Benje.

"Let's go around once more and see if we can't find Something else," said Neeva LaVee.

Corliss raised the flowerpot high over his head and Dashed it to the floor.

"I just Hate you when you behave like that," said Neeva LaVee.

It was seven o'clock when Neeva LaVee agreed to leave, but only because she had been standing Near when the security officer sprayed disabling gas on a suspected shoplifter, and she felt she needed the Air.

"What about supper?" asked Corliss.

"Can we Stop somewhere?" asked Neeva LaVee.

Corliss looked in his wallet. He had twenty dollars left.

"I guess so," he said. "What can we Do with twenty dollars?"

They raced back along the Interstate Highway, seventy, eighty miles an hour and just did Make the exit to Seafood Quickies, Thirty-seven Locations in the City.

Corliss parked on the Quickies lot, three blocks away from the building, and they all bundled up and ran In, through the snow.

"What shall we Have?" asked Corliss, looking up at the menu painted in eight colors on the wall.

His head ached Fierce.

"I wish we had enough money to get a Lobster Waffle," said Neeva LaVee.

"Wobster Waffle! Wobster Waffle!" screamed Benje. "I wanna Wobster Waffle!"

"You'll get Trout-In-A-Wink, and Like it," snapped Corliss.

"I wanna Wobster Waffle! I wanna Wobster Waffle!"

"Get him a Wobster Waffle, Daddy," said a strange Fat woman to Corliss.

"He likes Trout-In-A-Wink," said Corliss.

"Don't we have Enough to get Him a Lobster Waffle?" asked Neeva LaVee, in a Whisper.

"Two Trouts-In-A-Wink and one Lobster Waffle," said Corliss to the man behind the counter.

Instantly, he was handed three little cardboard boats containing the food.

"Sorry it took so long," said the man, in a Zombie trance.

Corliss and his family sat in a corner by the window.

Outside, hundreds of automobiles were racing by on the Interstate Highway, on the way to Ace Discount, which was open all night.

Corliss relaxed a little and his headache seemed Less.

Neeva LaVee was right. They would have to get her brother something Nice, perhaps one of those nylon and fiber glass thermal blankets made in South Korea.

After all, last Christmas, he gave Benje a U. S. Ma-

rines in Combat Action Coloring Book and a real Jap bayonet.

Of course, they had to keep that Up.

He gobbled his Trout-In-A-Wink. Icelandic Sea Trout from the Frigid Arctic Waters of the Northland.

Woodrow and Thelma, who lived in the apartment building with Corliss and Neeva LaVee, entered.

"Been shopping?" asked Thelma. "Aren't the stores just Full of Pretties! And just wait until you see Ace Discount!"

"We've seen it," said Corliss.

"Isn't Benje cute in his little outfit!" said Thelma. "What's Santy going to bring you, Benje?"

Benje shrugged his shoulders, then closed his eyes Tight and shook his head.

Then he opened his eyes and said to Thelma:

"I peep when you and my Daddy play Smacky-Mouth!" □

THE ANIMALS by Robley Wilson, Jr.

When they are
underfoot we tolerate them;
they are stupid
but docile enough.

We invent them
good intentions—they adore
children; they are warm
at the foot of the bed.

If they are noisy
it is because they miss
home, or whimper
for lost brothers;

we make a community
with them. And when
they lick our hands
for salt,

or follow us for food,
or lie dozing
against our legs at dark,
we talk to them as if

they understood. We
are weighty with love
we cannot articulate
for them, nor they for us.

Our lives are dumb
show—the sensual engagement
of our flesh with fur
and claw, with rough tongues

we take to be instruments
of kisses. O animals!
we cannot disbelieve in
their souls;

we cannot fault
the innocence of their eyes.
If they kill,
it is from a need

whose portents we are not
privy to; if they are cruel,
they obey laws
we are too civil to heed;

we excuse them by habit.
By habit
we are a fond accomplice
to their Nature.

WARNING: THE CHAIN SAW COMETH

by Paul Brooks

"The timber industry is not worrying much about the wildlife on Admiralty Island or anywhere else . . ." and unless there is a potent public outcry, the U.S. Forest Service is about to preside over the destruction of the largest stand of virgin forest in the United States.

Say "Admiralty Island" to the man on the street and he will think vaguely of the South Pacific; mention the environmental crisis in Alaska and his mind will turn automatically to the oil pipeline. If you don't know about Admiralty Island, Alaska—as I didn't a few months ago—that is because the conservation battle now reaching its climax there has had little press coverage. The money involved, though considerable, is peanuts compared to the oil leases on Prudhoe Bay. There is no new technology, no spectacular engineering feat, to lend drama. On the contrary, what we have here is an old story.

In the grass bordering the main (and only) street of Angoon, the Indian village on Admiralty, lies a corroded ship's cannon salvaged from the beach, embossed with the imperial eagle of Russia. It is a reminder that Southeast Alaska has been subject to violence and exploitation since Captain Vitus Behring, in the service of Peter the Great, sighted this uniquely beautiful land over two centuries ago. In nearby Juneau, as you enter the elevator in the principal hotel, you are confronted with a bas-relief of the supreme exploiter of them all, Count Alexander Baranof, enslaver of Indians, first king of the fur trade that was to bring the fur seal and sea otter to the brink of extinction. With his tight lips and prize-fighter's nose, Baranof makes General Patton look like a peacenik. Though the Russians are long since gone, this is still an embattled country, where entrenched economic interests and militant con-

servationists are locked in a bitter struggle. At stake is no less than the largest stand of virgin forest in the United States.

Over one hundred miles long, and averaging twenty-odd miles in width, Admiralty (so named by Captain Cook) is approximately the size of New York's Long Island, but there the resemblance ends. Its population consists of about four hundred Tlingit Indians and a handful of non-natives, concentrated in the ancient village of Angoon. The interior is mountainous and rugged, without roads or even trails; the coastline is broken here and there with deep, rocky inlets and sinuous bays. A blanket of evergreen forest, roughly two-thirds hemlock and one-third Sitka spruce, covers most of the island, varied only by an occasional small opening of muskeg, by mountain peaks with surrounding parklike meadows, and by a dozen or so freshwater lakes. Whales, porpoises, and seals feed in the coastal waters; waterfowl breed in the salt marshes; trout flourish in the lakes and streams, and—beginning in late summer—salmon fight their way upstream in awesome numbers to spawn and die. Bald eagles and Alaska brown bears abound. No wonder that, as far back as 1931, the island was considered for a national park. But that dream has long since faded. With the coming of statehood, Alaska's timber industry has gone into high gear. Admiralty lies at the heart of the Tongass National Forest, temptingly accessible to Juneau and Japan. It is about to become a part of the largest timber sale in American history.

Southeast Alaska's coastal islands have, of course, already been heavily logged. In fact, Admiralty is the *only* sizable island left in approximately pristine condition. With such vast forests available elsewhere, allegedly being harvested on a "sustained yield" basis, is it necessary to throw Admiralty into the pot—so precipitously and so irrevocably? Or is it worth saving? If you want to make an unemotional judgment, don't set foot on the island. You will return, as my wife and I did after a week's visit, highly prejudiced.

You may even join the ranks of the “preservationists”—persons who got that way, according to the Pacific Logging Congress *Handbook*, “because of too few trips to the woodshed to be taught old-fashioned values.”

From Juneau one reaches Admiralty Island by floatplane or by boat. On our first trip we combined the two, cruising up the principal inlet before settling at Angoon. The tide was dead low when we reached the island, and the long dock had no float. Knapsacks on our backs, we climbed up the thirty-foot ladder and then lowered a rope for our suitcase. As we walked up the dirt road to our quarters near the schoolhouse, ravens croaked and whooshed overhead. The frame houses and even the white church on the hill—topped by the ancient cross of Russian orthodoxy—were built on piles. (We noticed that the family wash, in this land of little sun, was hung under the houses.) The village appeared all but empty, for despite a diminishing salmon run, three quarters of the families were away from home, working briefly in the canneries. Jobs for these Indians are scarce, and experience elsewhere indicates that they would benefit little from a logging operation on their doorstep. As their old way of life has disappeared, the Indians have gone on relief. With the decline of the salmon, many canneries have closed. Currency in the trading post is largely food stamps. What hope there is for the future seems to lie in the modern, well-run school, where talented young teachers from around the country seek to introduce these children from another age—many of whom have never been off the island—to the frighteningly complex world around them.

As the clouds lifted that evening, we looked westward to the snow-capped, glaciated mountains of Baranof Island. At the water's edge, a man and boy were gutting several large halibut, while a circle of gulls and crows and ravens waited to move in. Among the rocky headlands at our feet, we found miniature wild gardens of bluebells and columbine and Queen Anne's lace; the slopes above were covered with blueberry, salmonberry, and huckleberry bushes, and bright patches of purple fireweed. The dark, round object drifting offshore turned out, in our binoculars, to be the head of a seal.

A week's time is barely enough to sample this vast roadless area. In memory, scene blends into scene: deep bays with porpoises plunging and families of young harlequin ducks volplaning over the surface; on the nearby shore, the dark, lithe form of a mink darting among the rocks; flocks of Canada geese honking in long V's, all against the backdrop of the centuries-old forest. From the broad grass flat bursts a flock of mallards; we hear a single, quavering cry of a loon.

And the bald eagles. To an Easterner, the sight of one of these great birds is landmark for the whole

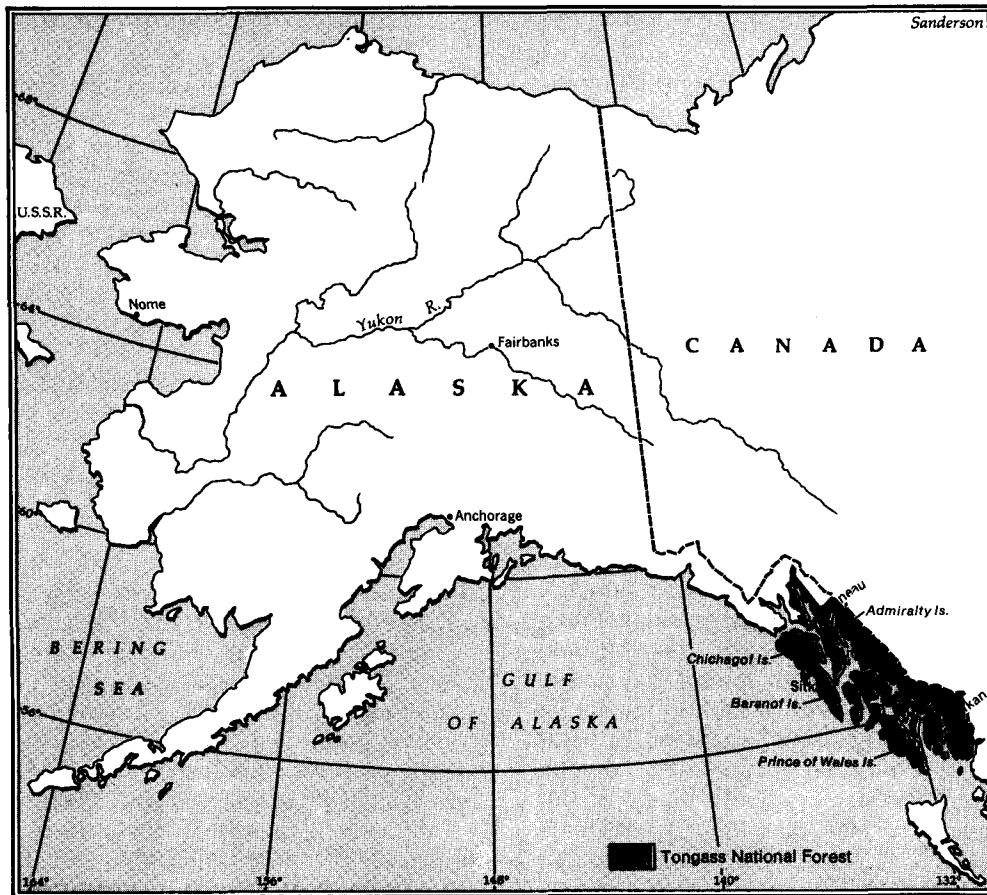
summer; here we could see several at a time, the white heads of the adults brilliantly visible against the dark trees on which they perched. We watched them fishing, and we learned to recognize their curiously high pitched scream. We saw a young bird being harassed by a mixed flock of ravens and crows. Where we come from, young eagles are ominously scarce. Perhaps only in Alaska is the future of the species assured.

Always we were aware of the tides, which ran to over twenty feet. One morning, under the skilled hand of our friend and navigator, the little outboard motorboat fought its way through a roaring, swirling tide rip, like a salmon snaking upstream through the rapids. One forgets that this is salt water; I almost stooped for a drink. But then we entered one of those magic tide pools, bright with swaying sea anemones and brilliant orange starfish. The stream at the head of the bay where we disembarked was packed with humpback and dog salmon, some swimming bravely against the current, others, already having spawned, flopping feebly in the shallows till they died or were taken by a bear. The tall grass along the bank was flattened by the bears' passing; rotting fish heads and backbones filled the air with their stink. We followed a bear trail along the shore, pausing now and then to peer far into the lush, dark woods—a virgin forest with wide spaces and long vistas between towering spruce and hemlock, dead limbs festooned with old-man's-beard, young seedlings on decaying trunks, spongy sphagnum moss carpeting the forest floor.

On another day we flew to a conservation area on the east side of the island where we could get a close-up view of bears feeding on the salmon. (Red-carpet air service in Alaska is pleasantly informal. Since our floatplane couldn't drift quite up to the beach, our pilot, in rubber boots, carried us ashore piggyback.) As we followed the forest trail upstream, screaming gulls and croaking ravens, who feed on the bear's leavings, showed that there was a bear around the bend. The Alaska brown bear is larger than his cousin the grizzly—averaging 800 to the latter's 600 pounds—and when he stands on his hind legs to look you over, the sight is impressive. Apparently ponderous, he moves like a flash as he seizes a fish from the water. One keeps one's distance, particularly when there are cubs.

Admiralty Island has always been a bear-hunter's (and more recently a bear-photographer's) paradise; today, the bear population outnumbers the human by about two to one. But they need wilderness to survive. Logging camps, logging roads—and even worse, the highway that is planned—would spell their eventual doom. Like wolves, they are still considered “bad” animals, and they do not coexist happily with man.

Many Alaskans—sportsmen as well as conservationists—feel that Admiralty Island is worth saving for its bears alone. An even stronger case can be made for preserving one of the last refuges of our na-



tional bird, the bald eagle, which we watched with such joy during our days on the island. Poisoned by slow accumulation of DDT, which inhibits the formation of eggshells (some eagles in the Central States are laying eggs with no shells at all), the bald eagle is an endangered species everywhere but in Alaska. On Admiralty Island the eagles flourish; the breeding population of between four and five hundred pairs is greater than that in all the "lower 48" states combined. Largest of its race, with a wingspan reaching up to eight feet, the Alaska bald eagle is not primarily a scavenger; it prefers fresh food, and it is oriented toward the sea. The eagles' nests on Admiralty, when plotted on a map, make a dotted line clear around the island, each nest in the first or second big tree from the shore.

Eagles need stalwart old trees to carry the nest mass. They will not return to a cutover area, even seventy-five or eighty years later. Yet if the logging proceeds as planned, these great coastal forests will be the first to go. The federal Fish and Wildlife Service does insist that a hundred-yard radius be saved around each nest, which might result in an almost continuous fringe of old-growth forest—at best, the minimum for precarious survival.

The growing public concern for the future of our national bird could have far-reaching effects on more than the eagles. The timber industry is not worrying much about the wildlife on Admiralty Island or anywhere else—neither about the Sitka deer, which during severe winters need the shelter of the old for-

est for survival, nor the economically important salmon, whose spawning would suffer from silt in the rivers and fluctuations in water temperature when the shade of the forest was gone. Small birds and mammals not suitable for sport killing are ignored. The bears get attention, because sportsmen have money and political muscle. But the eagles are in a category by themselves. Their nesting sites are protected on orders from Washington, and the loggers are forced to listen. How appropriate if these great birds should be instrumental in saving this priceless wilderness and its other wildlife.

The citizen ordinarily thinks that our national forests are already safe under the trusteeship of the U. S. Forest Service. He is right in theory, but he would be appalled if he knew the facts. The Service is in the business of timber production, through sale of logging rights. Here in Southeast Alaska it has just made the biggest deal ever. The statistics are staggering. Involved are nine *billion* board feet—enough lumber to build a plank road from the Arctic Circle to the tip of South America. But don't be deceived; the sale has nothing to do with the American housing shortage. The bulk of the harvest will be ground into pulp, and virtually all of it will be shipped to Japan. The Forest Service has made three fifty-year contracts for logging in Alaska. The first is with Georgia Pacific at Ketchikan, the second with the Japanese-owned Alaska Lumber and

Pulp Company in Sitka—currently being sued by the Environmental Protection Agency for polluting and massive fish kills. The third, which has been challenged in court, is with U. S. Plywood-Champion, all of whose output goes to Kanzaki Paper Manufacturing Company Ltd., Tokyo. For reasons obscure to the outsider, this third sale was made *after* the Forest Service realized that it had grossly overestimated the amount of timber in the areas allotted to the first two companies—in the case of the second sale by 797 (seven hundred and ninety-seven, lest you think that was a misprint) percent. The probable result is that Southeast Alaska will be stripped bare of its virgin forests to fulfill all three contracts.

To some professional foresters, this is fine. They estimate that 95 percent of the “commercial” forests—that is, trees worth cutting—in Southeast Alaska are what they call “overage.” The quicker they are felled the better, so that “thrifty, fast-growing young trees” may take their place. (In 1968, the *Regional Forester* said that 98.5 percent of commercial timber in the Tongass National Forest would ultimately be “harvested.”) Well and good perhaps from the point of view of timber or pulp production alone, though other experienced foresters violently disagree. But technical arguments aside, is that the only legitimate use of a national forest? What about the much touted principle of multiple use, with which the Forest Service automatically puts down any critic of its policy?

The phrase “multiple use” is comforting but widely misunderstood. In a national forest you can designate some areas to be logged, some saved for recreation, some preserved as wilderness. Once you have clear-cut an old forest, however, you will never have that forest again. You can have a tree farm, on which you grow a crop of even-age trees as a farmer grows corn. In time, a tree farm may become quite photogenic. But those expensive full-color advertisements of the big timber companies, those paintings of squirrels perched on mossy stumps, are misleading. We need tree farms, as we need cornfields; but don’t call them forests.

Experience in Alaska shows that the thicket of young trees that follows clear-cutting is initially impenetrable. When it’s a little older, you can get through it on hands and knees. But by the time it has reached mature size, it is ready to be cut again. Talk of “multiple use” *within* such an area is less than convincing, which is not to say that the principle is wrong or that the Forest Service has ignored it. After all, the very concept of a “wilderness area” originated within the Service over forty years ago. Many areas of the national forests have been set aside for recreation, including the finest of the interior lakes on Admiralty Island. The Service has a high level of professional competence; many of its employees are outdoorsmen and naturalists committed to the cause of conservation. Yet everywhere one hears the criticism that the Service, like so many government agencies, has become the captive of the industry it is

supposed to regulate. A committee from the School of Forestry at the University of Montana, formed at the request of Senator Lee Metcalf, reported that the U. S. Forest Service’s dominant interest is “lumber production to the exclusion of delicate ecological and social concerns.” It is manipulated by special interests who want to make a short-term killing. This approach, says the report, is “completely out of step with the interests and desires of the American people.”

Can the voice of the people be heard on Admiralty Island? The Sierra Club believes that it can. To the fury of the local establishment, this national conservation organization has gone to court to try to invalidate the sale to Plywood-Champion. The reaction in some quarters of Juneau has been almost hysterical. On the road from the airport, one sees a sign on a motel: “Sierra Club News: More Alaska Jobs Killed.” On July 21, 1971, the *Southeast Alaska Empire* ran an editorial with the banner headline: “Sierra Club Go Home!” The lawsuit was described as “another attempt by outside interests to stifle the economic progress of Alaska.” The paper’s “letters” column erupted with anger and weird metaphor. “Never have we been faced with a serpent so deadly . . . the serpent engulfs us in its coils by legal procedures . . . encircling industry and citizen alike to feed its own stomach with unemployment. . . . It is time for the people to pick up their sticks and destroy this serpent commonly known as the Sierra Club.”

In its suit before the Federal District Court, heard in November, 1970, the serpent was joined by the Sitka Conservation Society and Karl Lane, a professional guide in Juneau. Five other conservation groups, both national and local, sought to join as co-plaintiffs, but were refused by the judge on the grounds that they lacked “standing.” The plaintiffs claimed that the Plywood-Champion sale violated statutes governing use of our national forests, “in that the major purpose of the sale is to establish a new industrial enterprise [that is, a pulp mill near Juneau] a substantial portion of the production of which will not be used for the use and necessities of the citizens of the United States.” They laid particular stress on the violation of the Multiple Use and Sustained Yield Act of 1960 in that the defendants had failed “properly to consider and balance outdoor recreation, watershed, wildlife and fish uses with timber requirements.” On the contrary they had “irrevocably committed themselves to an inflexible schedule of harvesting substantially all the operable virgin growth forests in Southeastern Alaska to the exclusion of all other legitimate uses of such forests.” The judge ruled against the plaintiffs on the ground that they had failed to exhaust administrative remedies before going to court—in other words, that they had acted too late. As to the claim that the Forest Service ignored the principle of multiple use, the judge pointed out that since the federal statutes contain no standards for assigning relative values to

competing uses, "the court concludes that this determination is committed to agency discretion and therefore unreviewable."

The nationwide implications of this latter conclusion, and the vast power it seems to allow to a single administrative agency, would suggest that the statutes need strengthening. As Richard Cooley wrote five years ago in his *Alaska: A Challenge in Conservation*: "Bureau autonomy cannot be tolerated in the field of natural resources." Meanwhile, the Sierra Club, strongly supported by local conservationists, has filed an appeal, to the apparent disgust of the Juneau business community. Two prominent retailers bought a double-page spread in the *Empire* denouncing the Club for interfering with "progress." It "should try to salvage the ecology in the populated parts of the U. S. where PLUNDERING has been going on, and let Alaskans make their own decisions and enjoy the great land we love."

Though lacking in logic in the current situation (Tongass National Forest does not belong to Alaska any more than Grand Canyon National Park belongs to Arizona), this outcry represents a defensive attitude toward the "lower 48" that the visitor to Alaska may find puzzling, but which in the light of history is understandable. Until very recent times, Alaska has been treated like a stepchild of the United States. For seventeen years following the purchase in 1867, it had no organized government at all, being administered successively by the War, Treasury, and Navy Departments. It then became a "civil and judicial district," but not till 1912 was it established as a U. S. territory, with its own legislature. Finally, twelve years ago, it achieved statehood. Alaskans have not forgotten the days before statehood when they had to pass through immigration to enter the United States. "Southeastern" has not forgotten its economic bondages to San Francisco and Seattle, nor the disastrous overexploitation of its fisheries under the management of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Now that the gold rush is only a memory and the salmon run has declined, the Southeast naturally looks to its forests to bolster the economy. The oil strikes may have made the state rich, but they haven't made jobs in Juneau. Anchorage may be booming, but Anchorage is two time zones away. The trees are here: we'll do what we can for the wildlife, and we'll get used to the stink of the pulp mill when the wind is from the north. In any case, islands like Admiralty are too big to be logged off all at once. It will take a long time. We'll save the east side for conservation—for a while anyway. "Sierra Club, go home!"

Those who label the Sierra Club an outsider forget that its interest in Southeast Alaska dates back to the days of its founder, John Muir, that it has been around longer than either the Forest Service or Plywood-Champion, and that its rapidly growing membership in Alaska is already at home. In the current lawsuit, it is defending basic principles of land use with which a vast number of Americans agree. After

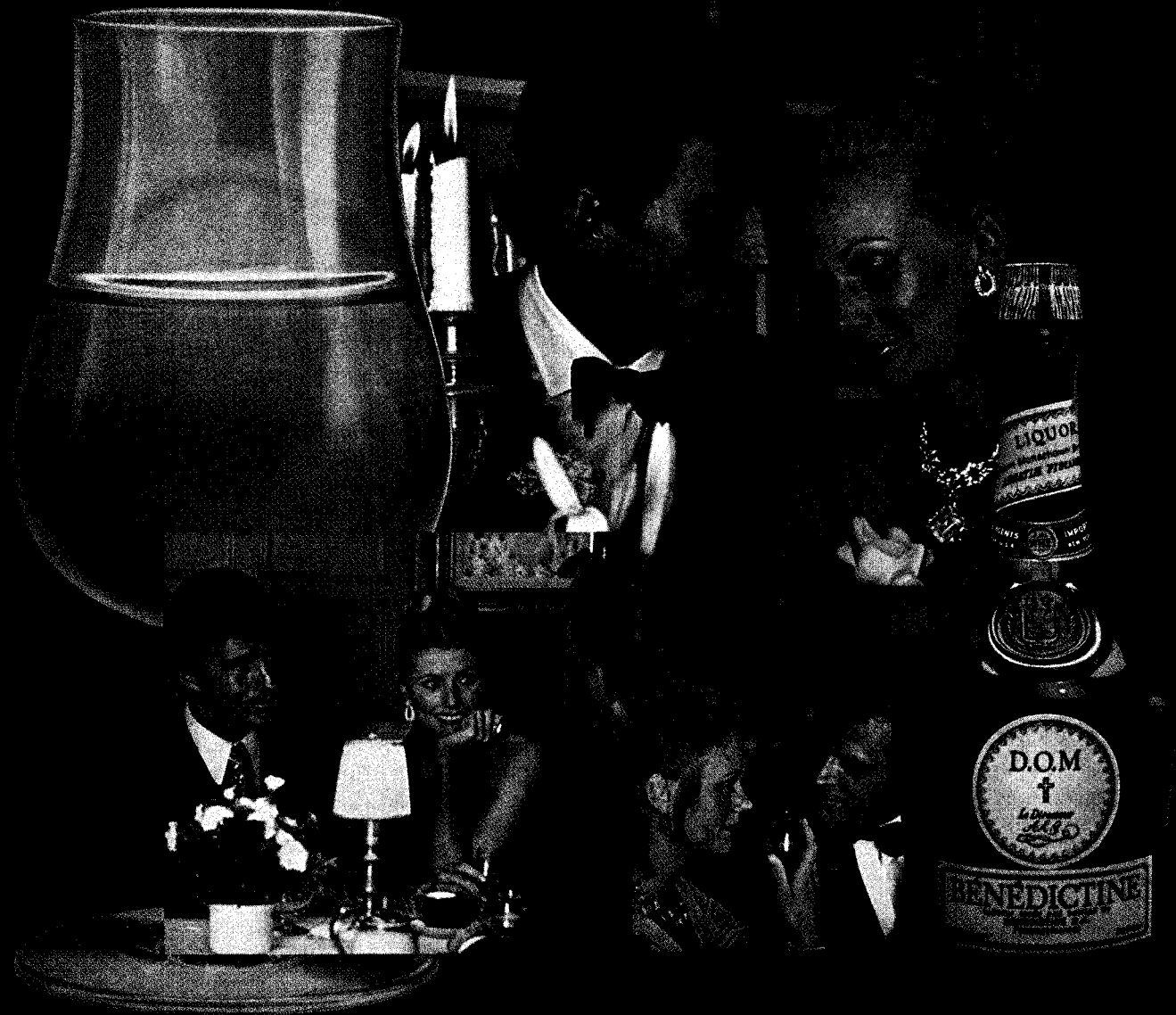
centuries of exploitation, we have now come to value wilderness for its own sake. In 1964, Congress passed the Wilderness Act to give permanent protection to those "primitive" and "wilderness" areas within the national forests that had already been set aside by administrative decree. Yet paradoxically our greatest surviving wilderness, in Alaska, is wholly unprotected, since no such areas have ever been established there. And the Forest Service flatly refuses to designate specific areas for preservation before the logging begins. The sequence is clear: cut now, plan later.

Twin shibboleth to "multiple use" is the magic phrase "sustained yield." The logging cycle is optimistically set (trees grow slowly in Alaska) at one hundred years. How can one reconcile this rate of growth with a fifty-year contract, which will require most of the existing commercial timber for its fulfillment? Even in terms of dollars alone, there is a fundamental contradiction in this immense timber sale. State agencies, chambers of commerce, airlines, the tourist industry are inviting visitors to Alaska to "get away from it all," to enjoy "pure wilderness," on "the nation's last frontier." In our overcrowded world, recreation may be Alaska's greatest long-term asset. Like the salmon run, it produces steady income, whereas an area once logged yields nothing for at least a century. But will tourists come to Alaska to stare at barren shores, to fish in polluted rivers, to hunt in tree farms? As one knowledgeable outdoorsman and author put it: "Alaskans . . . must now anticipate an era a generation hence when Southeast Alaska will have no operating pulp mills and no tourist industry—unless tourists of that day have learned to enjoy stumpland vistas."

The timber industry points out that much old-growth timber in the Tongass National Forest is too scattered or inaccessible to be worth cutting (at least for now) and is therefore available for recreation. In short, what they don't want will remain as wilderness. A perfectly natural view for the industry to take, as it is natural for the Japanese to buy their pulp where they can get it. This view has prevailed elsewhere throughout Southeast Alaska, as it has from earliest times on the American frontier. But as the passage of the Wilderness Act demonstrated, it is no longer the view of Congress or of the American people.

On Admiralty Island nature's cycle is as yet unbroken. But the chain saws are very close, ready to move in the moment legal roadblocks are removed. By chance or intent, the first areas to go will be the most scenic, the most valuable for conservation. The bears and the eagles, whose home this has been for thousands of years, have no direct voice in the matter. But they are powerful symbols of something priceless that we now realize we have all but lost: what Henry Thoreau called "the tonic of wildness." If enough voices are raised in their behalf, they may yet save this greatest of wilderness islands. □

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BACKTALK

MORE ABOUT I.Q.

Herewith a sampling of reader response to R. J. Herrnstein's discussion of Intelligence, Heritability, and Environment in the September *Atlantic*.

SIR: I would agree with Professor Herrnstein's position that questions regarding the heritability of intelligence and social and racial class differences should be "drawn from facts and reason." However, although most everyone would agree that heredity is probably a significant factor in determining I.Q. differences, few would agree that a numerical value of 80 to 85 percent can be either easily calculated or meaningfully interpreted to give precedence to heredity as compared to environmental variables.

Heredity apparently plays a relatively minimal role in the development of pragmatic skills such as spelling, arithmetic, general scholastic attainment, and scores on the Stanford Achievement Test. These scholastic findings are in agreement with Herrnstein's statement that "school performance responds to the environment substantially."

Given that heritability of I.Q. may not be as important as Herrnstein claims, and, second, that individual differences in pragmatic abilities are very much influenced by environmental opportunity, some doubt may be cast on Herrnstein's thesis that so-

cial reform, welfare, and educational enrichments will merely increase the "I.Q. gap" between classes and solidify classes based on inborn hereditary differences.

On the contrary, if (1) the heritability of I.Q. is less than proposed by Herrnstein, and (2) these pragmatic abilities of achievement are very much influenced by environment, and correspondingly play an important role in social adjustment, then the basic differences between individuals could be minimized except insofar as one pursued whatever social goals he desired.

FRED S. FEHR
Associate Professor of Psychology
Arizona State University
Tempe, Ariz.

SIR: There is little to be said about R. J. Herrnstein's article except that some white editors are seizing on Arthur Jensen's article to promote the cause of white supremacy. The foreword by the editors seemed especially racist. The author of the article managed to make it through twenty-one pages and never say a single good thing about the mental capabilities of black people.

An objective article would have noted that:

Black GI's from two states outscored their white counterparts from several states in World War II testing.

The Los Angeles school with the highest I.Q. in 1969 was 90 percent black.

A black school led Virginia in reading tests in 1971.

Studies show black-white comparability on I.Q. tests in rural Canada.

Two separate papers at the 1971 convention of the American Psychological Association found no relationship between race and I.Q. when social class is held constant.

One of the highest I.Q. scores ever reported was made by a black girl in Georgia.

The National Merit Scholarship Corporation reports that its black winners score well above the top 2 percent of the seniors in the nation.

Black inventors have filed 3000 patents since the inception of the patent office, including pioneering designs for the stoplight, blood plasma, ice cream, and potato chips.

Any black psychologist would have told an objective editor this before he went to press. I must therefore conclude that you did not want anything good about black mental capabilities printed in your magazine.

This is not new. Hitler's propagandists used the same tactics in the thirties while his metal workers put the finishing touches on the gas ovens.

WILLIAM F. BRAZZIEL
Professor of Higher Education
The University of Connecticut
Storrs, Conn.

SIR: Writing as an economist, I am in no position to argue with Richard J.

Herrnstein's findings concerning the importance of heredity in determining intelligence. However, the major conclusions which he draws from his paper are economic and social, and in those areas Professor Herrnstein demonstrates dangerously little competence.

He implies that the day is rapidly approaching when people with low intelligence and their children will find themselves permanently unemployed. This will happen, Professor Herrnstein feels, because I.Q. is inherited and jobs, on the average, are becoming increasingly more demanding intellectually.

When he discusses psychological questions he normally overwhelms the reader with supporting evidence, but what does he offer in support of this latter assertion about the economy? He merely notes that "backhoes are putting ditchdiggers out of work."

Obviously he hasn't made much of a case, and I would offer that there isn't much of a case to be made. My impression is, contrary to Professor Herrnstein's, that jobs, in the main, have become simpler and simpler from the beginning of the Industrial Revolution to the present.

The mental jobs that Professor Herrnstein feels have disappeared might well have disappeared because workers have, for one reason or another, been priced out of them. The remedy to the problem does not require a reversal of technical progress, as Professor Herrnstein suggests. One conclusion that an economist might draw from Professor Herrnstein's single observation is that ditchdiggers now cost too much to make their employment profitable because workmen with their talents are in much greater demand now than they used to be.

I admit that I have not come close to proving that jobs today generally require less intelligence than ever before, but neither has Professor Herrnstein proved the opposite, nor has a serious study, to my knowledge, been made on the subject.

GARY D. MARTIN
University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill, N. C.

SIR: The article on I.Q. by Richard J. Herrnstein is superb. However controversial some of its implications may prove to be, it is refreshing, in an

era when so many act as if serious subjects can only be treated unseriously (whether with clever chic or "relevant" emotionality), to read a lucid and careful analysis of a complex subject by a first-class mind. If anyone disagrees with him, I hope at the very least they respond with the same respect for facts and intellectual dispassion he has brought to this subject.

JAMES Q. WILSON
Harvard University
Department of Government
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Professor Herrnstein's historical review of the I.Q. measure underscores its arbitrariness. Indeed, it has not been possible to ascertain what intelligence is. However, instead of rebuking the founders of psychometrics for allowing such a lacuna to exist and be perpetuated, he goes on to commend Binet for his crafty evasion of this central issue.

Since the basic nature of intelligence is not known (that is, the number and nature of factors, their relative importance, and so on), and since all reported correlations derive from tests constructed in this climate of ignorance, we cannot intelligently determine the *scientific* significance of the relationships—no matter how *useful* they may be practically.

Since we have no idea precisely what features of the environment are essential to psychological development, all statements regarding the "equivalence" or "difference" of environments merely beg the question.

I cannot share Professor Herrnstein's anxieties, nor can I muster support for his dire forebodings. That genetics may limit the number of "Negro" accountants is something we'll not discover until we abandon the social practices that now set shameful limits on every phase of "Negro" life.

Even that unrelenting eugenicist, Plato, in the last Book of the *Republic*, reminds us that "Heaven is blameless." Thus, before giving in to the divine DNA, let's get busy on the obvious alternative.

DANIEL N. ROBINSON, PH.D.
Associate Professor
Georgetown University
Washington, D.C.

SIR: Richard Herrnstein's "I.Q." falls clearly within the field of neo-phre-

nology and is almost too anachronistic to deserve commentary.

One would think that the pseudo-scientific generalizations surrounding race and I.Q. had long been put to rest. But the ghoulish die hard. May I nevertheless say: "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust."

NATHAN HARE
The Black Scholar
Sausalito, Calif.

SIR: Had Richard Herrnstein been careful in analyzing the empirical data on social determinants of mobility and material success, he would have had to reach the following conclusions:

1. We use education as our first line of defense against upward mobility. Even though we have free public education, its spending pattern is regressive. At every level from kindergarten to Ph.D. candidacy, the number of tax dollars spent on a student varies directly with parental income.

2. Public schools are geared to place students at either their level of social origin or a slightly higher level. Regardless of a student's intelligence and ambition, significant upward mobility is actively discouraged.

3. Our meritocracy is a misnomer, as it is not based on individual merit, but on academic credentials. No matter how intelligent and qualified a job applicant may be, he is automatically excluded from consideration if he does not have the required diploma or degree.

4. Our schools have not been too successful in holding the line, but have yielded to pressures from the lower classes, which produced a rise in the national level of education. To counteract the consequences of that, the meritocracy is being used as our secondary defense. Increased amounts of formal education are being required for given occupational payoffs. The high school diploma, the bachelor's degree, and the master's degree have all been devalued as a political maneuver to prevent or at least retard the mobility of lower-class persons who earned them.

Herrnstein's views on the necessity of a hereditary caste system are consonant with reactionary and repressive trends in American society, but they are not scientifically valid.

DAVID M. GRAY
Philadelphia, Penn.

SIR: What are the reasons for the fifteen-point difference between Negro and white I.Q.'s?

1. Health differences, due to inadequate nutrition, eating lead paint chips in slum houses, and so on.
2. Lack of sufficient preschool parental instruction from parents who both must work, and in one-parent families.
3. The "goof-off" factor: many children, when confronted with an I.Q. test, may simply goof off and deliberately give silly answers through a lack of realization of the importance of the test.

It should, theoretically, be possible to factor out the effects of these three factors through large-scale tests within the Negro and within the white population (do white mothers who work, for instance, end up with lower-I.Q. kids than white mothers who stay at home, after allowing for average parent I.Q.?).

It should also be possible to run large-scale tests within the Negro population to determine the correlation between I.Q. and the degree of white ancestry (though it would require a brave researcher to conduct such a survey).

GLENN T. WILSON
*Southern Illinois University
Edwardsville, Ill.*

SIR: With the Liberal Repression still so much upon us, I was startled to see I.Q. and intelligence tests spread over the cover of *The Atlantic*. What has happened to the taboos? Is freedom of inquiry about to reassert itself—the freedom we once enjoyed to measure and describe the core variables that compose the human constitution? Praise be! And praise too for Herrnstein's solid and forthright article setting *intelligence* in proper perspective.

For the past few years, inquiry into the biological determinants of human performance has withered under a chill of hostility—and it turns out that there are many ways to starve and stifle the research you disapprove of. Lysenko managed the suppression of genetics in Russia as long as he had the political muscle to ostracize those who opposed his environmentalism. The Lysenko syndrome, with appropriate variations, erupted in this country as an ally of the idealism that stokes the aspirations we all share for

equality and racial justice. At the fever stage of the syndrome, we saw the august assembly of the National Academy of Sciences squirm in discomfort when goaded by one of its members to endorse research into the nature of racial differences.

In October, 1967, a statement read by the president of the Academy asserted that scientists had valid reason to shun such areas as "the separation of hereditary and environmental contributions to complex human behavioral traits and to racial differences in these traits." The valid reason? "None of the current methods can produce unambiguous results." Besides, data of uncertain meaning, it was said, might invite "misuse." For those and other reasons, the statement proceeded to "question the social urgency of a greatly enhanced program to measure the heritability of complex intellectual and emotional factors." Better to remain ignorant, perhaps, than to learn an ugly fact.

The Academy, remember, embraces the nation's top scientists, the ones from whom calls for freedom of investigation have often reverberated throughout the land. High principles gave way to spasms of hand-wringing when a mob invaded an Academy meeting and prevented a member from speaking about I.Q. and inheritance. Individual members of the Academy were shocked and perturbed when other mobs drove teachers from their classrooms. The repressive hysteria was backed by no government sanction like the one enjoyed by Lysenko, but the effects were much the same.

So vital an issue as human inheritance could not be buried, of course, and the Academy appointed a distinguished committee to weigh the problem. This time, the genetic-environment interaction was certified as socially urgent, and, since the interdisciplinary problem seems undermanned in relation to its long-run importance, the committee recommended "positive action." Research on the I.Q., its causes and conditions, may once again be in order. We shall see.

S. S. STEVENS
*Professor of Psychophysics
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.*

SIR: As Professor Herrnstein points out, we women have trouble main-

taining our high I.Q.'s, and thus I must confess I had great difficulty getting through his dull-normal prose. Of course my lack of concentration could be explained by this emotional trouble he says we women show slightly more than men. Professor Herrnstein is one *very bright* man. It sure has been a psychological burden being a bright woman in our culture, especially with all those *very good* jobs going to all those *very dull* men. Oh, gee, it's too late for me to get greater satisfaction out of my life by raising three sets of twins, like that *striking* case of the happy housewife with an I.Q. of 192. But maybe I can still find me a not-too-choosy writer who needs a hearty batch of stew cooked up for him every Sunday night, as Mr. C. Wright Mills explained to Mr. Dan Wakefield.

Don't know what's wrong with me—I sure have had plenty of role models. I too sat in Literature 311-312 with Mr. Appel and Mr. Pynchon and all the other Cornell boys and watched Véra Nabokov knit while Vladimir lectured. So how come I still have aspirations?

SUSAN BROWNMILLER
*I.Q. 162
New York City*

SIR: The Herrnstein article is the most accurately informative psychological article I have ever read in the popular press.

ARTHUR R. JENSEN
*University of California
Berkeley, Calif.*

SIR: Mr. Herrnstein's article on I.Q. in the September *Atlantic* contains many errors of scholarship. The worst, I think, is his statement that once we discover what in the environment affects I.Q., our natural urge "to give everyone access to the favorable factor" will result in a uniform environmental influence. To use the same allegory as Mr. Herrnstein used, I know of no evidence, scholarly or otherwise, to suggest that the improvement of people's diet (which seems to have caused an upward trend in height) has resulted in any trend toward uniformity of height. Nor is there any reason to believe that an improvement of the environmental I.Q. factor would or could be applied uniformly enough to cause a reduction in whatever percentage of environmental influence now exists.

I found many other problems with the Herrnstein report. His repeated references to the race issue and an almost total lack of factual description of racial I.Q. differences make me wonder why he was avoiding the real issue. Are the black-white differences in I.Q. really "statistically reliable"? Did the comparisons merely look at total populations, or did they attempt to cancel out social influences (for example, by comparing wealthy blacks with wealthy whites)?

Did the tests require any comprehension of written questions? And, after all is said and done, are we sure that the black children were actually *trying* to score well?

Concerning the failure of compensatory education to improve I.Q., I assume that Dr. Jensen was referring to such programs as Head Start. If so, it should be mentioned that these programs influenced the children only thirty or so hours out of 112 waking hours each week, or about 27 percent of the child's waking hours each week. And that did not continue year round. The vast majority of those students' time was still spent in the home environment, which, I assume, had not changed. Success or failure of the compensatory education should be judged on how it affected the child's grades in school, not his I.Q. Did the compensatory education programs have any beneficial influence in this regard?

MICHAEL A. DUNIHO
Laurel, Md.

SIR: It may be merely speculation to Professor Herrnstein that being bright is a liability to a woman in our culture, but I can cite at least one factual case. When I took an I.Q. test in seventh grade I deliberately did not answer the math part beyond the easiest questions because I did not want to be thought masculine. Since this was half the test, it obviously affected the score.

My main objection to the article is the assumed correlation of I.Q. points with "success" (mostly defined by economic criteria). There is probably an inverse correlation between very high scores and such success, since geniuses are usually too far beyond our criteria to be acclaimed in their lifetimes and those who don't make it don't show up in surveys. I also object to the slighting of other factors. Only toward the end does the author admit

they might be crucial too. I would say the ability to deal with people is much more important in achieving success in most fields than the tested abilities. I hope one of the significant achievements of the feminist revolution will be to start emphasizing human values, such as empathy, which present tests ignore since they were created by men who derogated them.

VARDA ONE
Everywoman
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: R. J. Herrnstein's psychological argument is sound enough; and its central implications have been verified by the work of distinguished scholars and advocates of the cause of the "culturally deprived," albeit reluctantly and usually with a rather different explanation. Thus both Frank Riessman and Christopher Jencks, I believe, have frequently noted that programs for "educational enrichment" intended primarily to benefit the lower-achieving—usually poor and/or black—children tend to widen the achievement discrepancy unless middle-class children are barred from the new facilities. Middle-class children are just that much better at using the kinds of resources available in schools—but that is what having a higher I.Q. means. It is also true that there is a major political problem—school administrators generally know quite well that, regardless of liberal rhetoric, they had better not allow the community's established pattern of winners and losers to get reversed, and further discourage the poorer children. But, basically, Herrnstein is probably right.

When he leaves his strictly psychological and genetic argument for social generalization, however, it gets stickier. "Human society has yet to find a working alternative to the carrot and the stick," he observes.

As a countervailing influence against hereditary stratification, there is apparently a built-in tendency for the sons of hard-driving, high-achieving, super-Yang, high I.Q. parents to be turned off the whole bit, and turn their own abilities, superior though they may be, inward, thereby making room for a lowly born, possibly less bright, but certainly less troublesome aspirant. He would almost certainly prove equal to the task. As Ivar Berg makes clear in his trenchant eco-

nomics analysis *Education and Jobs: The Great Training Robbery* (Praeger, 1970), American business and industry have trapped themselves in a circular demand for more and more highly trained employees, without examining the available evidence that, for the roles actually available, education tends to be negatively correlated to both productivity and job tenure. Unless it gets you to the very top, high I.Q. in a highly bureaucratized society is likely to involve people in more hassles than it's worth; though the longer record of certifiable schooling that usually goes with it may also gain them a higher place than their contribution to production warrants.

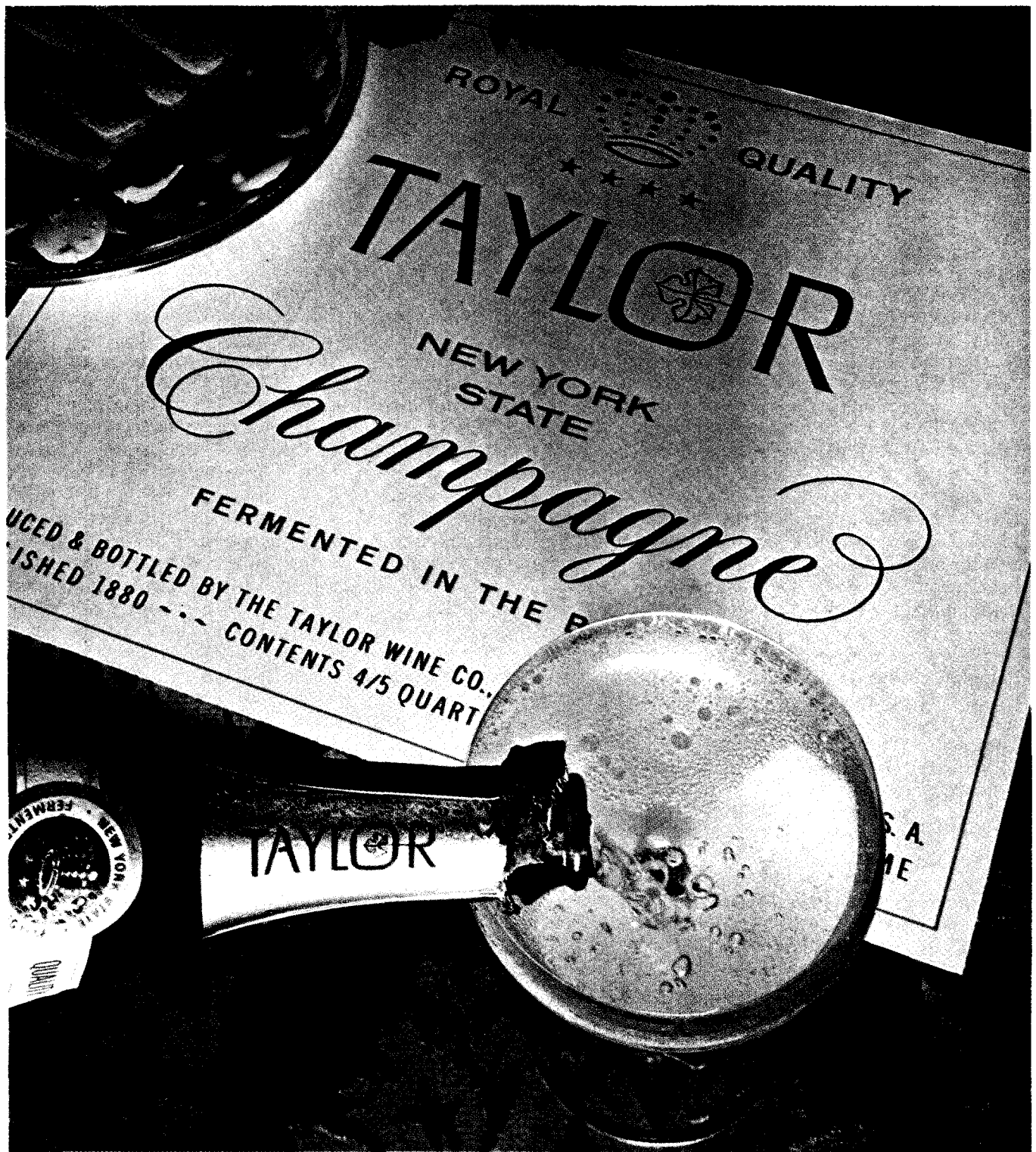
The implications of Berg's work for Herrnstein's argument are thus mixed, but tricky.

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG
Professor, Dalhousie University
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada

SIR: I want to congratulate you on R. J. Herrnstein's extremely courageous, forthright, and thoughtful article on the highly controversial subject of the inheritability of intelligence.

Herrnstein is very emphatic that the confirmed data pertain to individual variation within the *white* population and leave considerable latitude for many of the differences among races to be accountable for by environmental factors. One would hope from the point of view of ideology and social policy that all of these differences might be so accountable. However, I would like to add one point apropos social policy that Herrnstein might well have made. Regardless of the origins of racial differences in intelligence, there is a vast overlap in the distribution of intelligence in both races, and this overlap suggests most vehemently that the proper means of assessing the potential of an individual for intellectual attainment is his own individual intelligence, rather than his skin color. This comment should hold in any instance, but it is most pertinent in the light of Herrnstein's strong argument that existing tests are such efficient tools for assessing intellectual potential.

RAYMOND A. BAUER
Associate Professor
Harvard University Graduate School of
Business Administration
Cambridge, Mass.



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SIR: This is to lend my wholehearted support to your willingness to bring the important issues raised by Richard Herrnstein's article before the public.

ROBERT A. GORDON
Associate Professor
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Md.

SIR: In Professor Herrnstein's very fine and complex article, it seemed to me, there were two omissions.

First, there is insufficient attention to the impact of "anxiety." The American psychiatrist Harry Stack Sullivan compared massive anxiety to a blow on the head—that is, actually causing an amnesia. Children who suffer great anxiety would do less well on intelligence tests.

Then, there is the question of language in their background. Language and words are the tools of thought. I would think that children living an underprivileged life, with uneducated parents, would not have sharpened their grasp of certain principles. In the internal cybernetic feedback between thought and language, they are inchoate.

A third point occurs to me—a most important one: motivation. Children not motivated to try hard at anything—and many underprivileged youngsters have not had incentives to try—would give up rather readily, and so not show up well.

A last point is that I attempt, wherever possible, to obtain psychological and intelligence tests on every new patient of mine. I find it very helpful, even though it may only confirm an impression I have. And there is simply no question in my mind of the accuracy of a carefully administered I.Q. test, as well as of the various psychological tests.

NATALIE SHAINNESS, M.D.
New York City

SIR: First, I am writing to commend *The Atlantic* for publishing R. J. Herrnstein's article "I.Q.," the finest that I have seen outside of the professional literature.

Second, I am writing to correct one omission. Professor Herrnstein, citing Dr. Jensen, claims that estimates of the heritability of I.Q. are "based almost entirely on data from whites" and that "we do not know the heritability for I.Q. among blacks." This argument has been frequently ad-

vanced in opposition to genetic interpretations of the observable fifteen-to-twenty-point mean difference between U.S. whites and U.S. Negroes on intelligence test performance (see A. Shuey, *The Testing of Negro Intelligence*, New York, The Social Science Press, 1966). However, there are published studies on the heritability of mental test performance among American Negroes.

Drs. Osborne and Gregor presented a paper at the Instituto Internacional de Sociologia in Madrid in October of 1967 on "Racial Differences in Inheritance Ratios for Tests of Spatial Ability." The sample consisted of 172 pairs of identical twins and 112 pairs of fraternal twins from two Southeastern American states, of whom 43 twin pairs were Negro and 241 twin pairs were white. Eight different spatial tests were administered to the total sample, for whom four different heritability ratios were calculated. As much as 78 percent of the within-family variance was "accounted for by hereditary factors." Only one spatial test—the Object Aperture Test—yielded consistently higher heritability ratios for white children than for Negro children. The authors concluded that "the hypothesis of the differential rate of genetic or biological contributions for whites and Negroes on spatial test performance must be rejected."

In 1969 Dr. Osborne and Frank Miele published a paper in *Perceptual and Motor Skills* (Vol. 28, pp. 535-538) entitled "Racial Differences in Environmental Influences on Numerical Ability as Determined by Heritability Estimates." Using the same sample of white and Negro twin pairs, Mukherjee's Simple Arithmetic Test was administered to the group, and four different heritability ratios were found to be "not significantly lower for Negroes than for whites." The authors concluded that "environment cannot be credited with playing a more significant role in the development of numerical ability of Negro than of white children."

The above studies thus lend further support to a genetic interpretation of the mean differences observed between U.S. whites and U.S. Negroes on intelligence test performance.

DONALD A. SWAN, B.A., M.A.
International Association for the Advancement of Ethnology and Eugenics, Inc.
Queens Village, N.Y.

SIR: Professor Herrnstein's key error is in supposing that a society has no choice but to allocate its members to jobs in a manner as close as possible to that dictated by strict economic efficiency. He is perfectly correct in claiming that the social welfare is, to some extent, served by attaching unequally high rewards to the tasks which require the greatest amount of (scarce) high intelligence and which contribute most to the common good. The point, presumably, is that even those who must contribute to the high pay of surgeons or nuclear physicists by a reduction in their own incomes derive some benefit from having the ablest men and women in those sensitive positions. But it seems not to have occurred to Professor Herrnstein to ask two questions, the answers to which throw the inequalities in our society into a very different light.

First, how much of the unequal reward given to the intellectually elite is necessary to draw the best candidates into the key positions, and how much is, so to speak, surplus inequality which produces no additional social benefit worth the cost? Even if we grant that high pay and high prestige will draw the talented to brain surgery, is it really true that a potential brain surgeon must hope to earn ten times as much as a manual laborer before he will commit himself to medical training? If three times as much would do the trick, then the rest of his added reward would have no justification, even by Professor Herrnstein's argument.

The second question is this: granted that we benefit socially by social inequality, do we value social equality highly enough to be willing to pay some sort of price for it? If the answer is yes, how high a price will we pay, as a society? Mightn't we be willing to give up the added total productive output achieved by inequality, in order to eliminate that inequality? Perhaps we would be willing to sacrifice added excellence in the management of our corporations, but not in our hospitals. Such choices are not dictated for us by the logic of genetics or statistics. They are collective social choices which we, as a society, are free to make in a number of different ways. The closer we move to Professor Herrnstein's genetically stratified society of the future, the less satisfied we may become with the principle "From each according

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to his inherited ability; to each according to his market value."

ROBERT PAUL WOLFF
Department of Philosophy
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Mass.

SIR: I found Professor Herrnstein's article on the I.Q. a reasoned, careful, and objective treatment of the subject. My only reservation about the piece has to do with the implications (which I am sure Professor Herrnstein did not intend) that it may leave in the minds of some readers about current attempts to redress certain social inequalities. Let me be more explicit.

Professor Herrnstein correctly says that "Greater wealth, health, freedom, fairness, and educational opportunity are *not* going to give us the egalitarian society of our philosophical heritage" and suggests that inherited differences will be more rather than less pronounced as a result of a more equitable environment for the entire population.

What Herrnstein fails to make clear is the difference between *absolute* and *relative* variability. As the environment becomes more uniform, its contribution of heredity *relative* to the environment will increase. It is also true, however, that the *absolute* amount of variability of intelligence within the entire population will decrease. It is simply a statistical fact that if you eliminate a factor that contributes to the variability of a trait within a given population, the absolute amount of variability for that trait in that population will necessarily diminish.

We know that the frequency curve for I.Q. for blacks is displaced downward about ten to fifteen points below the comparable curve for whites. For blacks and whites together the absolute variability extends from the bottom of the curve for blacks to the top of the curve for whites. Now suppose that the difference between the two races were entirely attributable to environmental circumstances and that, by the grace of God, these were all eliminated. The two curves would now be identical, and the absolute variability for the population would be much less than before. The remaining variability, however, would be almost entirely due to heredity.

Now, what troubles me about Herrnstein's presentation is that he

might be read as implying that efforts to remove the environmental factors that displace the curve for black intelligence downward are not worthwhile, since they will not remove the inequality due to inherited ability but increase it. It is, nonetheless, still important to remove the environmental barriers to the full realization of intellectual ability. What we seek is *relative*, not absolute, equality. There should be as many blacks, Chicanos, and Indians, proportionately, at the upper ends of the intelligence curve as there are whites at that end. The fact that inherited differences will always be with us should not dissuade us from trying to make such differences equally distributed across the same range for all racial and ethnic groups in the population.

I only hope that Professor Herrnstein's excellent article will not be used as an argument for discontinuing programs aimed at bringing the intelligence curves for minority groups within the same absolute limits as hold for the majority white population.

For almost a half century, American social science overemphasized the effects of the environment and denied the contribution of heredity. Today we are in danger of going to the opposite extreme and of adopting a "do nothing" attitude because it is "impossible" to fight hereditary givens. Surely the answer is somewhere between these extremes. We can, and should, continue to work toward human betterment in the modest hope that our efforts will help some minority-group individuals attain a higher occupational and economic status than they would have enjoyed had we not intervened.

DAVID ELKIND
Professor of Psychology
University of Rochester
Rochester, N. Y.

SIR: I find the evidence completely convincing that different jobs require different minimum levels of intelligence and that different individuals are born with different upper limits on the development of this attribute.

However, the suggestion that high income and high status must of necessity coincide with high mental ability appears to be a statement about the status quo in Western culture, a separate proposition entirely from

the first, with no inevitable relationship between the two.

The only "success" that is necessarily linked to intelligence is the achievement of competent performance in a given job or role. Granted that it is desirable to fit ability to job, does it follow that the best working conditions and the esteem of the community must also be matched with income differences of five- or ten-to-one to achieve this result? Does Professor Herrnstein suggest that university professors would all become lumberjacks if the pay were the same, or even somewhat in favor of the lumberjack?

None of this detracts from Professor Herrnstein's proposition that a more uniform environment, greater mobility, and a higher mix of skilled jobs in the economy will lead to a sharper segregation of groups according to inherited characteristics. This much seems inevitable. Must it be labeled undesirable?

By what strange path have we reached the conclusion that a professor "ought" to be paid more than a nurse or a policeman working shifts, weekends, and holidays? And that talented people will stop being engineers, doctors, and teachers without the kind of income differences that exist today?

A. D. HUTCHEON
Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada

SIR: For the past twenty years, I have worked off and on as a writer of test items. I believe that we test-item writers have something important to say about the race-intelligence correlation controversy.

The question whether race correlates with intelligence really boils down to the issue of how many items can be written which correlate with intelligence but do *not* correlate with race. If the answer is a very, very large number, then the race-intelligence controversy will lose its significance.

Unfortunately for black people, most of today's intelligence test items were written long ago during an age of even greater racial prejudice than now. These items correlate with race, since it was a prevailing belief then that race was a *criterion* of intelligence.

Even today, I know of very few blacks employed as test-item writers,

although they have certainly distinguished themselves as writers of other kinds of prose.

CHARLES W. SLACK, PH.D.
The University of Alabama
Birmingham, Ala.

SIR: Among the Eskimos the big man is the one who can give the most away. The happy Eskimo, therefore, is the one who succeeds in catching the biggest fish, because he can then excel his neighbors in generosity. In our society we seem to encourage our ablest people to catch the big fish, which they then wave about in the faces of their neighbors, and being unable to eat it all themselves, they sit on it until it stinks.

M. J. HARRISON
Georgetown, Ontario, Canada

SIR: Your article "I.Q.," by Richard Herrnstein, is by far and away the most concise yet comprehensive and perceptive that I have ever read, and I read everything in that field I can get.

HERBERT NEFF
Tennessee Wesleyan College
Athens, Tenn.

SIR: I was amazed that Professor Herrnstein could rate the I.Q. as a significant social influence, since it is just a number that reflects one form of general learning speed. A gross ratio is a vague indication, and in the final analysis the I.Q. does not measure anything real. Whole sums abstract the real meaning of specific subtotals, so that a brilliant aptitude can be lost in a mediocre I.Q. All that the I.Q. ratio does is to measure an average of processes along artificial tracks which converge to make the classroom. And that is where learning speed is all that counts for success. Once this is understood, it becomes clear why motivational quotients have a higher predictability accuracy of academic success than I.Q. scores.

In the real world learning speed is not as important as character and learned values; in other words, direction. People going in the right directions always win out over those moving nowhere at a faster speed.

I think that Herrnstein made his presentation too complicated. Not only he but Jensen, too, tends to confuse the reader when they attempt to link race to intelligence. I know that

they really mean a statistical group related by racial and social characteristics. But since the genes for skin color and physique do not also function to determine intelligence, they should leave race out of the discussion altogether. Intelligence, according to their theory, is the product of a gene that should manifest itself only in social success, or an I.Q. test.

CARL SENNA
English Department
University of Massachusetts
Boston, Mass.

SIR: The assumption that our minds should be exempt from the genetic laws that govern the potentials of our bodies has always seemed to me absurd. To that extent I can therefore only view Professor Herrnstein's article on the I.Q. as long overdue. But when I see how environmental circumstances can ruin or enrich the dynamic qualities of our bodies, such as muscular strength, digestive capacity, sensory acuity, and so on—as distinct from static features such as body form, hair color, and so forth—I now find it difficult to believe that circumstances can have quite as little to do with how our minds perform as the geneticists seem to claim.

Very, very roughly speaking one might say that we inherit a machine for living, if Corbusier can forgive the misappropriation of his expression. The output of a machine, of course, depends upon the input as well as upon its design. The comparison of .95 heritability for white in the fur with only .30 heritability of milk yield in Holstein cattle is very interesting. Hair color is part of the machine, milk a product of its functions. Responses to intelligence tests are certainly an output of our mental machine and not a part of it. (It might conceivably even be argued that what we call our minds are actually functions rather than features of our persons, in which case responses to intelligence tests would be products of a product of ourselves.)

It is my ignorant impression that an I.Q. that showed great variability according to time and circumstances would be condemned as unreliable. The method of testing would either be discarded or improved upon till it gave more stable results. To ensure comparability, great efforts have been made to devise methods that would secure great consistency of measure-

ments under all conditions. If this suspicion has any foundation at all, however slight, the use of I.Q. statistics to disprove the significance of environmental factors is quite as irrational as the justly criticized disregard of genetic factors ever was. To get at the final truth perhaps we need an Environmental Quotient (E.Q.) for the development of our minds, quite as unaffected by the I.Q. as the I.Q. is by the E.Q. But, if my suspicions should be groundless, there are still other possible sources for concealment of environmental influences in the I.Q. statistics.

Much is made of the statistical persistence of innate superiority through all the years of life. But this measures only the product, not the sources and forces of production, and offers great dangers of falling into the trap of reasoning from population statistics to the dynamics of individual development. Of course, our genetic endowment does persist, but it is also true that the mentally alert child will have more stimulating interactions with its environment than the dull youngster, and so will accrue to itself more environmental benefits for the mind from the same surroundings, regardless of their quality. Mental superiority should therefore not only be expected to endure but to reinforce itself through life. The quantitative stability of the group relationship between bright and dull in population statistics therefore tells us very little about the role of the environment in the development of the individual. To get at that by mass statistics we would need absolute, not relative, measurements of intelligence.

It is difficult to argue with the logic of Professor Herrnstein's prediction of a future world largely in the actual, if not the juridical, control of a hereditary meritocracy, so long as we assume that present value systems will endure. Perhaps it is only wishful thinking to look for other possibilities. But when we consider that the predicted development of our society would probably mean the *de facto* governance of the gay perceptual majority of mankind by a dour judgmental minority, the urge to search for alternatives becomes irresistible. The principal product of our intellect is material progress for the individual and for the species. The implicit, if not the explicit, definition of personal success used in

Professor Herrnstein's article clearly confirms this statement. But the intellect has already provided us with the means of supplying our material needs with very little effort, if we could only learn to do it in a rational and ethical manner, with service rather than creditable obsolescence as the criterion of desirability. When material needs cease to be of primary concern, is it not reasonable to expect that our esteem, and other rewards, for our fellowmen will gradually be transferred from the suppliers of goods and theories to the creators of joys and happiness to fill the easing hours of our well-fed existence? In other words, that prestige may come to be based more and more upon qualities of personality, with emphasis upon emotional attributes, rather than upon the characteristics most directly related to the I.Q.? Perhaps we are already witnessing the beginning of such a trend in the growing respect paid to charisma over logic.

ALBERT EIDE PARR
*Director Emeritus, The American
 Museum of Natural History
 New York City*

Professor Herrnstein replies:

Several of the writers scorn the idea that society will continue to arrange a scale of occupations, with some carrying greater standing, and perhaps also income, than others. Can we not, they wonder, be like the generous Eskimo sharing his catch or the thoughtful runner waiting until all the competitors can cross the finish line together? But what happens to those Eskimos and fleet Pacific islanders to make them so admirable? What rare and not necessarily wholesome circumstances conspire to blot out overwhelming human differences—in both natural endowment and social effectiveness? It is all very well to yearn to end the blight of differential rewards, but the cure may hurt more than the disease. Nothing in history says that we can disregard the scale of value in human effort and still preserve a productive, densely populated, and influential society.

Professor Wolff believes in the gradient of social standing, but wonders how steep it really needs to be. I do not know the answer to his question. He may be right when he implies that it is too steep. But he may be wrong. At some point, if the

gradient is shallow enough, able people will no longer be drawn into the socially more useful and demanding occupations. There are some people who feel that that time is upon us already.

Professor Robinson is still uneasy with the pragmatic definition of intelligence, based largely on our expectations for a test of intelligence and on technical requirements for reliability and convenience. But, to recall a point in the original article, that is not peculiar to intelligence or even to psychology. All measurement starts as a bootstrap operation, as the inventor tries to achieve his goals with instruments that are reliable, understandable, and useful. In the case of I.Q., the high heritability plus the high correlations with success in school and work proves that the bootstrap was worth pulling.

Mr. Gray finds me "reactionary and repressive" because he thinks I advocate a hereditary caste system. He, in contrast, would prefer increased social mobility and improved education. Unfortunately, as my article recounted, the greater the opportunities for social mobility and for equal education, the greater the social stratification according to biological factors, like inherited intelligence. This does not make me disfavor social mobility, nor do I welcome hereditary classes. But whatever we like or think, the former will tend to create the latter.

Mr. Duniho is confused about heritability and environmental enhancement. Improving the environment (for height or I.Q.) does not make either height or I.Q. uniform; it makes the environmental contribution to the variability in height or I.Q. more uniform. And when the environmental contribution is more uniform, the heritability goes up, as the article said.

Professor Fehr implies that there is little correlation between I.Q. and scholastic achievement. Apparently, he is a hard man to impress, for the correlation is about 80 percent between I.Q. and objective tests of scholastic achievement. Professor Fehr further says that "doubt may be cast" on the I.Q. gap between classes if we discover "pragmatic" abilities that respond to environmental improvement. His textbook non sequitur is readily countered: the I.Q. gap between classes refers to the I.Q. gap

between classes, not to pragmatic abilities, whatever they are.

Professor Senna says that the I.Q. is just "general learning speed," and "does not measure anything real." The former assertion has been experimentally tested and disproved; the latter is metaphysics.

Professor Martin finds me deficient in economics because I supposed that automation tends to shrink the labor market for people with low I.Q.'s. Although he knows of no contrary evidence, he thinks my supposition wrong. I refer him to a paper by R. W. Weiss, E. Harwood, and D. Riesman, "Work and Automation," in *Contemporary Social Problems*, edited by Robert K. Merton and Robert Misbet (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1971). There he will find ample data confirming the (to me) self-evident supposition that automation tends to shift available work toward higher intellectual requirements. This is not to deny that it has also displaced master bakers and master carpenters. The question is whether the *average* I.Q. in the jobs outdated is higher or lower than in those newly created, and the answer seems clear.

Concerning racial and ethnic differences in I.Q., I am not ready to move from the agnostic position I took in the original article. Mr. Swan feels that the evidence for some degree of inborn racial differences is stronger than I acknowledged, while Professor Brazziel faults my failure to come to the opposite conclusion. But whatever the right answer about group differences, it is already perfectly clear that the individuals within all those groups, minority and otherwise, span the entire range of abilities, from top to bottom. *Group* differences, in other words, provide no warrant for racial or ethnic discrimination for or against *individuals*, whether the group differences prove to be genetic or not. The high heritability of neither I.Q. nor height can be used as a proper argument against environmental enrichment, whether more milk for children or educational innovation. In either case, the genetic potential must be realized in some environment or other, which we should strive to make as wholesome as we can for everybody. In that sense, I concur with Professor Elkind's cautions against the misuse of the facts about I.Q. □

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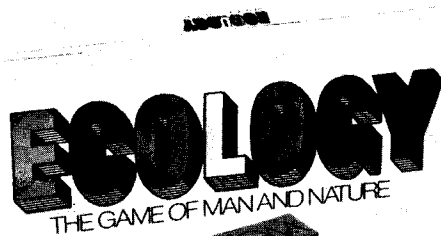
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GEORGIA O'KEEFFE AT EIGHTY-FOUR

by Leo Janos

"Imagine owning turkeys who appreciate the genius of Monteverdi."

The morning sun streams into the courtyard of Georgia O'Keeffe's ranch house on the floor of a vast desert valley. Although it is early, the sun is warm on a crystal fall morning as she hoists her long black skirt and climbs a ladder onto the one-story adobe roof. Arms outstretched joyfully beneath the full sleeves of a black Japanese kimono jacket, she embraces an awesome panorama of towering yellow- and red-stone cliffs, mountains, and outcroppings like an ebullient high priestess.

"This is my world," she exalts. "There is my mesa."

She sits on the edge of the roof in the warm sun, telling me how the valley was formed, how eons ago the great Colorado River burst through the region with such force that it ripped mountains in half and relocated the halves twenty miles apart. She frowns. "I simply can't conceive of such beginnings or ends, can you?" The stillness of the place is absolute as she turns her face to the sun. It is a majestic face of old age: pinched tight around high cheekbones, elongating the downward thrust of the nose, hooding the darting gray eyes in pleats of loose skin. But her teeth are white and strong, her smile touchingly warm. A single silvery puff of cloud appears over a distant mountain. "Oh, no, no, no," she says in despair, "my perfect sky is ruined."

Ghost Ranch is her summer home, where in the cool desert night she often spread a mattress on the roof and slept under the milky starlight in younger years. But it is too remote for winter living, so toward the end of September the chimneys are covered with rocks to keep out field mice, the place locked and shuttered

while she waits out the icy blasts at her second home in the tiny village of Abiquiu (pronounced A-bee-q). "I store my belongings, sleep, and work in Abiquiu," she says, "but I do my living at my ranch."

She was gone from Abiquiu much of last winter, escaping temperatures as low as thirty below zero, while supervising the hanging for three major retrospective exhibits of 121 drawings and paintings at the Whitney in New York, the Art Institute in Chicago, and, last spring, at the San Francisco Museum of Art. The works embrace the whole of her creative life—from 1915 to the present. The three exhibitions had attracted large, enthusiastic crowds and glowing critical reviews which she had carefully filed in a large black box. Critics have been kind to her since the beginning of her career, but there have also been long periods of neglect and of being shunted aside as irrelevant. But now, the only American artist whose exhibits produce larger crowds than O'Keeffe's is Andrew Wyeth, who, she admits, "does what he does well." Most surprising to her was the large outpouring of young people to her shows, the appreciative letters they are sending, some enclosing gifts of interesting stones to add to her collection, one package containing a costly dress two sizes too large. The young people say they admire the integrity and clean lines of her work. "I'm enjoying their reaction," she says.

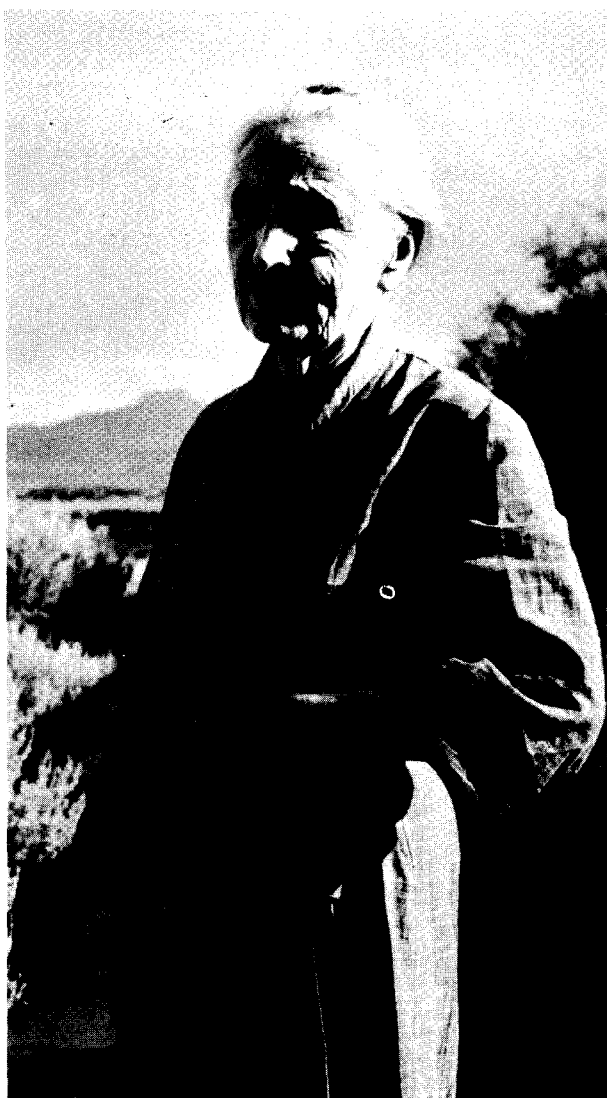
While looking through her retrospective catalogue, she had confessed an inability to select a particular painting as an example of her finest creation; but she had no doubt that much of her best work had been accomplished while she was young. So she was pleasantly surprised to learn that one of the most admired paintings displayed in the retrospective was a picture completed only last year, of a smooth black rock resting on a white base against a blue desert-sky background. Called *Black Rock With Blue*, it now

hangs in the small dining room of her Abiquiu home, the artist having refused a substantial offer for it. Two other rock paintings are in varying stages of completion in her Abiquiu studio, including a brown rock of almost sensuous beauty and texture which clearly pleases her. O'Keeffe's art has always focused on particular objects, lavishing on them long periods of attention and numerous paintings before moving on to something else. Indeed, she traces her career by subject: "my large flower period," "my bone period," "my cloud period." On tables lining the recessed patio of her ranch courtyard are the neatly arranged relics of periods past: the bones of cattle and horses picked off the desert floor, the cow's skull hanging from a nail over a doorway, and dozens of rocks and stones of all shapes and colors.

In 1944 she painted a masterpiece of abstraction called *Pelvis I*, and she hands me the pelvic bone, its edges now chewed through by mice, and tells me to look at the deep blue sky through the hip socket. Indeed, the result is typically O'Keeffe: a sharp, clean, unique vision of nature. "I wanted to test the form and shape against the very blue desert sky," the artist explains. "It was a very impulsive gesture, but that is how my bone period began."

She studied art in Chicago and New York, and by 1912 had given up painting. "A look at the French and Dutch masters convinced me that their bowl of camellias was better than mine. So what was the use of continuing?" So she decided to stop painting and start teaching, taking a job as supervisor of art in the public schools of Amarillo, Texas. Living in the Texas Panhandle thrilled her: "In winter, the wind swept over the plains with such force it would overturn the few Model T's then on the road. It was wonderful." In summer, she would sit in the darkness for hours watching furious displays of heat lightning, and her sharp eyes would catch the beams of auto headlights far in the distance, watch them dip in the road so that only two shiny halos would surface in the inky blackness. One morning, she sat in the driver's box of a horse-drawn taxi because of an unruly drunk seated below and watched the dawn break over the plains. At this moment, she decided to begin painting again seriously.

Drawings and watercolors followed. One series of three abstract watercolors was entitled *Light Coming on the Plains*. In 1915 she sent a group of these new drawings to a friend in New York with strict instructions not to show them to anyone. This admonition was disregarded by her friend, who took them to the pioneering photographer Alfred Stieglitz, a devoted champion of modern art. He decided to exhibit the drawings, and O'Keeffe, who was then in New York, heard about it and was furious. "I decided to march on his place and force him to take the pictures down," she recalls, "so I marched with real gusto, rehearsing all my scornful lines in the elevator on the



Georgia O'Keeffe

way up, only to discover that Alfred was not there—he had jury duty." The drawings stayed up in a successful one-woman show, and a relationship began which led to the marriage in 1924 of the striking, strong-willed thirty-seven-year-old artist and the brilliant, moody sixty-year-old photographer.

Recently, over dinner in her Abiquiu home, she provided some fascinating details about those twenty-two years in the Stieglitz circle. "I married into a volatile madhouse of a family. Alfred was brilliant and overbearing—a spoiled child, really, who had to be spoiled in order to be what he was, if that makes any sense. He hated to be alone, always wanted people around him. But I was a creature of solitude. Even in a family of seven brothers and sisters, I would usually play alone, sewing dolls' clothes. But throughout my marriage, visitors streamed to our apartment." Alexander Calder was a special favorite; he designed a pin for her with her initials OK which she always wears.

"In those days people weren't buying paintings, period. Achieving any sort of recognition was ex-

tremely difficult, especially for a woman painter. I began painting my very large flowers, thinking not only that it provided a unique perspective on a familiar object, but frankly, that it would make New York take notice. Many years later, I discovered that ancient Japanese flower paintings were very similar to mine. But I didn't know about those paintings then. I remember Alfred looking at my first painting of a large flower, squinting at it and muttering, 'Well, Georgia, you aren't planning to show anyone *that*, are you?' I sold that painting for \$1200—he was impressed, I can tell you."

In 1929 she traveled to New Mexico for the first time. The beauties of its mountains and deserts overwhelmed her. She stayed at Taos in the home of D. H. Lawrence, who had died the year before, leaving behind his wife, Frieda, and a devoted friend, Lady Dorothy Brett. O'Keeffe could barely conceal her surprise at Lawrence's choice of a wife. "I had an idealized, preconceived notion of the woman who would win Lawrence, but here was Frieda, short and frumpy, her hair too curly, like after a permanent, her mouth filled with gold teeth, wearing red stockings and a skirt which looked as if she had used it to clean a frying pan. However, Lawrence's home was beautiful. There was a carpenter's bench under the tree outside, and I used to lie on it at night and watch the stars glitter through the branches. I painted that scene; it's a picture that still pleases me. I remember one rollicking dinner party in that house in which Brett served up rice and canned spaghetti for the guests, using the draperies as a tablecloth."

Taos was lovely, but she never considered settling there. "No privacy in the place; everybody knew everybody else's business," she explained.

Although Stieglitz was far from enthusiastic about her trips, her summers in New Mexico were established. "Alfred once admitted that he was happiest when I was ill in bed because then he knew where I was and what I was doing," she said.

During the summer of 1934 a friend offered to give her driving lessons, so they drove in a Model T far out into the badlands until they arrived in a valley which became for O'Keeffe the apotheosis of New Mexico itself. There, as far as she could see, were mountains, mesas, gulleys, precipices, dry waterfalls of every imaginable color—lavender, blood red, black, yellow, and purple. As clouds covered the sun, the colors would change in a hundred different ways. To her delight, she discovered that a New Mexican rancher named Pack had built a small adobe ranch in the heart of the primeval valley. "As soon as I saw it, I knew I must have it," she said. "I can't understand people who want something badly but don't grab for it. I grabbed." She bought the place in 1940 after renting it for several summers. Stieglitz never saw Ghost Ranch, which she believes is just as well. "He would

have asked one question: 'How far to the nearest doctor?' The answer was fifty miles. That would have been enough for him, no matter how lovely the scenery."

But even for someone as thirsty for solitude and in love with the landscape as was O'Keeffe, the remoteness of Ghost Ranch posed formidable problems. Food had to be purchased in Santa Fe, fifty miles to the south. Canned foods were tiresome, but growing a vegetable garden was an extremely unlikely proposition on the hard-baked crust of the desert floor. In 1945 she bought an abandoned adobe, being used as a stable and pigpen in a small mountain village to the south. The place had a vegetable garden.

The hamlet is situated on a steep hill overlooking the lush, green oasis of the Chama Valley irrigated by the waters of the Chama River, a tributary of the Rio Grande. It is a valley of rich grasses and full, tall cottonwoods. Two centuries before, a Tewa pueblo had been constructed where Abiquiu now stands, a crumbling, sleepy community of 200 villagers of Indian and Spanish descent who speak in a special dialect. The villagers are experts in the arts of adobe-building—the men in mixing the mud, straw, and water; the women in spreading it smoothly and evenly. The stables enjoyed the best view, and O'Keeffe turned them into a large studio-bedroom, the side facing the valley and surrounding mountains almost all window. While work proceeded on the house, another group of workmen labored to build a high adobe wall around the property. Stieglitz died in 1946, and it took his widow more than two years to settle his affairs before moving to New Mexico permanently and beginning a long and creative second life.

She has found in her beloved New Mexico a wilderness to delight her senses and a privacy on which she thrives. Her friends are few, but intensely devoted; she sees them infrequently, others not at all. "Mankind," she admits, "quickly wears out its welcome at my doorstep." Signs at both her homes warn "Beware of Dogs." Unheeding, curious visitors confront two aged but still potent Chinese chows, charcoal terrors named Bobo and Cheea. "They bite very well," she reports. "I've seen more than one pair of shoes fill with blood."

The nine-room house, actually four separate buildings facing a common courtyard, is both a classical example of the adobe style and a faithful representation of O'Keeffe's art with its sharp, clean, and uncluttered lines. Her living room is dominated by high bare adobe walls, a viga ceiling with a skylight to ward off gloom, and a large picture window whose sill is lined with her wonderful collection of pebbles and stones. Outside the window, dominating the entire room, is an eighty-year-old Spanish tamarisk tree whose ferns slope gracefully to the ground. In cool weather, pinion wood fragrantly crackles in two small fireplaces. Next to shelves filled with expensive art books and a collection of Bach and Monteverdi recordings hangs a large O'Keeffe canvas, an ab-

straction of clouds and sky, and a black metal mobile given to her many years ago by her friend Alexander Calder. From her living room window O'Keeffe can watch her garden grow. Last spring, grasshoppers were a problem, so her gardener bought three turkeys for natural pest control. The big birds, whose wings are kept clipped, have become O'Keeffe's favorites, especially since the day when she put a Monteverdi recording on her phonograph and suddenly discovered the three turkeys sitting quietly on the windowsill as if spellbound by the music. "The moment the record ended, they walked away," she says with genuine amazement. "Imagine owning turkeys who appreciate the genius of Monteverdi."

"I get up at dawn and take a walk through the arroyos with my dogs. I usually get back at 6:30. I like a big meal for my breakfast—some meat, vegetables, and several cups of tea. Then I can begin my day. If I'm painting, I work through an entire day, pausing only to eat." Her early morning walks are a vital part of her life, so she rightfully frets about anything which interferes with them.

In midafternoon, she lies down to nap or rest and read a bit from the mailed daily editions of the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Sunday Times*. She is also a regular reader of *Time* and *Life* and *Foreign Affairs*. "I close my eyes in despair at the idea of a Richard Nixon leading this great country of ours," she says. "I believed in Kennedy, even though he made serious mistakes. They killed youth when he was shot." America, she announces, is going to the dogs. How? In what way? "Every way," she replies. "In every way you can think of—the way it acts, what it does at home and in the world." She is particularly interested in the attitudes of youth, making the knowing distinction between long-hairs and hippies.

"I have no use," she says, "for those who don't want to work for a living, or use their hands to do something worthwhile—to hammer a nail, plant a seed, even straighten a bed. You have to use your hands and do something with them to amount to anything, to be a creature worthy of respect." Her own hands, still strong and expressive, wave in the air. "There's so much to be done, here and everywhere. Pruning, gardening, repairing, mending. Sometimes it seems that I never have enough time to paint. I carry these ideas in my head, and they begin to jell. Then comes that special day when I've no choice but to go to the studio and begin. I paint quickly because I know exactly what I want to do be-

fore I even stretch a canvas. Once I start, it's simply a matter of getting my conception down exactly the way I want it. But I need to find the time to do it."

In recent years, she has enjoyed far-ranging travel—to Asia, Latin America, Mexico, and Europe. Viewing the world from the heights of jet planes has created new artistic perspectives and two new "periods": clouds and rivers. Nature revealed new forms and designs from 30,000 feet as she carefully sketched cloud formations and snaking river patterns on small slips of paper kept in her purse. Of all the places she has visited, Peru made the most savage impression. "I've never seen nature so absolutely terrifying—the mountains shrouded in an evil, gray mist, the strange and remote Indians with terrible secrets in their eyes. Natural calamities everywhere. Shortly before I arrived, they built a hotel outside Lima, on the banks of a lake. On the day they put in the electricity, the entire side of the lake collapsed, and the hotel sank to the bottom of the water, all its lights blazing, like a great ocean liner."

Travel unconnected with her own art is now rare. A long table in her studio sags under the weight of invitations, correspondence with museums and art dealers, letters from admirers. "I really must get my unlisted phone number changed," she says. "Too many people have the number. I used to carry my own light bulb to a phone booth down the hill. Sometimes, the wind would howl so loudly that people couldn't hear me. But at least I had no calls."

Living in the wilds of New Mexico in virtual isolation for all these years has made her neither a mystic nor a devout believer. "I might have been an ardent Catholic if the Church had gotten hold of me at an early age," she concedes. "But my father was unpracticing, and religion as practiced here is a thin black veil of sorrow covering everything. So somber, mournful, and filled with tears." No, her world has brought her few eternal truths, except perhaps, to emphasize the insignificance of man amid towering mountains and endless valleys. "Living out here has just meant happiness. Sometimes I think I'm half-mad with love for this place. I've climbed and poked into every hill and mountain in sight. After all these years . . . and I simply cannot get enough of it."

Nor does she have much interest in how she will finally be judged by the world of art. "I have never cared about what others were doing in art, or what they thought of my own paintings. Why should I care? I found my inspirations and painted them." □

GIVE ME BACK MY RAGS

by Vasko Popa

Translated From Serbo-Croat by Anne Pennington

Just come to my mind
And my thoughts will scratch out your face

Just come into my sight
And my eyes will start snarling at you

Just open your mouth
And my silence will smash your jaws

Just remind me of you
And my remembering will paw up the ground under your feet

That's what it's come to between us

1.

Give me back my rags

My rags of pure dreaming
Of silken smiling of striped foreboding
Of my cloth of lace

My rags of spotted hope
Of burnished desire of mottled glances
Of skin from my face

Give me back my rags
Give me when I ask you nicely

2.

Listen you monster
Take off that white scarf
We know each other

Since we were so high
Guzzled from the same bowl

Slept in the same bed
With you evil-eyed knife

Roamed the crooked world
With you snake in the grass

Do you hear dissembler
Take off that white scarf
Why lie to each other

3.

I won't take you a pick-a-back
I won't carry you wherever you say

I won't not even shod with gold
Nor harnessed to the wind's three-wheeled chariot
Nor bridled with the rainbow's bridle

Don't try to buy me

I won't not even with my feet in my pocket
Nor threaded through a needle nor tied in a knot
Nor reduced to a simple rod

Don't try to scare me

I won't not even grilled nor twice grilled
Neither raw nor salted
I won't not even in a dream

Don't kid yourself
It's not on I won't

4.

Get out of my walled infinity
Of the star circle round my heart
Of my mouthful of sun

Get out of the comic sea of my blood
Of my flow of my ebb
Get out of my stranded silence

Get out I said get out

Get out of my living abyss
Of the naked father tree within me

Get out how long must I cry get out

Get out of my bursting head
Get out only get out

5.

Hairbrained puppets possess you
And I bathe them in my blood
Dress them in rags of my skin

I make them swings of my hair
Prams of my backbone
Kites of my eyebrows

I form them butterflies of my smiles
And wild beasts of my teeth
For them to hunt to kill time

A fine sort of game that is

6.

Damn your root and blood and crown
And all in your life

Damn the thirsty pictures in your brain
And the fire eyes on your fingertips
And every every step

Be cast into three caldrons of crossgrained water
Into three furnaces of symbol fire
Into three nameless milkless pits

Damn your cold breath down your gullet
To the stone under your left breast
To the cutthroat bird in that stone

Be cast to the raven of ravens into the nest
of emptiness
Into the hungry shears of beginning and beginning
Into the womb of heaven don't I know it

Damn your seed and sap and shine
And darkness and stop at the end of my life
And all in the world

7.

What about my rags
Won't you give them back won't you

I'll burn your eyebrows
You won't be invisible to me forever

I'll mix day and night in your mind
You'll come beating your head on my door

I'll cut off your singing nails
So you can't draw hopscotch through my brain

I'll hound the fogs out of your bones
So they drink the hemlock off your tongue
You'll see what I'll do to you

8.

And you want us to love one another

You can shape me from my ashes
From the debris of my guffawing
From my leftover tedium

You can gorgeous

You can seize me by the hair of forgetting
Embrace my night in an empty shirt
Kiss my echo

Well you don't know how to love

9.

Flee monster

Even our footsteps bite each other
Bite behind us in the dust
We're not meant for each other

Rockfast cold I look through you
I pass through you from end to end
This is no game

Why ever did we mix the rags up

Give them back what do you want them for
There's no use their fading on your back
Give them back flee into your nowhere land

Monster flee from the monster

Where are your eyes
Over here there's a monster too

10.

Black be your tongue black your noon
black your hope
All be black only my horror white
My wolf be at your throat

The storm be your bed
My dread your pillow
Broad your unrest-field

Your food of fire your teeth of wax
Now chew you glutton
Chew all you want

Dumb be your wind dumb water dumb flowers
All be dumb only my gnashing aloud
My hawk be at your heart

Terror your mother be bereft

11.

I've wiped your face off my face
Ripped your shadow off my shadow

Leveled the hills in you
Turned your plains into hills

Set your seasons at odds within you
Turned all the ends of the world from you

Wrapped the path of my life around you
My impenetrable my impossible path

Now you just try to find me

12.

Enough chattering snowdrops enough sweet trash
I won't hear anything know anything
Enough enough of all

I'll say the last enough
Fill my mouth with earth
Grit my teeth

To break off you skull guzzler
To break off once for all

I'll be just what I am
Without root without branch without crown
I'll lean on myself
On my own bumps and bruises

I'll be the hawthorn stake through you
That's all I can be in you
In you spoilsport in you muddlehead

Never come back

13.

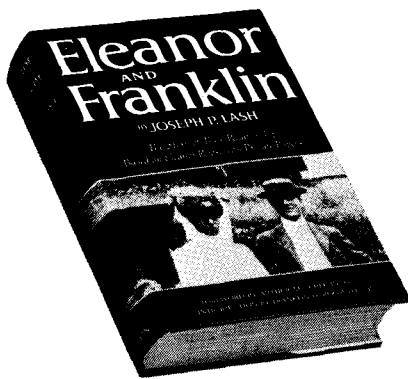
Don't try any tricks monster

You hid a knife under your scarf
You stepped over the line you tripped me up
You spoiled the game

That my heaven might turn over
That my sun might smash its head
That my rags might be scattered

Monster don't try any tricks with the monster

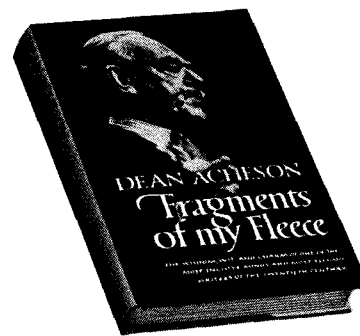
Give me back my rags
I'll give you yours



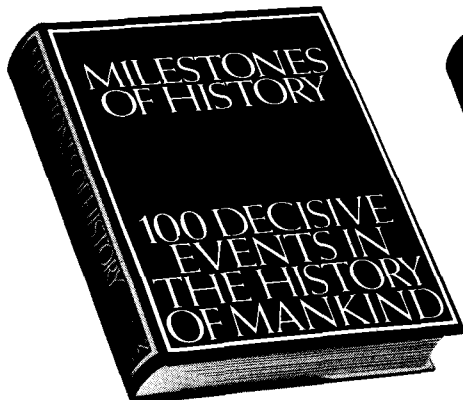
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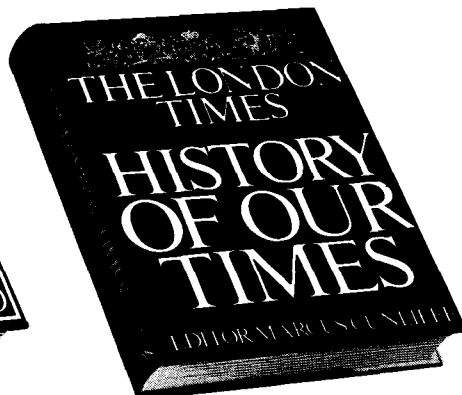
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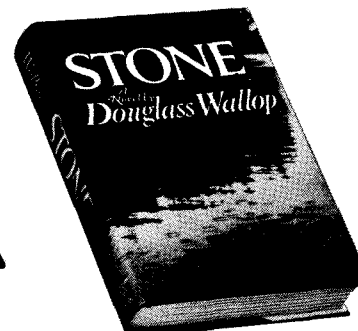
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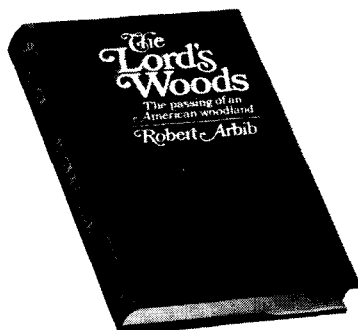
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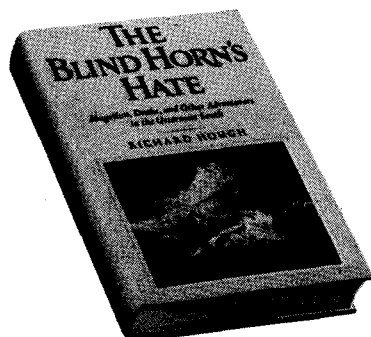
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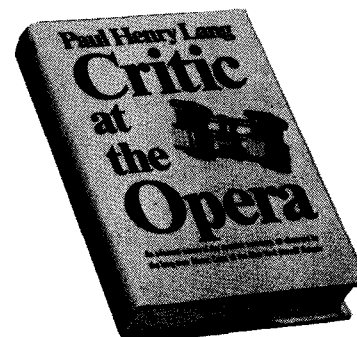
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LIFE & LETTERS

THE FINGERERS FINGERED

by Jessica Mitford

THIRTY YEARS OF TREASON:
EXCERPTS FROM HEARINGS BEFORE
THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON UN-
AMERICAN ACTIVITIES, 1938-1968
Selected and edited by Eric Bentley
Viking, \$20.00

A graph of the potency of the House Committee on Un-American Activities as an instrument of terror from its inception in 1938 to its demise thirty years later would, I think, be cone-shaped. Fathered by Congressman Martin Dies of Texas at the height of the New Deal, its birth was by and large received with a certain lighthearted contempt. Was it Tom Glazer or Alan Lomax who used to go around Washington in the late thirties singing, "I wish the flies/Were eating Dies/Deep in the solar plexus"? In its early days the Committee pulled some delightful boners. One of its first actions was to name Shirley Temple, then age nine, as an unwitting dupe of the Communists. Gales of hilarity! Another rib tickler of the period was the indisputably accurate designation of Christopher Marlowe (God rest his sixteenth-century bones) as Un-American.

The jokes stopped after the war. Eric Bentley quotes from *Inquisition in Eden* by Alvah Bessie (himself a victim of the Committee), who attributes some dozen suicides and numerous premature deaths from heart attack to persecution by witch-hunting committees in the postwar years, not to speak of "permanent ostracism, divorce and voluntary exile—a

list that numbers many hundreds if not thousands." Only much later, in a very different political climate, did the Committee find itself once more the object of derision, when it was virtually laughed to death by the Merrie Men of the New Left who were called to testify in the late sixties.

Eric Bentley's 832-page tome (hefting it, I thought *Thirty Pounds of Treason* might be an equally apposite title) represents but a tiny fraction of the whole Committee record, which he says would run to several dozen volumes. While it may irritate some to have to plunk down good money for a book that consists almost entirely of testimony in the public domain, larded with reprints of contemporary newspaper stories and other peoples' articles, nevertheless, the author has performed an important service in preparing this selection—let's face it, how many of us would traipse down to the public library to plow through the whole thing? And again, this sampling may whet the appetite of some readers to do just that.

Mr. Bentley explains that in choosing from the vast Committee record, he decided to concentrate on men and women of the arts, letters, stage, and screen, and to forgo the temptation to pick out snippets from the testimony of the many "big names" who were called before the Committee in favor of the near-unabridged testimony of a few. This proves very effective, for it is the unrelenting page after page of Q. and A. that re-creates for us the atmosphere of those days

and reincarnates the *galère* of personalities, the defiant and the compliant, the contemptuous and the contemptible, who were summoned to this curious stage.

Among them, Hanns Eisler, who says: "I would be a swindler if I called myself a Communist, I have no right. The Communist underground workers in every country have proven that they are heroes. I am not a hero, I am a composer."

Elia Kazan: "I want to make a full and complete statement. I want to tell you everything I know about it. I have come to the conclusion that I did wrong to withhold these names before. . . . It is my obligation as a citizen to tell everything I know."

Daniel J. Boorstin, on academic freedom:

Q. Do you feel that [a Communist] should be a teacher in our colleges?

A. In any area where I have any expert competence—that is, in the area of humanities and social sciences—my answer would be no. . . .

Q. Has there been anything that you have heard thus far that in any way impinged upon this vague thing we call academic freedom?

A. This Committee has not in any way impinged on my academic freedom. No, sir.

And Edward Dmytryk, who in the following exchange gives the whole show away:

Q. What would you call the final test of credibility of a witness purporting to be a former Communist? Would you say the test of credibility would have to be primarily the willingness

to name names, places, and circumstances surrounding such membership?

A. I personally believe so. That is why I am doing it.

Interspersed with the transcript are Wise Sayings of the day. Ronald Reagan on Dmytryk: "We made sure in our own minds that it was not principally economic pressure which had led Dmytryk to want to come clean, although, of course, that had something to do with it." It all adds up to a malodorous potpourri of those strange times.

Unfortunately, when Mr. Bentley departs from his editorial task and takes up his own pen, he creates nothing but confusion. The book is marred by an incredibly murky afterword in which the author seems to have absorbed none of the lessons that jump from the pages of his own compilation. Throughout the text the good guys in this drama are, quite obviously, those who resisted the bludgeoning of the Committee and refused to testify at immense risk to their careers and liberty; yet here is what Mr. Bentley writes of the Hollywood Ten:

"Alas, they did *not* disdain to conceal their views. They lacked candor, and if that, humanly speaking, is quite a common lack, it is an impossible lack for real radicals. . . . It is love of candor that makes men radical thinkers . . . a yearning for realities, an appetite for true consciousness. . . . So, in the HUAC hearings, the rhetoric of John Howard Lawson merely counterbalances that of the Committee. Bullshit equals bullshit."

And here is Ring Lardner, Jr., one of the Ten, all of whom eventually served time in the federal penitentiary for "concealing their views" and those of their Hollywood colleagues from the Committee. The Committee chairman has just asked what he jauntily refers to as "the \$64 question":

Chairman: It is a very simple question. Anybody would be proud to answer it—any real American would be proud to answer the question. "Are you or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?"—any real American.

Lardner: It depends on the circumstances. I could answer it, but if I did, I would hate myself in the morning.



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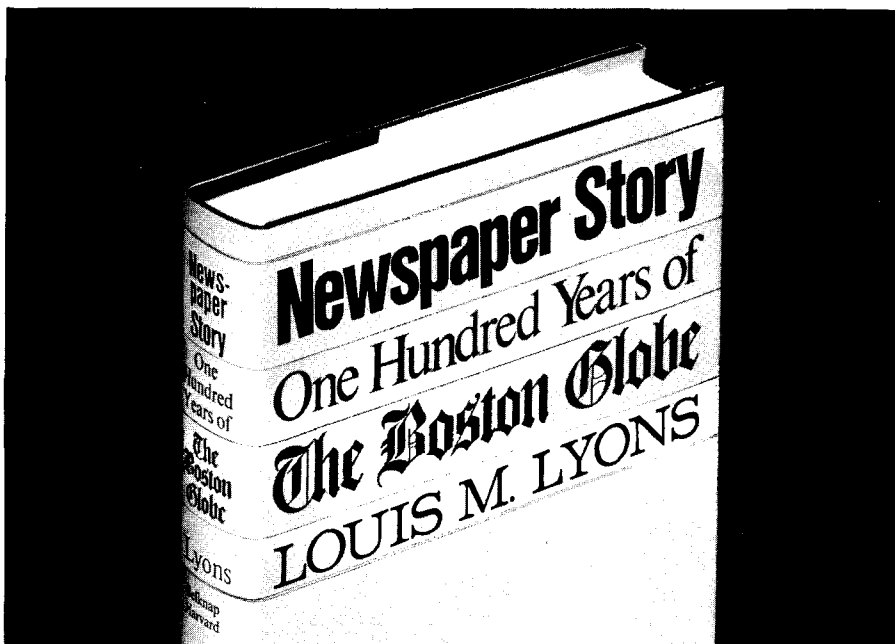


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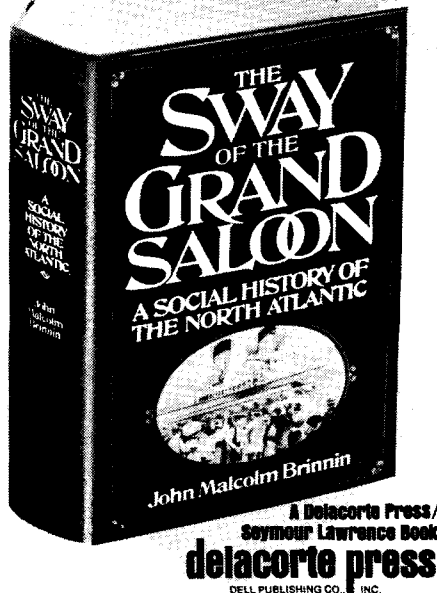
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TIMES MIRROR

Some years—and one prison sentence—later, in 1961, Ring Lardner, Jr., explained his refusal to answer in a *Saturday Evening Post* article entitled "My Life on the Blacklist," reprinted here by Mr. Bentley. I remember it struck me at the time as the first words of sanity on the subject to appear in a mass-circulation magazine for more than a decade:

"The impulse to resist such assaults on freedom of thought has motivated witnesses who could have answered 'no' to the Communist question as well as many, like myself, whose factual response would have been 'yes.' I was at that time a member of the Communist Party, in whose ranks I had found some of the most thoughtful, witty and generally stimulating men and women of Hollywood. I also encountered a number of bores and unstable characters, which seemed to bear out Bernard Shaw's observation that revolutionary movements tend to attract the best and worst elements in a given society. With both these extremes the relationship had been a confidential one, and an added reason for taking the chance of a contempt citation was the fact that I had no legal defense at all if I first admitted my own membership and then declined to implicate other people."

This is the point Mr. Bentley unaccountably missed, although it is central to the material he has selected. Courage in this kind of inquisition lay not in "candor" but in defiance.

What happens when an erstwhile reluctant witness who earnestly desires to avoid ratting on his friends is chivvied by the Committee into espousing Mr. Bentley's "love of candor"? One answer is found in the 1951 testimony of Larry Parks, film actor, at once the most sickening and most illuminating passage in *Thirty Years of Treason*. For the full impact one should read the whole transcript (it runs to forty-six pages in the book), but a few extracts may convey something of the disintegration of nice-guy Parks, his transformation, under the Committee's lash, from a well-intentioned liberal into a quivering cat's-paw of his tormentors.

In Act I, Parks admits his own Communist Party membership some ten years earlier, when he was "a young man that was liberal in thought, idealistic, for the underprivileged, the underdog," but pleads

December Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press CHILDREN'S books



It has been some months (we are reminded) since this report has focused on *Atlantic* children's books. Now we have a book that demands our attention; so timely, powerful, and yet so controversial that we feel we must quote from a recent review rather than describe the book itself:

"Whenever an exceptionally truthful book is published for children, people declare that it is not for children at all. What they seem to be saying is that truth is the property of adults. Let children be children, and don't burden them with sordid reality. They will have to face life soon enough. Et cetera. Thus, I must warn parents, teachers, and librarians that **A WILD THING** is written with all the depth and perplexity of an adult novel. . . . For this story is, quite plainly, the way Jean Renvoize apprehends life—and its psychological perceptions, its profound feeling for nature, its sympathy for the suffering of adolescents are all true because they have been lived. If novels are best when they transcend ideas and explore the human predicament, **A WILD THING** is a beautiful and very important book."

—Barbara Wersba
New York Times Book Review

The author of this extraordinary book is a young Englishwoman, **Jean Renvoize**; its title is **A WILD THING**.

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LITTLE, BROWN

to be excused from implicating others:

I would prefer not to mention names under these circumstances. These were people like myself who—and I feel that I—have done nothing wrong ever. The few people that I knew at that time are people like myself who are as loyal to this country as you.

Counsel: Was Karen Morley a member of this group with you?

Parks: And I ask you again, Counsel, to reconsider forcing me to name names. I don't think that this is really American justice, to force me to do this. . . . Don't present me with the choice of either being in contempt of this Committee and going to jail or forcing me to really crawl through the mud to be an informer. . . .

Counsel: Who were the members of the cell of the Communist Party to which you were assigned?

Parks: This is what I have been talking about. I am no longer fighting for myself, because I tell you frankly that I am probably the most completely ruined man that you have ever seen. I am fighting for a principle. I don't think that this is fair play. These are not people that are a danger to this country.

There is much more of this. One senses that Parks, like a boxer being pummeled into a corner, is giving ground inch by inch. Yet one is unprepared for his sudden total collapse in Act II:

Counsel: If you will just answer the question, please. Who were the members of the Communist Party cell to which you belonged?

Parks: Well, Morris Carnovsky, Joe Bromberg, Bob Rossen, Ann Revere, Lee Cobb, Gale Sondergaard, Dorothy Tree. . . .

Counsel: I asked you this morning about Karen Morley. Was she a member of the Communist Party?

Parks: Yes, she was.

A Committee member: I would like to say, Mr. Chairman, that Mr. Parks' testimony has certainly been refreshing in comparison with the other witnesses that we have had today.

Having crawled through the mud, Larry Parks is now ready to wallow in it. The epilogue is a "clarifying statement" which he later filed with the Committee chairman:

"In rereading my public testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, I am now convinced that it improperly reflects my

true attitude toward the malignancy of the Communist Party.

"If there is any way in which I can further aid in exposing the methods of entrapment and deceit through which Communist conspirators have gained the adherence of American idealists and liberals, I hope the Committee will so advise me. . . .

"Above all, I wish to make it clear that I support completely the objectives of the Committee. . . .

"It is my conviction that to assist your Committee in obtaining full information about the Communist Party and its activities is the duty of all who possess such evidence. . . .

"I sincerely hope that the Committee will publish the statement of my militant anti-Communist beliefs at the earliest possible moment."

The shadowy workings of the blacklist—what it meant to be "named," the pain of learning that a trusted colleague had turned Judas in hopes of saving his own skin—are nowhere better described than by Milard Lampell in a 1966 piece entitled "I Think I Ought to Mention I was Blacklisted," reproduced in *Thirty Years of Treason*. He goes on to relate the clearance procedure of which some availed themselves:

"One could always appear before the Committee and purge oneself. There were two lawyers who specialized in arranging this, one in New York and one in Hollywood. The established fee was \$5,000, for which one got expert advice in composing a statement of *mea culpa*. . . . One was also required to offer the names of former friends and acquaintances who were the real subversives. If one knew no such names, the lawyer would obligingly supply some, in one case arguing away the qualms of a famous choreographer who was anxious to clear himself but reluctant to become an informer with the reassuring thought, 'Hell, they've all been named already, so you're not really doing them any harm. They can't be killed twice.'"

The testimony of the defiant ones as they jostled with the Committee makes stirring (and often very amusing) reading. There is much here that might serve as a model of comportment for those caught up in current efforts at repression. But the most pointed lessons in public behavior are furnished by the witnesses

who chose the route of self-abasement and betrayal, obsequiously proclaiming their devotion to all the Committee stood for, and who proved it by running off at the mouth with their endless lists of names—which, as becomes painfully apparent to the reader of *Thirty Years of Treason*, was *all* the Committee *ever* really stood for.

“Man has a quick forgettery,” Carl Sandburg once remarked to Millard Lampell. Did the compliant ones count on this forgettery to shield them from future obloquy? And, one wonders, how will they feel today about seeing their words of ten or twenty years ago resurrected from musty old government archives to return and mock them in this book?

OVER THE WAVES

by Louis Kronenberger

THE SWAY OF THE GRAND SALOON
by John Malcolm Brinnin
Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence, \$15.00

Though functionally just a form of conveyance, transatlantic ocean travel has long constituted a floating microcosm of human society; a cross section of residential areas, from luxurious subdivisions to loathsome slums; a spectrum of nationalities, personalities, professions, trades, amours, sunsets, cardsharps, bores, and castaways. Plainly such a story, and from fairly far back, deserves to be set down. John Malcolm Brinnin's book is a well-documented, well-dramatized, and well-written history of transatlantic travel from 1818 to 1968. It is also the work of a cultivated writer, not, as with an enterprising hack, all breeziness and bright paint. Being a history, the book is perhaps longer and more detailed than many readers would ask of it; but, being a history, it seems entitled to its approach.

Discernible almost from the outset, the overwhelming double theme of transatlantic travel has been speed and size, to which the most vital element, safety, has often been sacrificed. In early days, when the risks were numerous and largely uncombatale and when sail, not steam, was the senior partner, there was less stress on speed, just as there was commercially less call for larger quarters when hordes of steerage passengers were jammed into inhumanly small space—the steerage fare £ 5 (food self-supplied), the profit “just about £ 5.” But as time and technology went on and transatlantic travel became a great and growing business need, a considerable social activity,

and a corridor to the sights of Europe, the Blue Riband for breaking speed records would serve as the most eminent figurehead, and the spacious public rooms and promenade decks as the glamour advertisement.

The first of Mr. Brinnin's ships, the *James Monroe*, left New York on January 5, 1818, and its historical claim is not that it used steam—it moved entirely under sail—but that it was the first packet to depart—full or empty, balmy weather or blizzard—on schedule. It had also its contemporary inducements—a porphyry and mahogany saloon, paneled “sleeping closets,” a sizable zoo of live fowl and animals to be consumed en route; and it made the “downhill run” (New York to Liverpool) in twenty-eight days when it might have taken sixty. Within a few years a good many ships would leave, though not necessarily arrive, on schedule, and within a few years a number of ships would join steam to sail. The “uphill run” would be by far the more populous one, bringing, as it did, thousands of emigrants to the Land of Plenty in a hold of horror—beds of rotted straw, filth beyond belief, stench beyond endurance.

The fashionable packet passengers held their noses or looked down at them; enjoyed a blend of fake elegance and genuine inconvenience—satinwood and marble, but no bathtubs or running water, and with rat hunts a standard amusement, even for ladies. Various people still known to fame crossed the ocean in packets—Harriet Martineau found it best “not to look into the dishes of dried fruit which formed our dessert”; Emerson complained that “a nimble Indian would have swum as far” as

the boat got the first three days out; and Tom Thumb, off to “visit” the crowned heads of Europe, first sat enthroned on a “cut-glass tumbler” and later hopped onto some “boeuf à la mode” to sing “Life on the Ocean Wave.”

Meanwhile, steamships were nosing out packets, though it would be very late in the nineteenth century before a last ocean liner was stripped of its sails. In 1819 the first transatlantic ship “with steam-powered machinery,” the *Savannah*, had crossed—without a single passenger—largely under sail to England, and had come back using steam only when watched from on land. The early transatlantic “father of steam navigation” was Junius Smith, an affluent American living in England who grew bored and irritated during a fifty-four-day, time-is-money crossing under sail. Championing steamship travel, he tried to enlist well-to-do New York businessmen as investors, but got nowhere. Back in England, he sought the approval of the Duke of Wellington, but the Iron Duke, at the moment very hostile to the Iron Horse “because it would encourage the lower classes to move about,” cared even less for hulls and funnels. Smith went ahead anyway, working toward a North Atlantic monopoly with his four U.S.-England steamers. Later, another of his steamers, the *Sirius*, had an England-to-New York challenger in the long-famous, English-owned *Great Western*: the *Sirius*, starting first, did indeed get there first; but the *Great Western* got there a good deal faster. Smith himself, it might be said, also started first and got there first, but got nowhere in the finals.

As steam made headway, British businessmen asked, Why shouldn't British Halifax, with its fine Nova Scotian harbor, be made the terminus for British shipping? This won the *Great Western* group's approval, provided that a government mail subsidy went with it. The British Post Office and the Admiralty agreed, while stipulating competitive bids; among the bidders was a successful and very knowledgeable Nova Scotian named Samuel Cunard. He went to England, and after many delays and complications, won both mail and shipbuilding subsidies. Meanwhile, Bostonians were up in arms at losing terminal status, but sensibly offered

inducements for retaining it, with the result that Cunard was awarded runs from Liverpool to Boston for the larger steamships and an extra subsidy for the extra distance. Thus began the regime of the man whom Fanny Kemble would call "a sort of proprietor of the Atlantic Ocean."

Steam would rise now to the top, even though the *Great Western* would for many years be the only steamship that had a regular England-to-New York run. But if steam tolled the bell for sail, it beat the drum for businessmen and their freight; and when, for example, fast Cunarders docked at Boston and their goods could be loaded right onto the Boston & Albany trains, the drum beat louder. The flagship of the first Cunard fleet, the *Britannia*, suggests an unusually early-to-rise vessel, what with its staterooms often swept at five A.M. and its bar open for business at six. Dickens came on it to America and said of his bunk that "nothing smaller for sleeping was ever made" and that his wife's luggage had as much chance of being squeezed into their cabin as "a giraffe could be persuaded . . . into a flower pot." But soon the *Britannia* and her three sisters were making forty successive crossings in one year, Boston's foreign trade doubled, and, had Samuel Cunard accepted Boston's dinner invitations, he would have dined out every night for five years.

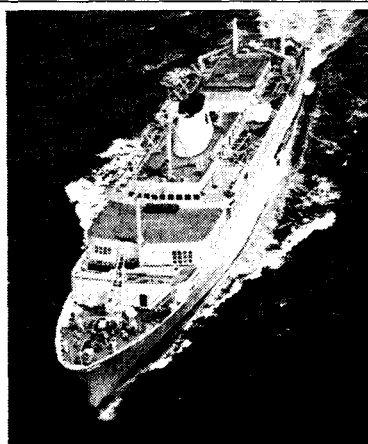
The United States had its lone big chance to meet the Cunard competition when in 1847 Edward Knightly Collins, who had grown rich off packets, got a government contract which included mail subsidies, and by 1849 had launched his first two steamships, the *Atlantic* and the *Pacific*. The *Atlantic*, exulting in its steam heat, huge ice room, bath-rooms, and barbershop, not to speak of its godawful gorgeousness and its stupendous array of mirrors, had a bad maiden voyage to England but returned in record time (ten days, sixteen hours). The *Pacific*, and then the *Arctic* and the *Baltic*, followed, capturing the luxury trade, with for years one or another of them breaking the speed records. Collins' quartet ran way ahead of Cunard's, but it forgot about the hare and the tortoise. For, beyond being a drunken sailor about money, Collins drove his liners at a maniacal speed, and was damned rather than saved when his subsidy

was doubled. His recklessness led to the fearful destruction of one of his ships and to the never-solved disappearance of another. While he was, soon after, building his masterpiece, the *Adriatic*, the government was slicing his subsidy; the masterpiece had a cold-shouldered maiden voyage and a virtually outcast return one; the government revoked the remaining subsidy; and the Collins Line passed, a mere footnote, into history.

But though the paddle-wheel Cunarders came and went more confidently than ever, there would be considerable new competition for them, and considerable technological progress. Thus a young Englishman, William Inman, built screw-propelled ships that also had iron hulls; specialized in impoverished emigrants; and inside three years, had his Line carrying a third of all transatlantic passengers. On the lordly side, there was the *Great Eastern*, famous even now for laying the first Atlantic cable, and fabulous in 1859 for being five times bigger than any other ship afloat; "she looked like a fortified town" and indeed had room for four thousand townspeople. Yet on her maiden voy-

age she carried only thirty-eight, and for all her resplendent boasts, failed to score: she rolled "like a drowsy walrus," pitched horribly, got battered to hell in a violent storm, got gouged and stranded off Montauk. Yet, when dismantled in 1889, she was still the largest ship in the world.

With the launching of the *Oceanic* in 1870 we sniff a more modern breeze and sight the White Star Line. The *Oceanic* would have five sister ships and would look "more like an imperial yacht than a passenger steamer"; indeed, her great and lasting innovation was the grand saloon placed amidships rather than, as it had been since medieval days, "in the high rump of the stern." She would also substitute separate armchairs for the long benches at dining room tables (where, fearing nausea and the need to make for the deck, people had always fought for the end seats). The *Oceanic* caught on at once, and within two years all her sister ships made pleasing debuts. Indeed, stressing speed and comfort, the jolly, cheerful White Star Line outshone all its competitors and made Cunard seem dowdy and dull as it went on



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stressing safety. But in 1873 the White Star's *Atlantic*, racing full steam ahead, smashed to destruction, with huge loss of life—"the century's worst transatlantic disaster"—while not much later Inman's new *City of Berlin* outsped White Star for the Blue Riband and outdid White Star for swank—white marble bathtubs, purple velvet saloons, and great private suites for families of sixteen or twenty-four.

Meanwhile the Cunard Line was finding that to meet the competition it needed more than its boast of never losing a life; and now that its great founder was dead, it turned venture-some and built the *Servia*, the biggest ship since the *Great Eastern* and the first to use electric lights. Yet the *Servia* successfully remained true to type in stressing solid comfort rather than glitter. Cunard did eventually buy a very fast and fancy ship, the *Oregon*, which by way of reproving such folly proceeded to collide and sink; but the Company could still boast of never losing a life.

As the century's fashions, innovations, and opulent living were passed along from land to sea, ocean liners not just carried the rich to holiday destinations, they became a very real part of the holiday. First-class travel was Lucullan at mealtime and gilt-and-marble at all hours: its pseudo-splendors, to which "size" lent a hand, and on which late-Victorian ostentation left its signature, spared neither expense nor the cultivated passenger's sensibilities. Mixed decorative styles had a ball: Louis XIV stepped out with Early Empire, Arabian trod a measure with Old Dutch; and so many were the new trinkets and gadgets that clearly luxury was the mother of invention.

As the nineteenth century limped into old age, the great era of ocean travel entered its youth, Germany energetically entered its competition, technology frequently called the tune, and shipboard Ritz restaurants snubbed mere first-class cuisine.

While joining the international competition, Germany had its own internal one—the fierce rivalry between Hamburg-Amerika and North German Lloyd. By the 1890s Hamburg-Amerika carried many more passengers to New York than either Cunard or White Star, while North German Lloyd built the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, which immedi-

ately copped the Blue Riband; gained, within a year, 24 percent of all transatlantic passenger revenue; became the first European liner to have wireless; and boasted an interior which looked like a castle except when it looked like a cathedral.

Hamburg-Amerika, under the brilliant direction of industrialist Albert Ballin, had overtaken North German Lloyd, for one reason by pitting twin-screws against single ones. Ballin, moreover, had the Kaiser's ear and became part of a transaction ordained by a more awesome Kaiser, Pierpont Morgan. Ocean traffic achieved for the first time the status of the great dry-land industries when Morgan bought up five companies and not long after, the White Star Line. Then Morgan and his satellites, with Ballin mediating between the two Kaisers, reached an agreement which tied the big German lines to the six others, leaving only a hard-pressed Cunard still at large. Morgan almost got it, but lost out by not offering enough. However, should the British government now not pitch in and save it, Morgan would be in a position to seize it; and it was only after a strenuous bout with pride and patriotism—"Should Britannia or Morgan rule the waves?"—that Britannia gave Cunard the loan and annual subsidy it needed. With its nonetheless vast holdings, the Morgan combine, swimming in watered stock, achieved a Morgan-sized fiasco, eventually sold White Star back to the British, and ultimately faded out.

Rehabilitated in the early 1900s, Cunard produced for the great age of ocean luxury its own masterpieces of speed, size, and stateliness, so much so that for many people in after years the *Aquitania* or the *Mauretania* might well have been named the *Nostalgia*. At its Edwardian pinnacle, the great age had yet its interesting contrasts: the magnificence of its maritime architecture and the mishmash of its art; patrician style and plutocratic swagger; famous names and notorious fortunes. Yet, a little like Talleyrand's pre-French Revolution *douceur de vivre*, the pre-World War I travel era suggests technology's last civilized stopping place. For in retrospect the glittering ostentation seems tempered by the era's unruffled atmosphere: the suave light-opera waltzing, the smart, white-flanneled promenading, the pleasant civilities

and formalities, the unmistakable, unapproachable great ladies, and the salubrious, un-price-tagged salt breeze. Yet this halcyon era was to provide the most memorable of disasters: the hull-gashed *Titanic* and the torpedoed *Lusitania*. The *Titanic* remains one of the greatest sea stories and news stories of all time; from the perfection of the ship and the prominence of its passengers to the clockwork of its first four days' navigation and the minute hand that sealed its doom, it bathes the stark and the spectacular in a kind of symbolism: the hubris of its boasting that it was unsinkable, the high-handedness of paying no attention to stern warnings, the irony that it was sunk by a ten-second contact with an iceberg. The horrifying fate of the *Lusitania* in 1915 had greater consequences, turning a largely neutral America into a strongly anti-German one.

After World War I three great interned German liners changed their names and nationality: the *Imperator* became the Cunard *Berengaria*, the *Vaterland* the U.S. *Leviathan*, and the *Bismarck* the White Star *Majestic*. Among the new-built elite liners of the 1920s were the *Bremen*, the *Europa*, and the *Ile de France*: the *Bremen* became a great favorite in its day, and the aristocratic *Ile de France* perhaps the greatest favorite of them all. The crack liners of the twenties could come off better bred than many of their passengers in "first": status outran snobbery, plus fours and silver foxes abounded, and by night, the lamps shone o'er jeweled women and bald men. Old and new money were oil and water, but everybody relished the caviar and champagne; and the young, roughing it down in "third" and often popping up elsewhere, had a glorious jazz-age whirl.

The Crash wrought decided change: the gay mid-ocean frivolities vanished; by 1932 Cunard had an operating loss of \$20 million, and by 1934 Cunard and White Star had to consolidate. In two cases the way out was to way outdo, in speed and size, the past: the French Line's 80,000-ton *Normandie* broke all Atlantic records; the Cunard Line's *Queen Mary* had the power of "seven million galley slaves all rowing in unison." The *Mary* was to become the last of the long and deeply loved ships, more so than her sister ship—and the biggest ship of all—the *Elizabeth*. Though

“BOY”

He broke 250 years of tradition.

William Woods.

Canton, Mississippi

Grandfather (guardian):
saw mill worker

Grandmother:
domestic worker

Children At Home: 2

Total Family Income:
\$2,980



Some people may still call him “boy.” But now he needn’t answer. When he graduated from Tougaloo he had already killed a couple of centuries of hopeless, ugly tradition that began when his ancestors were kidnapped and sold into slavery.

He could have dropped out. Instead, he pumped his way through high school at a gas station. He received a scholarship from Tougaloo. And earned it all the way to the top of his class. Now he’s a Danforth Fellow in History at Princeton.

It has taken him a little longer to do it than most. But he’ll use his education a little more wisely than most. Because, as far as he goes, he’ll never forget where he came from.

William Woods was one of 750 students at Tougaloo. 90% of our student body is here on scholarship aid.

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All the more reason why we are proud of our sons

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many splendid ships—the *France*, the *United States*, the great Italian liners, the *Elizabeth II*—would grace the future, and though all kinds of cruises would flourish, transatlantic travel itself had very little future; interrupted by World War II, it would resume to the drone of planes overhead and be done in by jets. When the record-holding *United States* (3 days, 10 hours) had to stress food rather than speed, the air had eliminated the ocean. By the late 1960s only one of every twenty-four passengers who went to Europe went by sea; and Mr. Brinnin concludes his book with the sister *Queens* passing each other, in the small hours and for the last time, their captains on the bridge doffing their hats—a farewell that was in every sense a funeral.

What chiefly limits *The Sway of the Grand Saloon* is much more the ocean's fault than the author's: the pre-eminence of size and speed tends to give our 150 years a certain sameness, somewhat the effect of a long succession of track meets full of record-smashing broad jumps and

hundred-yard dashes. I wish Mr. Brinnin had found room for the attractive small French and Dutch ships of the 1920s and 1930s, where speed and size were totally unknown words. He has, however, very pleasantly introduced incidents concerning a good many famous writers and highborn and high-powered personages. Unfortunately, his history comes too late to include pirates and buccaneers, and unlike the variety and villainy of railroad history, boasts no high-seas brigands like Jesse James or robber barons like Jay Gould, no succession of huge grabs, swindles, double crosses; and displays Commodore Vanderbilt and J. P. Morgan at their most ineffective. The truth is that in transatlantic ocean travel the United States has played a minor role. But just so, from lacking the swoop of the wicked oligarchs, *The Sway of the Grand Saloon* retains its nostalgic lure, and even its tasteless full-fig ostentation seems less "commercial" than the endless full-page advertisements of a more recent mode of travel.

MOVIES

VISIONS OF THE END

by David Denby

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW
directed by Peter Bogdanovich
Columbia Pictures

THE LAST MOVIE
directed by Dennis Hopper
Universal-International

Just when I've been despairing in print over the rottenness of the American cinema, a fine American movie has been released, and it's the most pleasurable rebuke a man can receive. *The Last Picture Show* lacks the magical beauty and stylistic audacity of *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, but it's the only American movie of the year that comes close to *McCabe* in quality. Many people found Robert Altman's film rather elusive, but no one could have a similar problem with this portrait of adolescent life in a small Texas town of 1951. *The Last Picture Show* is clear, perfectly controlled, and beautifully wrought; it doesn't dazzle or surprise us, but our

respect for it grows from scene to scene. The director, thirty-one-year-old Peter Bogdanovich, an ex-critic in love with the American commercial cinema of the forties and early fifties, has used a straightforward, realistic style with taste and precision. *The Last Picture Show* reverses many of the sentimental assumptions about small towns that were prevalent in the movies of the forties, but it never becomes a cynical exposé. It's a tough-minded, humorous, and delicate film—a rare combination in an American movie.

Larry McMurtry, the Texas novelist whose earlier book *Horseman, Pass By* provided the material for *Hud*, collaborated with Bogdanovich on the adaptation of *The Last Picture Show* (McMurtry's third novel), and the movie was shot in McMurtry's hometown of Archer City, Texas. By 1951 this desolate little place (called Anarene in the movie) was in the midst of a depression from which it

has never recovered—the oil wells have dried up, and most of the cattle business has moved to the Midwest. Anarene at times appears uninhabited, like one of those towns in an after-the-bomb movie. But *The Last Picture Show* is not science fiction, and it's not an exercise in symbolic desolation à la Antonioni; the condition of emptiness is literal, not metaphoric. The teen-agers stranded there try to generate some excitement with what they've got—mainly their cars; but when they climb into the old pickups or the rich girl's Ford convertible and charge out of town for a little relief, they encounter a natural environment that is just as featureless as the town—a flat, mediocre expanse of plains, prickly pear, and mesquite.

Anarene represents American life at its most obscure and unformed: none of the kids take high school very seriously, there is no particular "culture" for them to be formed by, and the principal teen-age boys in the movie don't even have much to do with their parents. They are truly alone. Except for the one movie house (which closes for lack of customers), the new television sets, and the incessant, hopeless twanging of the Country Western music on the radio, there is nothing to connect the town with the larger world of experience or pleasure. To summon up the emotions we associate with American deprivation, cinematographer Robert Surtees, working in black and white, has photographed the wooden frame buildings in a style reminiscent of Walker Evans' famous Depression photographs for the Farm Security Administration—we see the same head-on camera positioning, harsh front-lighting, and absence of shadows or texture.

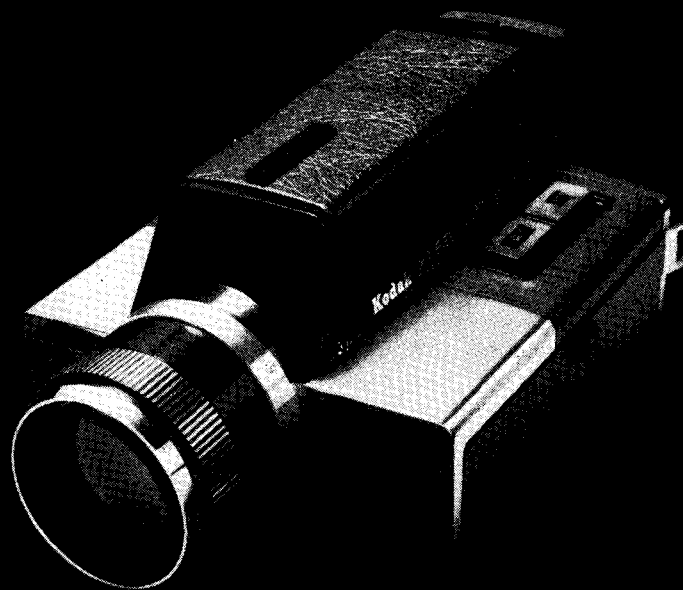
Like a number of other recent American movies, *The Last Picture Show* allows us to spend a period of time with a small society of people, without welding every movement to an ironclad plot. Time passes, and some of these people have new experiences, get bored, leave town, or die. At the center of the film are three teen-agers: Sonny (Timothy Bottoms), a sensitive, good-looking, rather passive boy, who comes to experience isolation as the dominant emotional and spiritual condition of his life; his amiable and stupid friend Duane (Jeff Bridges); and Jacy (Cybill Shepherd), with whom they both

fall in love, a fearsome and pitiable young beauty who becomes a predatory bitch of the worst sort.

Teasing all the men in town at least provides Jacy with something to do; for the teen-agers, and the adults too, sex is the only significant thing that can happen (the town is a true democracy—everyone is equally bored); sex is action, self-expression, identity. Bogdanovich is particularly successful with teen-age sexuality, treating it as a farce of inexperience and disillusion, with kids acting out grand emotions they don't actually feel while other emotions no one told them about come stealing along in the dark. The groping in cars, the nude swimming parties, the seductions and humiliations are similar to what other kids experience, but in Anarene they take on a special pathos: they are not a prelude to something else, but the best that there is. After a flurry of late-adolescent excitement, almost everyone settles into early marriage ("Eighty percent of them are miserable," says an old man). Sonny has an affair with the football coach's wife (Cloris Leachman), a woman twice his age, and life in Anarene begins to make a little sense; but then we see that the affair is a dreadful compromise and a trial for both of them, so even sex has its very definite limits.

As the movie rolls on, it concentrates more and more on Sonny. He is the one young person who is not going to leave Anarene, and who is also capable of feeling the significance of living there. The principal adult characters silently recognize his intelligence and his fate; in a series of wistful monologues they tell him of their own past in the town, of their brief happiness and long suffering. One of these characters represents a larger experience—Sam the Lion, an elderly man whose youth was passed in the heroic style of the old West and who owns the town's movie theater, the place of variety and fantasy and escape. By a rather cruel irony, this generous, expansive man wills to Sonny the dingy little pool hall which becomes a virtual prison for the boy. During the months that Sonny listens to the monologues, one after another of his friends are taken from him—they either leave or die—and we realize, with indescribable sadness, that he also has passed through the most significant years of his life, the period

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of relative happiness and hope, and that all the rest is just a dull, painful echo.

The acting is superb. Bogdanovich has assembled an extraordinary collection of little-known actors and integrated the performances beautifully. The complex sexual rivalry between Jacy and her mother, for instance, is achieved without an explicit word, through inflections and small gestures; every scene is resonant with the atmosphere of long familiarity. The actors are fresh, they look right, and they speak McMurtry's blunt Southwestern idiom with verve and obvious joy. Although the movie chronicles the lives of "little people," it isn't dowdy or semidocumentary in style or afflicted with mousiness like a Czech movie; the performances are large-scale and confident, and they make a sad story exhilarating to watch. Besides the three teen-agers, who are all first-rate, there are two wonderful actresses going at full tilt: Ellen Burstyn, who was also excellent in *Alex in Wonderland* earlier in the year, plays Jacy's booze-ridden mother with baleful authority; and Cloris Leachman, as a plain, long-neglected woman, becomes radiantly beautiful as she responds to a young man's attentions. These roles have been handled before by many actresses, but rarely with so little self-pity.

From his idol Howard Hawks, Bogdanovich has learned the value of a plain style; like Hawks, he keeps the camera at eye level and allows the scenes to play in medium depth. The movie unfolds slowly, steadily, with extraordinary confidence in itself: at times we know in advance what is going to happen, but the predictability is not really a weakness—it reflects the closing off of options, the small compass of available actions. Besides, the event never disappoints; when Sonny returns to the coach's wife after neglecting her for months, we know that she is going to look old and haggard, but it's still shocking and sad to see; and then Miss Leachman caps the scene with an astonishing tirade reminiscent of Agnes Moorehead in *The Magnificent Ambersons*.

From his other god, John Ford, Bogdanovich has derived a tone of slightly overripe elegiacism, and that is the movie's single weakness. Sam the Lion, as conceived by McMurtry and Bogdanovich and played by Ben Johnson, a veteran of several Ford

Westerns, is a bit too sententious and piously full-of-life for my taste. Bogdanovich has also enlarged and emphasized the role of Billy, the retarded boy, making him the test of everyone's sensitivity—a tiresome idea; Sonny and Duane keep pulling off Billy's baseball cap and turning it around on his head, a trashy little "bit" that is jarringly out of place. Sam the Lion and Billy are static, and in the use that is made of them, rhetorical and sentimental, whereas everyone else is fully dramatic in function. But these are insignificant weaknesses in a fine piece of work.

Lest anyone mistake *The Last Movie* for *The Last Picture Show*, let me say a few words about Dennis Hopper's movie and make the distinction clear. Dennis Hopper, who was the director and co-star of *Easy Rider*, is the type of figure who gained a certain prominence and even authority in our culture during the sixties—the holy fool, both victim and provocateur, who descends into madness through drugs and returns to taunt us with his ecstatic visions. A few years ago, when lots of people were taking acid trips, friends coming down would try to describe what it was like, but they soon gave it up as impossible; truly to understand, you had to be there, and when I said I didn't want to go, that was that. But now Hopper is trying to take us there by means of film, and the result is an endless, chaotic, suffocating, acid-soaked movie with moments of clarity and coherence that don't connect with each other or with what goes on in the visionary sections. I don't imagine that a conventional audience will have much fun with *The Last Movie*, and as for the "heads," most of the movies that have especially appealed to them (such as *Juliet of the Spirits*, 2001, and the Disney cartoons in revival) have had linear plots to organize the pretty pictures and music. The narrative instinct dies hard.

The Last Movie is practically impossible to summarize. A "synopsis" provided by Universal turns out to be a hilarious document in Al Kelly prose, with sentences like "The naïve dreams involved are the agents of death when sophisticated games become more absurd than the mind can tolerate, 'and then morality can be born again.'" Hopper shot the movie in a small town in the mountains of

Peru. Within the movie we see two other movies being made: a Hollywood-based shoot-'em-up with lots of stunt men flying through the air, and a strange local production in which the Peruvian director is crazy, the actors really hit each other, and the crew carries around cameras and microphones made out of wicker and papier-mâché. Hopper is saying something about the relations of illusion and reality, only what can it be? With a great deal of tedious effort something coherent might be made out of *The Last Movie*, but I didn't enjoy the picture enough to make the effort, and anyway, such interpretations would certainly give a false impression of the miserable experience of seeing the movie. Hopper, who is also the star, works as a cowboy-stuntman in the Hollywood film, and in the Peruvian mime he is somehow transformed into a wounded Christ figure who must die for the sins of the movies—their distortions of reality, their disruption of primitive cultures. For what seems like nearly half the movie, he staggers through the town with an anguished and bewildered expression on his face; indeed, *The Last Movie* resembles one of those voluptuously paranoid underground films in which the hero is pursued through endless corridors by unspecified hidden forces and finally collapses in a heap.

My friends would talk of the different "levels" of perception they experienced on their trips, and that's the experience Hopper seems to be aiming at. At a screening I attended at the Museum of Modern Art, Hopper claimed he was "trying to tear down the Victorian concept of reality." I don't know what "Victorian" signifies in that context (perhaps it's just something he's sure he can be *against*), but I guess he means to undermine the authority of the unitary, single-dimensioned flow of narrative that he imagines rules the screen. He may want to establish layers of reality, as Resnais did in *Last Year at Marienbad*, but he doesn't have Resnais' talent for composition and formal rhythm, and he fatally underestimates the complexity of representation produced by ordinary narrative techniques (as in Carné's *Children of Paradise*) or by partially exposing the mechanics of filmmaking during the middle of a narrative film (as in Bergman's *Persona*

or practically anything by Godard).

Hopper thinks we all believe in the "reality" of what we see on the screen, but by this time most people consciously understand that a movie is always a construction, always something *made*. All movies are illusion—we *know* that. What counts is the quality of the illusion, its coherence as art, the richness of its associations with life.

If we forget all the pretentious talk that surrounds the movie and assume that Hopper was simply trying to do

something new, how can we explain the scenes of the director and his Peruvian girl friend romping in the yellow flowers, or the scene in which they make love under a waterfall, or the cameo appearances of Hollywood buddies like Peter Fonda and John Philip Law? There are long stretches in this aggressively avant-garde movie that are too old-fashioned and silly to appear even in a TV cosmetic commercial. No matter how we take *The Last Movie*, it's an embarrassment.

consistently sustained apologia, the irony of which is not lost. This imaginary document seems to be much more plausible than Pug's intimacy with FDR and his almost faultless conduct with the other heads of state. I question if Mr. Wouk makes good in his thesis of the "industrialized armed force, the curse that now presses so heavily and so ominously on us all." But all in all, *The Winds of War* is a panoramic, engrossing story, and since it ends with Pearl Harbor, with all members of the Henry clan alive and expectant, I should assume that there will be an equally large sequel.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE WINDS OF WAR
by Herman Wouk
Little, Brown, \$10.00

Herman Wouk is a compelling narrator who uses large canvases and who, without much fuss for style or symbolism, drives his story ahead with an infectious belief in the people he is writing about. In each of his big books there have been unforgettable characters: Captain Queeg and his rebellious subordinate, Willie Keith, in *The Caine Mutiny*; Marjorie Morningstar in the book she dominates; and now the three who capture our interest in *The Winds of War*, which is intended to show the irreversible forces closing into the death grip of the Second World War.

The story takes hold in the spring of 1939, and most skillfully the author deploys the five members of the Henry family so that their entwined careers dramatize the ominous and emotional crises of the Hitler years. Commander Victor Henry, a fullback known as "Pug" at the Naval Academy, is four-square, highly observant, tight-lipped; he expects the obedience of his wife, Rhoda, and his three grown children. Pug himself has made an impeccable record, first in destroyers, later as a gunnery redhot, and with his report recommending that the blisters be thickened on the battleships. Now, against his wishes, he is being sent as a naval attaché to Berlin, with Rhoda angrily but competently packing, as a navy wife should. Their oldest son, Warren, who emulates Pug, is on his way to

Pensacola to train as a navy pilot; Madeline, their daughter, fed up with college, is being tried out as an assistant for a CBS commentator; and Byron, the youngest, a redhead and the only one who defies Pug, has been languidly researching in Florence under a famous Jewish expatriot, with a hot eye on the old man's niece, Natalie Jastrow.

The first of the three who make the story live for me is Pug, a combination of Admiral King and Jim Forrestal. His reports from Berlin in which he anticipates the pact with Russia catch the eye of FDR, and in no time he is being sent on confidential missions to Rome and Moscow, where he makes jokes with Stalin in bad Russian. Pug is Navy to the teeth, with no "grease" but plenty of ability, and so correct and lucky that I wish he would stub his toe. Of the youngsters, Byron, who either offends or disappoints his father, attracts us with his uncertainty: he is looking for an answer, not sure what he will do if war comes, certain only of his passion for Natalie, whom he follows to Krakow and Warsaw at the time of the invasion. Natalie is a quixotic, impulsive Jewess, arrogantly intelligent, hard and bright, with an inner warmth she is slow to yield. I count her the best-drawn character in the big book.

The author's foreword explains that the military treatise by General Armin von Roon, which Pug eventually translates, "is offered as a professional German view of the other side of the hill," and it is indeed a

THE WYETHS. The Letters of N. C. Wyeth, 1901-1945. Illustrated.
Edited by Betsy James Wyeth
Gambit, \$17.50

One opens any large volume of unpublished letters with the question, "Why must I?" The reason why one should peruse the correspondence of N. C. Wyeth is the man himself. Starting from scratch, his talent was nourished by Howard Pyle. He outgrew his master-illustrator; he resisted the influence of the Abstractionists, and in his maturity became the inspirator of the most distinguished American atelier of our time, including his son-in-law, the painter Peter Hurd, his son, Andrew Wyeth, and his grandson, Jamie. Finally, N. C. Wyeth's letters, the best to his mother and brother, are rich with color, informal, affectionate, and as observant as Thoreau, whom he admired greatly.

The letters are edited by Andrew Wyeth's wife, Betsy. She resented her father-in-law's possessive hold on the family; he seemed to her "a force to be challenged and overcome." After Mr. Wyeth's untimely death in a railroad accident in 1945, she dipped into the letters, became immersed in discovering the man she had little known, and emerged to edit the final selection with her remorse, "Forgive my foolish heart."

Each reader must chart his own course in a volume as large as this. I began reading in 1910, when he had finished his training in Pennsylvania and was illustrating for Scribner's, both for the magazine and for authors as popular as Conan Doyle and Mary Johnston. He is twenty-eight; his rent for house and studio com-

bined is \$23.50 a month. It is August: "The foliage hangs limp and soft like dampened paper. The very birds seem to fly sluggishly through the oppressive atmosphere and their calls seem dull and muffled in the thick air—but no rain!" He tells his mother that he is wild to borrow \$5000 with which to buy time, and adds, "My work will consist of persistent study from nature; landscape, figures, portraiture and still life. I shall indulge in practical work only so far as I can dispose of the serious work finished."

Many of his letters are illustrated, but the prose itself is as alive as blood, as in the prophetic account of his sitting in the smoker by an open window when the train to New York ran down and killed two men. Again, I like his terseness: "It's interesting how far a man can see from home"; and in an analytical mood, I like the account of his winter in Boston in 1922: "[Charles] Hopkinson is the one man from whom I have received any truly constructive help. He is now in the struggle to pull himself out of the suffocating atmosphere of the 'intellectualists' . . . Chas. W. Elliot and his cousin, John Sargent—both of whom I can see (although he will not admit it) pall on him. His struggle, which is a real one, is very exhilarating to me, for in the process of fermentation Hopkinson radiates a most inspiring tonic." The kind of tonic Wyeth himself has given to two generations.

EDITH WHARTON: A WOMAN
IN HER TIME
by Louis Auchincloss
Viking, \$10.00

The art of depicting American society, its loyalties and limitations, its manners and its morals, as it exists in Boston, Newport, and New York, has descended in a direct line from Henry James to Edith Wharton to Louis Auchincloss. Here, then, is a penetrating, well-judged, not unsympathetic characterization of the strong-jawed "Pussy" Jones, who educated herself to become the dowager-duchess of American fiction. The author calls his portrait *A Woman in Her Time*, and the 110 illustrations, so beautifully reproduced, enable us to see the decorative habitat, the ineffectual husband (childless, he is always photographed holding an armful of puppies), and the luxury

with which Edith Wharton surrounded herself.

Mr. Auchincloss reminds us that "childhood is a novelist's whole capital." Edith was born on West Twenty-third Street in New York in 1862; her mother was a Rhinelander; her father, George Frederic Jones, was well-to-do but not wealthy. Gossip attributed the girl's keen intelligence to the English tutor of her older brothers, but the biographer scoffs at this talk of illegitimacy. In Boston (her husband's city), Edith said that she "was considered too fashionable to be intelligent and in New York too intelligent to be fashionable." Not pretty, but stylish and vivacious, she must have been flattered when Teddy Wharton, a sportsman twelve years her senior, fell in love with her. He was fond of horses, shooting, and motoring, but as his glamour faded and it was plain they could not have children, it was she who began forcing her way out of the rut.

Edith was sixteen when she published anonymously her first slim collection of mediocre verse. She was no poet; but as she matured she read avidly, and in 1893, when Paul Bourget visited Newport gathering material for his book on the United States, he sketched the "intellectual tomboy," for which Edith Wharton might have been the subject. Teddy could not keep pace with her. On a train ride, she noted in her secret journal, when she showed him a striking passage in R. H. Lock's study of heredity and variation, he commented as he handed the book back: "Does that sort of thing really amuse you?"

When in 1901 her mother died, Edith was free to spend her family inheritance on the new frenzy of motoring abroad—it was her one remaining bond with Teddy—and to build and decorate The Mount, her elaborate country house in Lenox, Massachusetts, modeled on a famous manor by Christopher Wren. Her trips to London and Paris won her the friendship of Howard Sturgis; Gaillard Lapsley, the Cambridge don; Percy Lubbock, the critic; Henry James, whom she worshiped; and Walter Berry, the friend of Proust and a sophisticated Paris bachelor whom she loved. With the publication of *The House of Mirth* in 1905, she began her ascendancy as the novelist of fashionable New York; but her need for intellectual stimulus severed her marriage, and

with her divorce she became an expatriate.

Mr. Auchincloss is an understanding critic of her work, as he is of her life abroad: he thinks Walter Berry was not her lover, with which I am inclined to disagree; he has caught to the life her teasing devotion to Henry James; he shows her as the bossy, conscientious hostess impatient with Bernard Berenson, who would not attend her picnics because he wanted to nap after lunch. He smiles at her "spiritual fortress," the two large estates in France, one for winter and one for summer, served by nineteen loyal retainers, where she held court and turned out book after book.

Iris Origo, who met Mrs. Wharton late in life, describes her as "elegant, formidable, as hard and dry as porcelain." As her biographer rightly says, "the four perfect little stories that make up *Old New York*" were the final evocation of the life she once knew. Mrs. Wharton did not lose her zest to interpret the age in which she lived; there were many things in it that angered her, but even before her last decade, exile had severed her from American reality.

THE NIGHT COUNTRY
by Loren Eiseley
Scribner's, \$6.95

The cult of the archaeologist was confined to the wealthy few in the nineteenth century, and what they dug up and removed has not yet been returned to the countries of origin. Lord Elgin, with his marble from the Acropolis, Thompson in what he recovered from the Sacred Well in Chichén Itzá, are but two who cast a spell which reached the universities and eventually the reading public. Even in our time, when moon rockets have swung everyone's attention to outer space, "no great civilization," as Loren Eiseley says, "ever before has been more self-consciously aware of the possible doom that confronts it or more curious about those brother thinkers and artists who carved the gods that lie now in temples visited by rain. . . ." We know, from what Eiseley has written here and elsewhere, that he is an explorer of caves and tombs. The dark does not phase him any more than the insomnia with which he has learned to live. He quotes Dr. Zakaria Goneim, the Egyptian archaeologist: "You crawl

along some dark corridor on hands and knees, past falls of rock; the light of the lamp gleams on minute crystals in the stratified walls . . . and suddenly you realize you are alone in a place which has not heard a footfall for nearly fifty centuries."

Like Emerson, Dr. Eiseley is a philosopher whose epigrammatic sentences are clues leading to the unknown. His sentences tantalize the imagination; they lead me on, but his essays in form are elusive. There is no cumulative argument in *The Night Country*; rather, he walks around Jericho in his talkative way, looking at the ground, turning up an artifact here, another there until gradually the walls recede. With flashes of light he punctures the darkness.

SHORT REVIEWS BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

IN A FREE STATE by V. S. Naipaul. Knopf, \$5.95. Mr. Naipaul's background—east Indian ancestry, West Indian upbringing, education at Oxford, residence in London—has given this versatile author a peculiarly wide-ranging view of colonialism and a sharp appreciation of its effects on both victim and practitioner. His latest book contains a group of stories (one has appeared in *The Atlantic*) in which the seemingly unrelated doings of various totally believable characters gradually add up to an indictment of international exploitation and—because Mr. Naipaul can see both sides of any coin—of the local incompetence that invites it.

BRUEGEL by Max Seidel and Roger H. Marijnissen. Putnam, \$42.50. A relatively brief text, but highly pertinent because much of it has to do with the quite precise meanings of Bruegel's pictorial metaphors. As in all art books, the illustrations are the real point of the production, and they are very fine indeed. There is a particularly generous supply of enlarged details, to counteract the loss of readability which is inevitable when six square feet of painting are reduced to the size of a book page.

CITIES IN THE SEA by Nicholas C. Flemming. Doubleday, \$10.00. Mr.

Flemming, a marine archaeologist, bundles together sunken-city legends (for which he has a practical, if cautious, respect), Atlantean myth-mongers (for whom he has no respect at all), actual underwater explorations and discoveries, and beguiling descriptions of Mediterranean scenery. The mixture should delight any reader interested in this new and still romantic form of rummaging in the tribal attic. Maps, photographs, bibliography, and a short course in submarine geology and equipment.

FILLETS OF PLAICE by Gerald Durrell. Viking, \$5.95. Mr. Durrell's confidence in the amusement value of his disorganized relatives and his nonhuman friends is, as usual, infinite and, also as usual, perfectly justified.

ACADEMIC GRAFFITI by W. H. Auden. Random House, \$5.00. Mr. Auden's mock-solemn misinformation about distinguished old parties momentarily persuades me that the clerihew is a not wholly useless verse form. Filippo Sanjust's illustrations are appropriately funny and libelous.

BODY TIME by Gay Gaer Luce. Pantheon, \$6.95. With clarity and decent control of the inevitable scientific jargon, Mrs. Luce summarizes what has recently been discovered about the time patterns on which the human body functions. These patterns produce surprising ramifications. They also rarely jibe with clocktime—something which the oppressed minority of owl people has known for years.

TOUCH THE EARTH, compiled by T. C. McLuhan. Outerbridge and Dienstfrey, \$6.95. "A self-portrait of Indian Existence," created by combining old photographs (and some of them are pretty dingy, to be honest about it) with extracts from Indian speeches or, more recently, writings. What emerges most impressively is the Indian view of nature as a friend to live with rather than an enemy to conquer.

THE FOURTH WORLD OF THE HOPIS by Harold Courlander. Crown, \$6.95. Mr. Courlander has spent years collecting oral material among the Hopis and has arranged it in what he modestly hopes is correct chronological sequence from Creation myths to early wanderings to collision with the

Spaniards. The casual reader is likely to find more confusion than enlightenment in the myths, but the later sections of the book, giving the Hopi version of established historical events, are another story and a good one.

TOLSTOY, MY FATHER by Ilya Tolstoy. Cowles, \$7.95. Memories of famous fathers often run deviously to hero worship or hatred, but the only problem apparent in Ilya Tolstoy's recollections arises from his desire to keep a fair balance in recounting the struggle between the great and increasingly difficult novelist and his overworked, increasingly bewildered wife. There is a great deal of peripheral information as well, much of it entertaining and all of it interesting despite the fact that the text, in one language or another, has been around for years and has been heavily mined by Tolstoy biographers. Translated by Ann Dunnigan.

SLIPROCK by Edward Abbey and Philip Hyde. Sierra Club, \$25.00. Mr. Abbey's text describes the risky pleasures of poking about the wild canyon country of southern Utah, and appeals for its preservation. Mr. Hyde's photographs show a land of rocky, water-splashed, sun-struck enchantment which, clearly, should not be tinkered with. Naturally, some person in authority is proposing to run a vast network of roads through this mercifully uninhabited district. It is surprising that nobody suggests a cog railway up Mount Everest.

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RABBIT REDUX by John Updike. Knopf, \$7.95. A portion of Mr. Updike's latest novel appeared in the August *Atlantic*.

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may indeed have introduced fine cognac from the House of Martell to the man who was to become his lifelong friend.

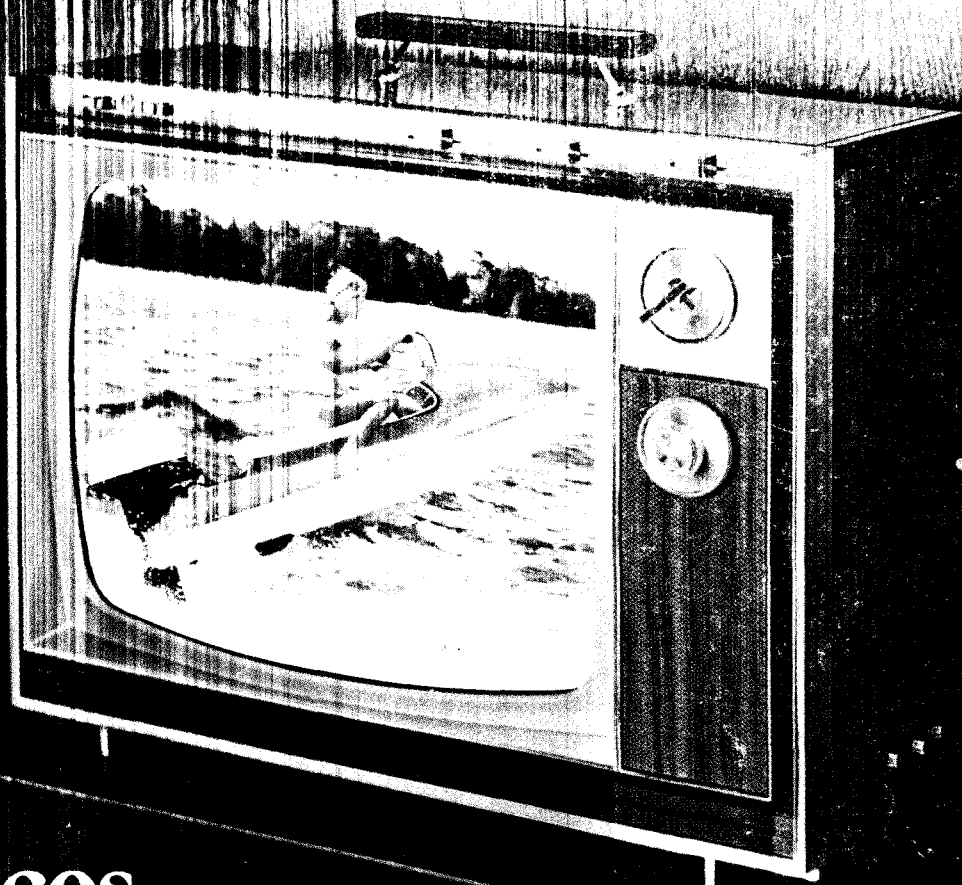
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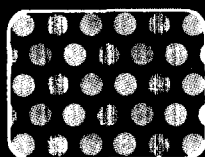


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